# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

*By Jacob A. Riis.*

UNDER the heading "Just one of God's Children," one of the morning newspapers told the story not long ago of a newsboy at the Brooklyn Bridge, who fell in a fit with his bundle of papers under his arm, and was carried into the waiting-room by the Bridge police. They sent for an ambulance, but before it came the boy was out selling papers again. The reporters asked the little dark-eyed newswoman at the bridge entrance which boy it was.

"Little Maher it was," she answered.

"Who takes care of him?"

"Oh! no one but God," said she, "and he is too busy with other folks to give him much attention."

Little Maher was the representative of a class that is happily growing smaller year by year in our city. It is altogether likely that a little inquiry into his case could have placed the responsibility for his forlorn condition considerably nearer home, upon someone who preferred giving Providence the job to taking the trouble himself. There are homeless children in New York. It is certain that we shall always have our full share. Yet it is equally certain that society is coming out ahead in its struggle with this problem. In ten years, during which New York added to her population one-fourth, the homelessness of our streets, taking the returns of the Children's Aid Society's lodging-houses as the gauge, instead of increasing proportionally, has decreased nearly one-fifth; and of the Topsy element, it may be set down as a fact, there is an end.

"I scrubs."—Katie, who keeps house in West Forty-ninth Street.

If we were able to argue from this a corresponding improvement in the general lot of the poor, we should have good cause for congratulation. But it is not so. The showing is due mainly to the perfection of organized charitable effort, that proceeds nowadays upon

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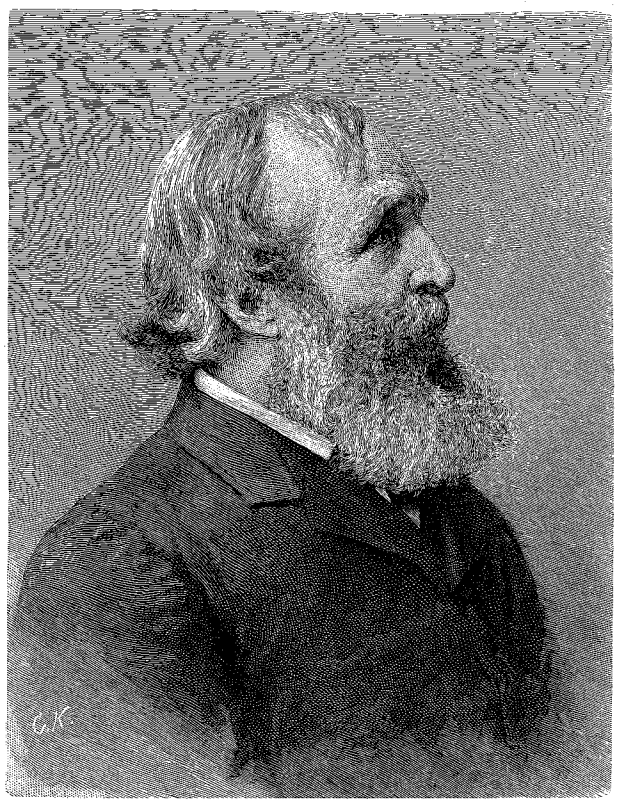
the sensible principle of putting out a fire, viz., that it must be headed off, not run down. It is possible also that the Bowery lodging-houses attract a larger share of the half-grown lads with their promise of greater freedom, which is not a pleasant possibility. The general situation is not perceptibly improved. The menace of the Submerged Tenth has not been blotted from the register of the Potter's Field, and though the "twenty thousand poor children who would not have known it was Christmas," but for public notice to that effect, be a benevolent fiction, there are plenty whose brief lives have had little enough of the embodiment of Christmas cheer and good-will in them to make the name seem like a bitter mockery. If, indeed, New York were not what she is; if it were possible to-morrow to shut her door against the immigration of the world and still maintain the conditions of to-day, I should confidently predict a steady progress that would leave little of the problem for the next generation to wrestle with. But that is only another way of saying "if New York were not New York." It is because she is New York that in reviewing our own miseries we have to take into account half the poverty, the ignorance, and the helplessness of the cities of the Old World, that is dumped at our door while the procession of the strong and of the able moves on. And that is what makes our problem.



The Late Charles Loring Brace, Founder of the Children's Aid Society.

Heretofore the assimilation of these alien elements has been sufficiently rapid. Will it continue so? There has been evidence lately that we are entering upon a new stage of metropolitan development that might have fresh difficulties on this score. Anyone who will sit an hour at a meeting of the Police Board, for instance, when candidates for appointments are questioned as to their knowledge of the city, will discover that a generation of young men has grown up about us who claim, not New York as their birthplace, but this or that section of it—the East Side, the Hook, Harlem, and so on, and outside of that immediate neighborhood, unless their employment has been of a character to take them much about, know as little of the city of their birth as if the rest of it were in Timbuctoo. These were the children of yesterday, when the population was, so to speak, yet on the march. To-day we find it, though drifting still, tarrying longer and crystallizing on race-lines in settlements some of which have already as well-defined limits as if they were walled in, to all intents and purposes separate towns. The meaning of this is that our social fabric is stiffening into more permanent forms. Does it imply also

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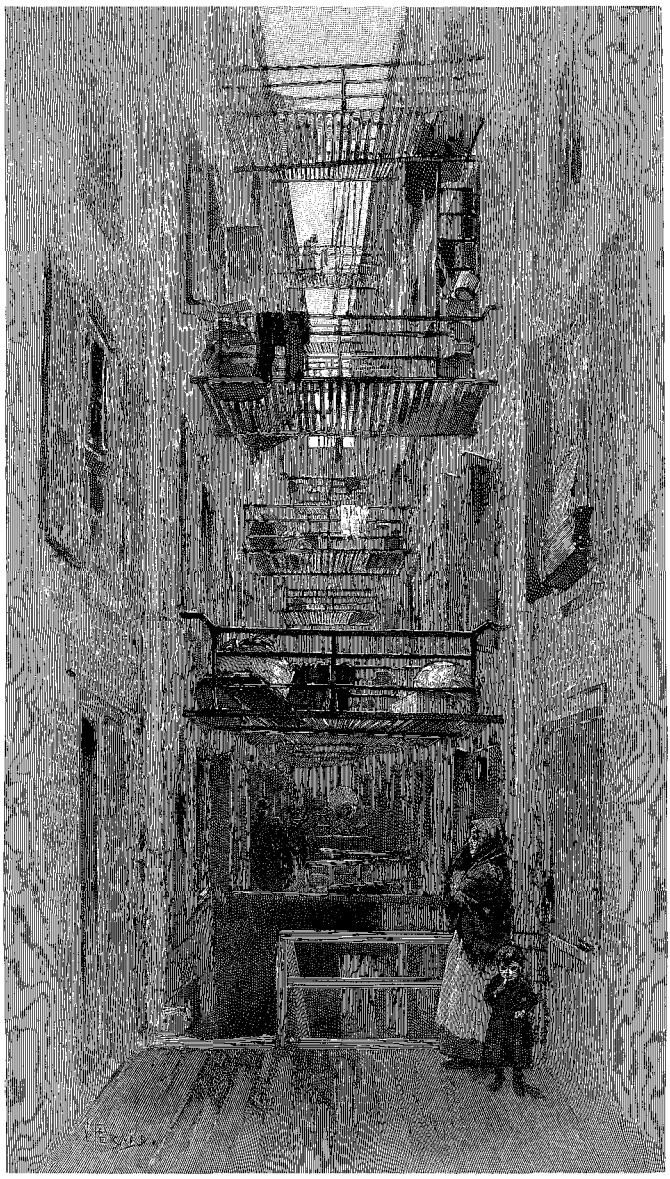
that with its elasticity it is losing its old power of assimilation, of digestion? ed, fresh troubles foreshadowed, fresh prejudices aroused only to receive in



The Mott Street Barracks.

I think not. The evidence is all to the contrary. Its vitality seems to me not only unimpaired, but growing plainly stronger as greater claims are made upon it by the influx of races foreign alike of speech, of tradition, and of sentiment. Fresh problems are present- their turn the same orderly, logical, and simple solution that discovers all alarm to have been groundless. Yesterday it was the swarthy Italian, to-day the Russian Jew that excited our distrust; to-morrow it may be the Arab or the Greek. All alike they have taken, or

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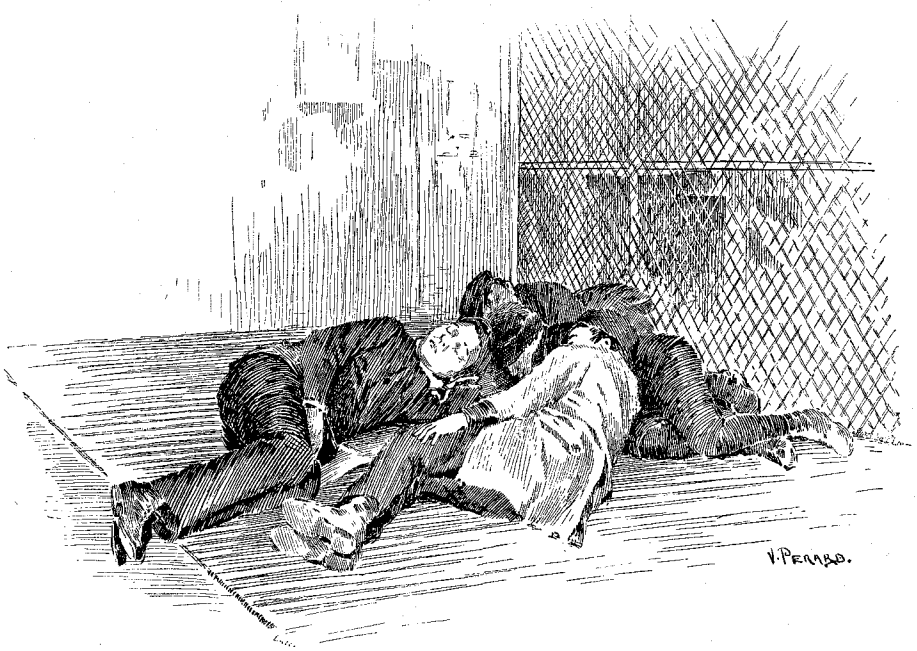
are taking, their places in the ranks of our social phalanx, pushing upward from the bottom with steady effort, as I believe they will continue to do, unless failure to provide them with proper homes arrests the process. The slum tenement bears to it the same relation as the effect the rags of an old tramp are said to have upon the young idler in his company. He has only to wear them to lose all ambition and become himself a tramp; the stamp is on him. But in the general advance the children are the moving force, the link between the past that had no future and the present that accounts no task too great in the dawning consciousness of a proud manhood. Their feeble hands roll away in play the stone before which the statecraft of our wise day stood aghast. The one immigrant who does not keep step, who, having fallen out of the ranks, has been ordered to the rear, is the Chinaman, who brought neither family nor children to push him ahead. He left them behind that he might not become an American, and by the standard he himself set up he has been judged.

I recall, not without amusement, one of the early experiences of a committee with which I was trying to relieve some of the child misery in the East Side tenements by providing an outing for the very poorest of the little ones, who might otherwise have been overlooked. In our anxiety to make our little charges as presentable as possible, it seems we had succeeded so well as to arouse a suspicion in our friends at the other end of the line that something was wrong, either with us or with the poor of which the patrician youngsters in new frocks and with clean faces, that came to them, were representatives. They wrote to us that they were in the field for the "slum children," and slum children they wanted. It happened that their letter came just as we had before us two little lads from the Mulberry Street Bend, ragged, dirty, unkempt, and altogether a sight to see. Our wardrobe was running low, and we were at our wits' end how to make these come up to our standard. We sat looking at each other after we had heard the letter read, all thinking the same thing, until the most courageous said it: "Send them as they are." Well, we did, and waited rather breath-




2 a.m. in the Delivery Room in the "Sun" Office.

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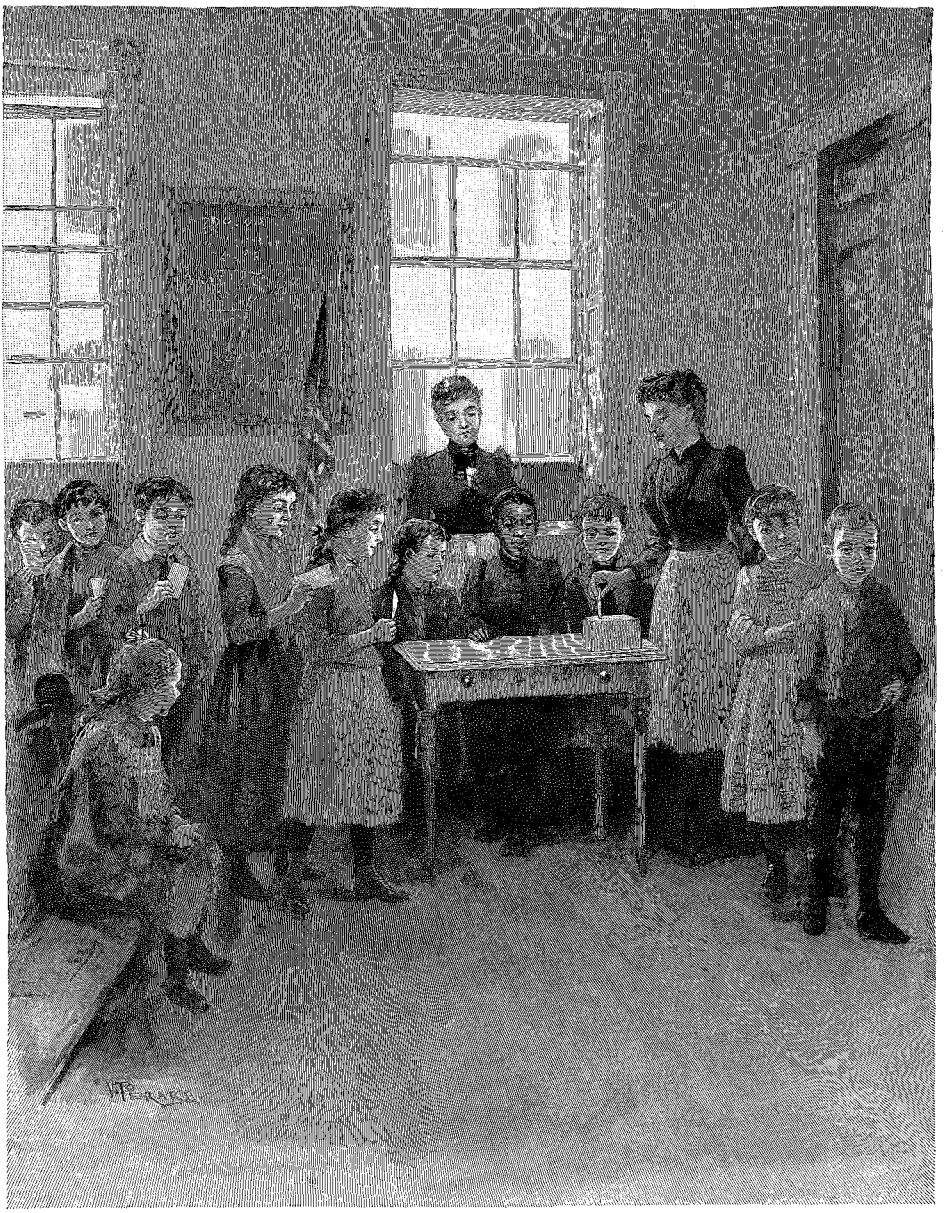

The First Patriotic Election in the Beach Street Industrial School.
(Parlor in John Ericsson's old house.)

lessly for the verdict. It came, with the children, in a note by return train, that said: "Not *that* kind, please!" And after that we were allowed to have things our own way.

The two little fellows were Italians. In justice to our frightened friends, it should be said that it was not their nationality, but their rags, to which they objected; but not very many seasons have passed since the crowding of the black-eyed brigade of "guinnies," as they were contemptuously dubbed, in ever-increasing numbers into the ragged schools and the kindergartens, was watched with regret and alarm by the

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teachers, as by many others who had no better cause. The event proved that the children were the real teachers. They had a more valuable lesson to impart than they came to learn, and it has been a salutary one. To-day they are gladly welcomed. Their sunny temper, which no hovel is dreary enough, no hardship has power to cloud, has made them universal favorites, and the discovery has been made by their teachers that as the crowds pressed harder their school-rooms have marvellously expanded, until they embrace within their walls an unsuspected multitude, even many a slum tenement itself, cellar, "stoop," attic, and all. Every lesson of cleanliness, of order, and of English taught at the school is reflected into some wretched home, and rehearsed there as far as the limited opportunities will allow. No demonstration with soap and water upon a dirty little face but widens the sphere of these chief promoters of education in the slums. "By 'm by," said poor crippled Pietro to me, with a sober look, as he labored away on his writing lesson, holding down the paper with his maimed hand, "I learn t' make an Englis' letter; maybe my fader he learn too." I had my doubts of the father. He sat watching Pietro with a pride in the achievement that was clearly proportionate to the struggle it cost, and mirrored in his own face every grimace and contortion the progress of education caused the boy. "Si! si!" he nodded eagerly; "Pietro he good a boy; make Englis', Englis'!" and he made a flourish with his clay-pipe, as if he too were making the English letter that was the object of their common veneration.

Pietro Learning to Make an Englis' Letter.

Perhaps it is as much his growing and well-founded distrust of the mid-

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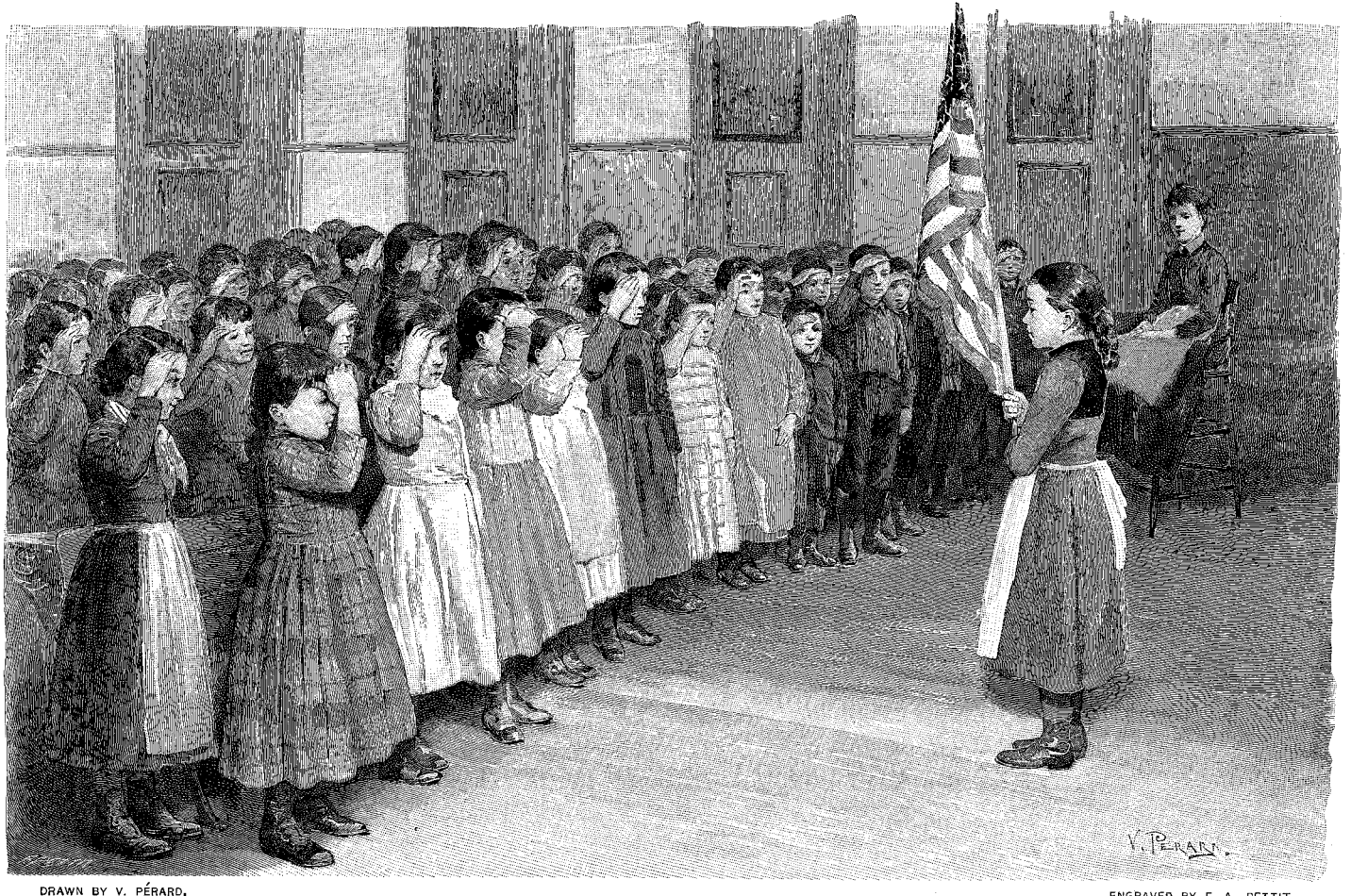


DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

Saluting the Flag.

(Morning Exercise in the Industrial Schools.)

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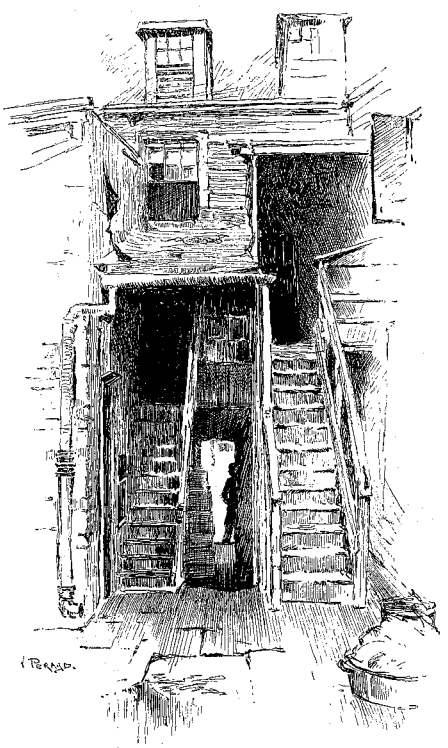
dle-man, whose unresisting victim he has heretofore been, and his need of some other link to connect him with the English-speaking world that surrounds him, as any personal interest in book-learning, that impels the illiterate Italian to bring his boy to school early and see that he attends it. Whatever his motive, the effect is to demonstrate in a striking way the truth of the observation that real reform of poverty and ignorance must begin with the children. In his case, at all events, the seed thus sown bears some fruit in the present as well as in the coming generation of toilers. The little ones, with their new standards and new ambitions, become in a very real sense missionaries of the slums, whose work of regeneration begins with their parents. They are continually fetched away from school by the mother or father to act as interpreters or go-betweens in all the



The Backstairs to Learning.
(Entrance to a Talmud School in Hester Street.)

affairs of daily life, to be conscientiously returned within the hour stipulated by the teacher who offers no objection to this sort of interruption, knowing it to be the best condition of her own success. One cannot help the hope that the position of trust in which the children are thus placed may, in some measure, help to mitigate their home-hardships. From their birth they have little else, though Italian parents are rarely cruel in the sense of abusing their offspring. It is the home itself that constitutes their chief hardship. Theirs are the poorest tenements, the filthiest hovels in the city. It is only when his years offer the boy an opportunity of escape to the street, that a ray of sunlight falls into his life; in his back-yard or in his alley it seldom finds him out. Thenceforward most of his time is spent there, until the school claims him. Since the sewing-machine found its way, with the sweater's mortgage, into the Italian slums also, his sweet-faced sister has been robbed to a large extent of even the freedom of the dump, where she used to pick cinders for her mother's kitchen fire, and she has taken her place among the wage-earners when not on the school-bench. Sickness, unless it be mortal, is no excuse from the drudgery of the tenement. When, recently, one little Italian girl, hardly yet in her teens, stayed away from her class in the Mott Street Industrial School so long that her teacher went to her home to look her up, she found the child in a high fever, in bed, sewing on coats with swollen eyes, though barely able to sit up.

But neither poverty nor abuse have power to discourage the child of Italy; for though he be born to the succession of the White House, if fate and the genius of politics so will it, he is in looks, in temper, and in speech, when among his own, as much an Italian as his father, who could not even hold real estate if there were any chance of his getting any. His nickname he pockets with a grin that has in it no thought of the dagger and the revenge that come to solace his after-years. Only the prospect of immediate punishment eclipses his spirits for the moment. While the teacher of the sick little girl was telling me her pitiful story in the school, a

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characteristic group appeared on the stairway. Three little Italian culprits in the grasp of Nellie, the tall and slender Irish girl who was the mentor of her class for the day. They had been arrested "fur fightin'," she briefly explained as she dragged them by the collar toward the principal, who just then came out to inquire the cause of the rumpus, and thrust them forward to receive sentence. The three, none of whom was over eight years old, evidently felt that they were in the power of an enemy from whom no mercy was to be expected, and made no appeal for any. One scowled defiance. He was evidently the injured party.

A Synagogue School in a Hester Street Tenement.

"He hit-a me a clip on de jaw," he said in his defence, in the dialect of Mott Street, with a slight touch of "the Bend." The aggressor, a heavy-browed little ruffian, hung back with a dreary howl, knuckling his eyes with a pair of fists that were nearly black. The third and youngest was in a state of bewilderment that was most ludicrous. He only knew that he had received a kick on the back and had struck out in self-defence. when he was seized and dragged away a prisoner. He was so dirty—school had only just begun and there had been no time for the regular inspection—that he was sentenced on the spot to be taken down and washed, while the other two were led away to the principal's desk. All three went out howling.

Perhaps of all the little life-stories of poor Italian children I have come across in the course of years—and they are many and sad, most of them—none comes nearer to the hard every-day fact of those dreary tenements than that of my little friend Pietro of whom I spoke, exceptional as was his own heavy misfortune and its effect upon the boy. I met him first in the Mulberry Street police station, where he was interpreting the defence in a shooting case, having come in with the crowd from Jersey Street, where the thing had happened

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at his own door. With his rags, his dirty bare feet, and his shock of tousled hair, he seemed to fit in so entirely there of all places, and took so naturally to the ways of the police station, that he

Night School in the Seventh Avenue Boys' Lodging House.
(Edward, the little pedler, caught napping.)

might have escaped my notice altogether but for his maimed hand and his oddly grave, yet eager face, which no smile ever crossed despite his thirteen years. Of both, his story, when I afterward came to know it, gave me full explanation. He was the oldest son of a laborer, not "borned here" as the rest of his sisters and brothers. There were four of them, six in the family besides himself, as he put it: "2 sisters, 2 broders, 1 fader, 1 mother," subsisting on an unsteady maximum income of $9 a week, the rent taking always the earnings of one week in four. The home thus dearly paid for was a wretched room with a dark alcove for a bedchamber, in one of the vile old barracks that still preserve to Jersey Street the memory of its former bad eminence as among the worst of the city's slums. Pietro had gone to the Sisters' school, blacking boots in a haphazard sort of way in his off-hours, until the year before, upon his mastering the alphabet, his education was considered to have sufficiently advanced to warrant his graduating into the ranks of the family wage-earners, that were sadly in need of recruiting. A steady job of "shinin'" was found for him in an Eighth Ward saloon, and that afternoon, just before Christmas, he came home from school and, putting his books away on the shelf for the next in order to use, ran across Broadway full of joyous anticipation of his new dignity in an independent job. He did not see the street-car until it was fairly upon him, and then it was too late. They thought he was killed, but he was only crippled for life. When, after many months, he came out of the hospital, where the company had paid his board and posed as doing a generous thing, his bright smile was gone; his shining was at an end, and with it his career as it had been marked out for him. He must needs take up something new, and he was bending all his energies, when I met him, toward learning to make the "Englis' letter" with a degree of proficiency that would justify the

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hope of his doing something somewhere at some time to make up for what he had lost. It was a far-off possibility yet. With the same end in view, probably, he was taking nightly writing-lessons in his mother-tongue from one of the perambulating schoolmasters who circulate in the Italian colony peddling education cheap in lots to suit. In his sober, submissive way he was content with the prospect. It had its compensations. The boys who used to worry him now let him alone. "When they see this," he said, holding up his scarred and misshapen arm, "they don't strike me no more." Then there was his fourteen months' old baby brother, who was beginning to walk, and could almost "make a letter." Pietro was much concerned about his education, anxious evidently that he should one day take his place. "I take him to school sometime," he said, piloting him across the floor and talking softly to the child in his own melodious Italian. I watched his grave, unchanging face.

"Pietro," I said, with a sudden yearning to know, "did you ever laugh?"

The boy glanced from the baby to me with a wistful look.

"I did wonst," he said quietly, and went on his way. And I would gladly have forgotten that I ever asked the question, even as Pietro had forgotten his laugh.

I said that the Italians do not often abuse their children downright; but poverty and ignorance are fearful allies in the homes of the poor against defenceless childhood, even without the child-beating fiend. Two cases which I encountered in the East Side tenements this past summer show how the combination works at its worst. Without a doubt they are typical of very many, though I hope that few come quite up to their standard. The one was the case of little Carmen, who at this writing lies between life and death in the New York Hospital, the special care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. One of the summer corps doctors found her in a Mott Street tenement, within a stone's-throw of the Health Department's office, suffering from a wasting disease that could only be combated by the most careful nursing. He put her case into the hands of the King's Daughters Committee that followed in the steps of the doctors, and it was then that I saw her. She lay in a little back-room, up two flights, and giving upon a narrow yard where it was always twilight. The room was filthy and close, and entirely devoid of furniture, with the exception of a rickety stool, a slop-pail, and a rusty old stove, one end of which was propped up with bricks. Carmen's bed was a board laid across the top of a barrel and a trunk set on end. I could not describe, if I would, the condition of the child when she was raised from the mess of straw and rags in which she lay. The sight unnerved even the nurse, who had seen little else than such scenes all summer. Loathsome bedsores had attacked the wasted little body, and in truth Carmen was more dead than alive. But when, shocked and disgusted, we made preparations for her removal with all speed to the hospital, the parents objected and refused to let us take her away. They had to be taken into court and forced to surrender the child under warrant of law, though it was clearly the little sufferer's only chance for life, and only the slenderest of chances at that.

Carmen was the victim of the stubborn ignorance that dreads the hospital and the doctor above the discomfort of the dirt and darkness and suffering that are its every-day attendants. Her parents were no worse than the Monroe Street mother who refused to let the health officer vaccinate her baby, because her crippled boy, with one leg an inch shorter than the other, had "caught it"—the leg, that is to say—from his vaccination. She knew it was so, and with ignorance of that stamp there is no other argument than force. But another element entered into the case of a sick Essex Street baby. The tenement would not let it recover from a bad attack of scarlet fever, and the parents would not let it be taken to the country or to the sea-shore, despite all efforts and entreaties. When their motive came out at last, it proved to be a mercenary one. They were behind with the rent, and as long as they had a sick child in the house the landlord



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could not put them out. Sick, the baby was to them a source of income, at all events a bar to expense, and in that way so much capital. Well, or away, it would put them at the mercy of the rent-collector at once. So they chose to let it suffer. The parents were Jews, a fact that emphasizes the share borne by desperate poverty in the transaction, for the family tie is notoriously strong among their people.

How strong is this attachment to home and kindred that makes the Jew cling to the humblest hearth and gather his children and his children's children about it, though grinding poverty leave them only a bare crust to share, I saw in the case of little Jette Brodsky, who strayed away from her own door, looking for her papa. They were strangers, and ignorant and poor, so that weeks went by before they could make their loss known and get a hearing, and meanwhile Jette, who had been picked up and taken to Police Headquarters, had been hidden away in an asylum, given another name when nobody came to claim her, and had been quite forgotten. But in the two years that passed before she was found at last, her empty chair stood ever by her father's at the family board, and no Sabbath eve but heard his prayer for the restoration of their lost one. The tenement that has power to turn purest gold to dross digs a pit for the Jew through this, his strongest virtue. In its atmosphere it becomes his curse by helping to crowd his lodgings to the point of official intervention. Then follow orders to "reduce" the number of tenants, that mean increased rent which the family cannot pay, or the breaking up of the home. An appeal to avert such a calamity came to the Board of Health recently from one of the refugee tenements. The tenant was a man with a houseful of children, too full for the official scale as applied to the flat, and his plea was backed by the influence of his only friend in need — the family undertaker. There was something so cruelly suggestive in the idea that the laugh it raised died without an echo.

When it comes to the child population of the poor Jewish tenements, we have at last something definite to reckon with. We know from the police census that there were, in 1890, 160,708 children under five years in all the tenements of the city, which is not saying that there were so many poor children by a good many thousand. But how many of them were Italians, how many Bohemians, how many of Irish or German descent, we are yet left to guess. It is different with these. A census, that was taken for a special purpose, of the Jews in the East Side sweaters' district, a year ago last August, gave a total of 23,405 children under six years, and 21,285 between six and fourteen, in a population of something over a hundred and eleven thousand that inhabited forty-five streets in the Seventh, Tenth, and Thirteenth Wards. All of these were foreigners, most of them Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jews, and they are by all odds the hardest-worked and, barring the Bohemians, as a class, the poorest of our people. According to the record, scarce one-third of the heads of families had become naturalized citizens, though the average of their stay in the United States was between nine and ten years. The very language of our country was to them a strange tongue, understood and spoken by only 15,837 of the fifty thousand and odd adults enumerated. Seven thousand of the rest spoke only German, five thousand Russian, and over twenty-one thousand could only make themselves understood to each other, never to the world around them, in the strange jargon that passes for Hebrew on the East Side, but is really a mixture of a dozen known dialects and tongues, and of some that were never known or heard anywhere else. In the census it is down as just what it is—jargon, and nothing else.

Here, then, are conditions as unfavorable to the satisfactory, even safe, development of child life in the chief American city, as could well be imagined, more unfavorable even than with the Bohemians, who have at least their faith in common with us, if safety lies in the merging through the rising generation of the discordant elements into a common harmony. A community set apart, set sharply against the rest in every clashing interest, social and in-

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dustrial; foreign in language, in faith, and in tradition; repaying dislike with distrust; expanding under the new relief from oppression in the unpopular qualities of greed and contentiousness fostered by ages of tyranny unresistingly borne. But what says the record of this? That of the sixty thousand children, including the fifteen thousand young men and women over fourteen who earn a large share of the money that pays for rent and food, and the twenty-three thousand toddlers under six years, fully one-third go to school. Deducting the two extremes, little more than a thousand children of between six and fourteen years, that is, of school age, were put down as receiving no instruction at the time the census was taken; nor is it at all likely that this condition was permanent in the case of the greater number of these. The poorest Hebrew knows—the poorer he is, the better he knows it—that knowledge is power, and power as the means of getting on in the world that has spurned him so long, is what his soul yearns for. He lets no opportunity slip to obtain it. Day- and night-schools are crowded by his children, who learn rapidly and with ease. Every synagogue, every second rear tenement or dark back-yard, has its school and its school-master, with his scourge to intercept those who might otherwise escape. In the census there are put down 251 Jewish teachers as living in these tenements, nearly all of whom probably conduct such schools, so that, as the children form always more than one half * of the population in the Jewish quarter, the evidence is, after all, that even here, with the tremendous inpour of a destitute, ignorant people, the cause of progress along the safe line is holding its own.

It is true that these tenement schools which absorb several thousand children are not what they might be from a sanitary point of view. It is also true that heretofore they have mainly been devoted to teaching East-Side Hebrew and the Talmud. But to the one evil the health authorities have recently been aroused; of the other, the wise and patriotic men who are managing the Baron de Hirsch charity are making a useful handle by gathering the teachers in and setting them to learn English. Their new knowledge will soon be reflected in their teaching, and the Hebrew schools become primary classes in the system of public education. The school in a Hester-Street tenement that is shown in the picture is a fair specimen of its kind—by no means one of the worst—and so is the back-yard behind it, that serves as the children's play-ground, with its dirty mud-puddles, its slop-barrels and broken flags, and its foul tenement-house surroundings. Both fall in well with the home lives and environment of the unhappy little wretches whose daily horizon they limit. Missionaries though they truly be, like their Italian playmates, in a good cause, they have not even the satisfaction of knowing it. Born to toil and trouble, they claim their heritage early and part with it late. What time they do not spend on the school-bench is soon put to use in the home workshop. When, in the midnight hour, the noise of the sewing-machine was stilled at last, I have gone the rounds with the sanitary police and counted often four, five, and even six of the little ones in a single bed, sometimes a shake-down on the hard floor, often a pile of half-finished clothing brought home from the sweater, in the stuffy rooms of their tenements. In one I visited very lately, the only bed was occupied by the entire family, lying lengthwise and crosswise, literally in layers, three children at the feet, all except a boy of ten or twelve, for whom there was no room. He slept with his clothes on to keep him warm, in a pile of rags just inside the door. It seemed to me impossible that families of children could be raised at all in such dens as I had my daily and nightly walks in. And yet the vital statistics and all close observation agree in allotting to these Jews even an unusual degree of good health. Their freedom from enfeebling vices, and the marvellous vitality of the race must account for this. Their homes, or their food, which is frequently of the worst because cheapest, assuredly do not.

I spoke of the labor done in tene-

* Fifty-four per cent. in the census.

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ment homes. Like nearly every other question that has a bearing on the condition of the poor and of the wage-earners, this one of the child home-workers has recently been up for discussion. The first official contribution to it was a surprise, and not least to the health officers who furnished it. According to the tenement-house census, in the entire mass of nearly a million and a quarter of tenants, only two hundred and forty-nine children under fourteen years of age were found at work in living-rooms by the Sanitary Police. To anyone acquainted with the ordinary aspect of tenement life the statement seemed preposterous, and there are some valid reasons for believing that the policemen missed rather more than they found. They were seeking that which, when found, would furnish proof of law-breaking against the parent or employer, a fact of which these were fully aware. Hence their coming, uniformed and in search of children, into a tenement where such were at work, could scarcely fail to give those a holiday who were not big enough to be palmed off as fifteen at least. Nevertheless, I suspect the policemen were much nearer right than may be readily believed. Their census took no account of the tenement factory in the back-yard, but only of the living-rooms, and it was made chiefly during school hours. Most of the little slaves, as of those older in years, were found in the East-Side tenements just spoken of, where the work often only fairly begins after the factory has shut down for the day and the stores have released their army of child-laborers. Had the policemen gone their rounds after dark, they would have found a different state of affairs. The record of school-attendance in the district shows that forty-seven attended day-school for every one who went to night-school.

The same holds good with the Bohemians, who are, if anything, more desperately poor than the Russian Jews, and have proportionally greater need of their children's labor to help eke out the family income. The testimony of the principal of the Industrial School in East Seventy-third Street, for instance, where there are some three hundred and odd Bohemian children in daily attendance, is to the effect that the mothers "do not want them to stay a minute after three o'clock," and if they do, very soon come to claim them, so that they may take up their places at the bench, rolling cigars or stripping tobacco leaves for the father, while the evening meal is being got ready. The Bohemian has his own cause for the reserve that keeps him a stranger in a strange land after living half his life among us; his reception has not been altogether hospitable, and it is not only his hard language and his sullen moods that are to blame. Yet, even he will "drive his children to school with sticks," and the teacher has only to threaten the intractable ones with being sent home to bring them 'round. And yet, it is not that they are often cruelly treated there. The Bohemian simply proposes that his child shall enjoy the advantages that are denied him—denied partly perhaps because of his refusal to accept them, but still from his point of view denied. And he takes a short cut to that goal by sending the child to school. The result is that the old Bohemian disappears in the first generation born upon our soil. His temper remains to some extent, it is true. He still has his surly streaks, refuses to sing or recite in school when the teacher or something else does not suit him, and can never be driven where yet he is easily led; but as he graduates into the public school and is thrown there into contact with the children of more light-hearted nationalities, he grows into that which his father would have long since become, had he not got a wrong start, a loyal American, proud of his country, and a useful citizen.

But when the State has done its best by keeping the child at school, at least a part of the day—and it has not done that until New York has been provided with a Truant Home to give effect to its present laws—the real kernel of this question of child labor remains untouched yet. The trouble is not so much that the children have to work early as with the sort of work they have to do. It is, all of it, of a kind that leaves them, grown to manhood and

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The "Soup-house Gang."

Class in History in the Duane Street Newsboys' Lodging-House.

womanhood, just where it found them, knowing no more and therefore less than when they began, and with the years that should have prepared them for life's work gone in hopeless and profitless drudgery. How large a share of the responsibility for this failure is borne by the senseless and wicked tyranny of so-called organized labor in denying to our own children a fair chance to learn honest trades, while letting in foreign workmen in shoals to crowd our market, a policy that is in a fair way of losing to labor all the respect due it from our growing youth, I shall not here discuss. The general result was well put by a tireless worker in the cause of improving the condition of the poor, who said to me: "They are down on the scrub-level; there you find them and have to put them to such use as you can. They don't know anything else, and that is what makes it so hard to find work for them. Even when they go into a shop to sew, they come out mere machines, able to do only one thing, which is a small part of the whole they do not grasp. And thus, without



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the slightest training for the responsibilities of life, they marry and transmit their incapacity to another generation with a whole summer in Poverty Gap. Suggestive location! The man found his natural level on the Island, where

Present Tenants of John Ericsson's Old House, now the Beach Street Industrial School.

that is so much worse off to start with." She spoke of the girls, but what she said fitted the boys just as well. The incapacity of the mother is no greater than the ignorance of the father in the mass of such unions. Ignorance and poverty are the natural heritage of the children.

I have in mind a typical family of that sort which our committee wrestled we sent him first thing. The woman was decent and willing to work, and the girls young enough to train. But Mrs. Murphy did not get on. "She can't even hold a flat-iron in her hand," reported her first employer, indignantly. The children were sent to good places in the country, and repaid the kindness shown them by stealing, and lying to cover up their thefts. They were not

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depraved, they were simply exhibiting the fruit of the only training they had ever received—that of the street. It was like undertaking a job of original creation to try to make anything decent or useful out of them.

Another case that exhibits the shoal that lies always close to the track of ignorant poverty, is even now running in my mind, vainly demanding a practical solution. I may say that I have inherited it from professional philanthropists, who have struggled with it for more than half a dozen years without finding the way out they sought. There were five children when they began, depending on a mother who had about given up the struggle as useless. The father was a loafer. When we took them the children numbered ten, and the struggle was long since over. The family bore the pauper stamp, and the mother's tears, by a transition imperceptible probably to herself, had become its stock in trade. Two of the children were working, earning all the money that came in; those that were not lay about in the room, watching the charity visitor in a way and with an intentness that betrayed their interest in the mother's appeal. It required very little experience to make the prediction that shortly ten pauper families would carry on the campaign of the one against society, if those children lived to grow up. And they were not to blame, of course. I scarcely know which was most to be condemned—when we tried to break the family up by throwing it on the street as a necessary step to getting possession of the children—the politician who tripped us up with his influence in the court, or the landlord who had all those years made the poverty on the second floor pan out a golden interest. It was the outrage-

A Warm Corner for Newsboys on a Cold Night.

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ous rent for the filthy den that had been the most effective argument with sympathizing visitors. Their pity had represented to the owner, as nearly as I could make out, for eight long years, a capital of $2,600 invested at six per cent., payable monthly. The idea of moving was preposterous; for what other landlord would take in a homeless family with ten children and no income?

"Buffalo."

Naturally the teaching of these children must begin by going backward. The process may be observed in the industrial schools, of which there are twenty-one scattered through the poor tenement districts, with a total enrolment of something over five thousand pupils.* A count made last October showed that considerably more than one-third were born in twelve foreign countries where English was not spoken, and that over ten per cent. knew no word of our language. The vast majority of the rest were children of foreign parents, mostly German and Irish, born here. According to the location of the school it is distinctively Italian, Bohemian, Hebrew, or mixed, the German, Irish, and colored children coming in under this head and mingling without the least friction. Whatever its stamp of nationality, the curriculum is much the same. The start, as often as is necessary, is made with an object-lesson—soap and water being the elements and the child the object. The alphabet comes second on the list. Later on follow lessons in sewing, cooking, carpentry for the boys, and like practical "branches," of which the home affords the child no demonstration. The prizes for good behavior are shoes and clothing, the special inducement a free lunch in the dinner hour. Very lately a unique exercise has been added to the course in these schools, that lays hold of the very marrow of the problem with which they deal. It is called "saluting the flag," and originated with Colonel George T. Balch, of the Board of Education, who conceived the idea of instilling patriotism into the little future citizens of the Republic in doses to suit their childish minds. To talk about the Union, of which most of them had but the vaguest notion, or of the duty of the citizen, of which they had no notion at all, was nonsense. In the flag it was all found embodied in a central idea which they could grasp. In the morning the star-spangled banner was brought into the school, and the children were taught to salute it with patriotic words. Then the best scholar of the day before was called out of the ranks, and it was given to him or her to keep for the day. The thing took at once and was a tremendous success.

Then was evolved the plan of letting the children decide for themselves whether or not they would so salute the flag as a voluntary offering, while incidentally instructing them in the duties of the voter at a time when voting was the one topic of general inter-

*These schools are established and managed by the Children's Aid Society, as a co-ordinate branch of the public-school system.

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est. Ballot-boxes were set up in the schools on the day before the last general election. The children had been furnished with ballots for and against the flag the week before, and told to take them home to their parents and talk it over with them. On Monday they cast their votes with all the solemnity of a regular election, and with as much of its simple machinery as was practicable. As was expected, only very few votes against the flag were recorded. One little Irishman in the Mott Street school came without his ballot. "The old man tore it up," he reported. In the East Seventy-third Street school five Bohemians of tender years set themselves down as opposed to the scheme of making Americans of them. Only one, a little girl, gave her reason. She brought her own flag to school: "I vote for that," she said, sturdily, and the teacher wisely recorded her vote and let her keep the banner.

I happened to witness the election in the Beach Street school, where the children are nearly all Italians. The minority elements were, however, represented on the board of election inspectors by a colored girl and a little Irish miss, who did not seem in the least abashed by the fact that they were nearly the only representatives of their people in the school. The tremendous show of dignity with which they took their seats at the poll was most impressive. As a lesson in practical politics, the occasion had its own humor. It was clear that the negress was most impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and the Irish girl with its practical opportunities. The Italian's disposition to grin and frolic, even in her new and solemn character, betrayed the ease with which she would, were it real politics, become the game of her Celtic colleague. When it was all over they canvassed the vote with all the gravity befitting the occasion, signed together a certificate stating the result, and handed it over to the principal sealed in a manner to defeat any attempt at fraud. Then the school sang Santa Lucia, a sweet Neapolitan ballad. It was amusing to hear the colored girl, and the half-dozen little Irish children, sing right along with the rest the Italian words of which they did not understand one. They had learned them from hearing them sung by the others, and rolled them out just as loudly, if not as sweetly as they.

The first patriotic election in the Fifth Ward Industrial School was held on historic ground. The house it occupies was John Ericsson's until his death, and there he planned nearly all his great inventions, among them one that helped save the flag for which the children voted that day. The children have lived faithfully up to their pledge. Every morning sees the flag carried to the principal's desk and all the little ones, rising at the stroke of the bell, say with one voice, "We turn to our flag as the sunflower turns to the sun!" One bell, and every brown right fist is raised to the brow, as in military salute: "We give our heads!" Another stroke, and the grimy little hands are laid on as many hearts: "And our hearts!" Then with a shout that can be heard around the corner: "—— to our country! One country, one language, one flag!" No one can hear it and doubt that the children mean every word, and will not be apt to forget that lesson soon.

The earliest notion of order and harmless play comes to the children through the kindergartens, to which access is now made easier every day. Without a doubt this is the longest step forward that has yet been taken in the race with poverty; for the kindergarten, in gathering in the children is gradually but surely conquering also the street, with its power for mischief. Until it came, the street was the only escape from the tenement—a Hobson's choice, for it is hard to say which is the most corrupting. The opportunities rampant in the one were a sad commentary on the sure defilement of the other. What could be expected of a standard of decency like this one, of a houseful of tenants who assured me that Mrs. M——, at that moment under arrest for half-clubbing her husband to death, was "a very good, a very decent woman indeed, and if she did get full, he (the husband) was



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not much." Or of the rule of good conduct laid down by a young girl, found beaten and senseless in the street up in the Annexed District last autumn: "Them was two of the fellers from Frog Hollow," she said, resentfully, when I asked who struck her; "them toughs don't know how to behave theirselves when they see a lady in liquor." Her's was the standard of the street, that naturally stamps what belongs to it, the children's games with the rest. Games they always had. It is not true, as someone has said, that our poor children do not know how to play. "London Bridge is falling down" with as loud a din in the streets of New York, every day, as it has fallen these hundred years and more in every British town, and the children of the Bend march "all around the mulberry bush" as gleefully as if there were a green shrub to be found within a mile of their slum. It is the slum that smudges the game too easily, and the kindergarten's work comes in in helping to wipe off the smut. So far from New York children being duller at their play than those of other cities and lands, I believe the reverse to be true. They lack neither spirit nor inventiveness. I watched a crowd of them having a donkey party in the street one night, when those parties were all the rage. The donkey hung in the window of a notion store, and a knot of tenement-house children, with tails improvised from a newspaper, and dragged in the gutter to make them stick, were staggering blindly across the sidewalk trying to fix them in place on the pane. They got a heap of fun out of the game, quite as much, it seemed to me, as any crowd of children could have got in a fine parlor, until the storekeeper came out with his club. Every cellar-door becomes a toboggan slide when the children are around, unless it is hammered full of envious nails; every block a ball-ground when the policeman's back is turned, and every roof a kite-field; for that innocent amusement is also forbidden by city ordinance "below Fourteenth Street."

It is rather that their opportunities for mischief are greater than those for harmless amusement; made so, it has sometimes seemed to me, with deliberate purpose to hatch the "tough." Given idleness and the street, and he will grow without other encouragement than an occasional "fanning" of a policeman's club. And the street has to do for his playground. There is no other. Central Park is miles away. The small parks that were ordered for his benefit five years ago, exist yet only on paper. Games like kite-flying and ball-playing, forbidden but not suppressed, as happily they cannot be, become from harmless play a successful challenge of law and order that points the way to later and worse achievements. Every year the police forbid the building of election bonfires, and threaten vengeance upon those who disobey the ordinance; and every election night sees the sky made lurid by them from one end of the town to the other, with the police powerless to put them out. Year by year the boys grow bolder in their raids on property when their supply of firewood has given out, until the destruction wrought at the last election became a matter of public scandal. Stoops, wagons, and in one place a showcase containing property worth many hundreds of dollars, were fed to the flames. It has happened that an entire frame house has been carried off piecemeal and burned up on election night. The boys, organized in gangs, with the one condition of membership that all must "give in wood," store up enormous piles of fuel for months before, and though the police find and raid a good many of them, incidentally laying in supplies of kindling wood for the winter, the pile grows again in a single night as the neighborhood reluctantly contributes its ash-barrels to the cause. The germ of the gangs that terrorize whole sections of the city at intervals, and feed our courts and our jails, may, without much difficulty, be discovered in these early and rather grotesque struggles of the boys with the police.

Even on the national day of freedom the boy is not left to the enjoyment of his firecracker without the ineffectual threat of the law. I am not defending

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the firecracker, but arraigning the failure of the law to carry its point and maintain its dignity. It has robbed the poor child of the street-band, one of his few harmless delights, grudgingly restoring the hand-organ, but not the monkey that lent it its charm. In the band that, banished from the street, sneaks into the back-yard, its instruments hidden under bulging coats, the boy hails no longer an innocent purveyor of amusement, but an ally in the fight with the common enemy, the policeman. In the Thanksgiving-Day and New-Year parades, which he formally permits, he furnishes them with the very weapon of gang organization which they afterward turn against him to his hurt.

And yet this boy who, when taken from his alley into the country for the first time, cries out in delight, "How blue the sky and what a lot of it there is!"—not much of it at home in his barrack—has, in the very love of dramatic display that sends him forth to beat a policeman with his own club or die in the attempt, in the intense vanity that is only a perverted form of pride capable of any achievement, a handle by which he may be most easily grasped and held. It cannot be done by gorging him *en masse* with apples and gingerbread at a Christmas party.* It can be done only by individual effort, and by the influence of personal character in direct contact with the child—the great secret of success in all dealings with the poor. Foul as the gutter he comes from, he is open to the reproach of "bad form" as few of his betters. Greater even than his desire eventually to "down" a policeman, is his ambition to be a "gentleman," as his sister's is to be a "lady." The street is responsible for the caricature either makes of the character. On a play-bill in an East Side street, only the other day, I saw this *répertoire* set down: "Thursday—the Bowery Tramp; Friday—The Thief." It was a theatre I knew newsboys and the other children of the street who were earning money to frequent in shoals. The play-bill suggested the sort of training they received there. Within sight of the window where it hung was a house occupied by a handful of courageous young women, who settled there a couple of years ago, to see what they could do among the children on the other tack. They had a different story to tell. Having once gained their confidence they had found boys and girls most eager to learn from them the ways of polite society. Perhaps that may be thought not the highest of aims; but it will hardly be denied that to find a girl who was fighting in the street yesterday, to-day busying herself with the anxious inquiry whether it is proper, at table, to take bread from the plate with the fingers or with the fork, argues progress; or to see the battle-scarred young tough who a month ago sat on the table with cigar in his mouth, hat on the back of his head, and kicked his heels, who was ashamed to own where he lived, and so terrorized the others with his scowl that the boy who knew said he would get killed if he told—to see this product of the street with carefully brushed clothes, a clean collar, and a human smile inviting the lady manager to the foot-ball game because he knew she was from Princeton and a partisan, and what is more, escorting her there like a gentleman.

In the wise plan of these reformers the gang became the club that weaned the boys from the street. The "Hero Club" and the "Knights of the Round Table" took the place of the Junk Gang and its allies. They wrote their own laws, embodying a clause to expel any disorderly member, and managed them with firmness. True knights were they after their fashion, loyal to the house that sheltered them, and ever on the alert to repel invasion. Sinful as it was in their code not to "swipe" or "hook" a chicken or anything left lying around loose within their bailiwick, if any outsider employed their tactics to the damage of the house, or of anything befriended by it, they would swoop down upon him with swift vengeance and bring him in captive to be delivered over for punishment. And when one of their friends hung out her shingle in another street, with the word

* As a matter of fact I heard, after the last one that caused so much discussion, in an alley that sent seventy-five children to the show, a universal growl of discontent. The effect on the children, even on those who received presents, was bad. They felt that they had been on exhibition, and their greed was aroused with their resentment. It was as I expected it would be.

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"doctor" over the bell, woe to the urchin who even glanced at that when the gang pulled all the other bells in the block and laughed at the wrath of the tenants. One luckless chap forgot himself far enough to yank it one night, and immediately an angry cry went up from the gang: "Who pulled dat bell?" "Mickey did," was the answer, and Mickey's howls announced to the amused doctor the next minute that he had been "slugged" and she avenged. This doctor's account of the first formal call of the gang in the block was highly amusing. It called in a body and showed a desire to please that tried the host's nerves not a little. The boys vied with each other in recounting for her entertainment their encounters with the police enemy, and in exhibiting their intimate knowledge of the wickedness of the slums in minutest detail. One, who was scarcely twelve years old, and had lately moved from Bayard Street, knew all the ins and outs of the Chinatown opium dives, and painted them in glowing colors. The doctor listened with half-amused dismay, and when the boys rose to go told them she was glad they had called. So were they, they said, and they guessed they would call again the next night.

"Oh! don't come to-morrow," said the doctor, in something of a fright; "come next week!" She was relieved upon hearing the leader of the gang reproving the rest of the fellows for their want of style. He bowed with great precision and announced that he would call "in about two weeks."

I am sorry to say that the *entente cordiale* of the establishment was temporarily disturbed recently by a strike of the "Hero Club," or the "Knights," I forget which. The managers received their first intimation that trouble was brewing in the resignation of the leader. It came by letter, in very dignified form. "My apprehensions is now something eligible," he wrote. The ladies decided, after thinking the matter over, that he meant that he was looking for something better, and they translated the message correctly. There came shortly, from the disaffected element he had gathered around him, a written demand for the organization of a new club to be called "the Gentlemen's Sons' Association;" among the objects this: "Furthermore, that we may participate hereafter to commemorate with the doings of a gentleman." The request was refused, and the boys went on strike, threatening to start their club elsewhere. The ladies met the crisis firmly. They sent a walking delegate to the boys with the message that if they could organize a strike, they, on their side, could organize a lock-out. There the matter rested when I last heard of it.

The testimony of these workers agrees with that of most others who reach the girls at an age when they are yet manageable, that the most abiding results follow with them, though they are harder to get at. The boys respond more readily, but also more easily fall from grace. The same good and bad traits are found in both; the same trying superficiality, the same generous helpfulness, characteristic of the poor everywhere. Out of the depth of their bitter poverty I saw the children in the West Fifty-second Street Industrial School, last Thanksgiving, bring for the relief of the aged and helpless, and those even poorer than they, such gifts as they could—a handful of ground coffee in a paper bag, a couple of Irish potatoes, a little sugar or flour, and joyfully offer to carry them home. It was on such a trip I found little Katie, aged nine, in a Forty-ninth Street tenement, keeping house for her older sister and two brothers, all of whom worked in the hammock factory, earning from $4.50 to $1.50 a week. They had moved together when their mother died and the father brought home another wife. Their combined income was something like $9.50 a week, and the simple furniture was bought on instalment. But it was all clean, if poor. Katie did the cleaning and the cooking of the plain kind. She scrubbed and swept and went to school, all as a matter of course, and ran the house generally. In her person and work she answered the question sometimes asked, why we hear so much about the boys and so little of the girls; because the home claims their work much earlier and to a much greater extent, while the boys are turned out to shift for themselves, and because

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therefore their miseries are so much more common-place, and proportionally uninteresting. It is woman's lot to suffer in silence. If occasionally she makes herself heard in querulous protest; if injustice long borne gives her tongue a sharper edge than the occasion seems to require, it can at least be said in her favor that her bark is much worse than her bite. The missionary who complains that the wife nags her husband to the point of making the saloon his refuge, or the sister her brother until he flees to the street, bears testimony in the same breath to her readiness to sit up all night to mend the clothes of the scamp she so hotly denounces. Sweetness of temper or of speech is not a distinguishing feature of tenement-house life, any more among the children than with their elders. In a party sent out by our committee for a summer vacation on a Jersey farm, last summer, was a little knot of six girls from the Seventh Ward. They had not been gone three days before a letter came from one of them to the mother of one of the others. "Mrs. Reilly," it read, "if you have any sinse you will send for your child." That they would all be murdered was the sense the frightened mother made out of it. The six came home post haste, the youngest in a state of high dudgeon at her sudden translation back to the tenement. The lonesomeness of the farm had frightened the others. She was little more than a baby, and her desire to go back was explained by one of the rescued ones thus: "She sat two mortil hours at the table a stuffin' of herself, till the missus she says, says she, 'Does yer mother lave ye to sit that long at the table, sis?'"

Not rarely does this child of common clay rise to a height of heroism that discovers depths of feeling and character full of unsuspected promise. It was in March last that a midnight fire, started by a fiend in human shape, destroyed a tenement in Hester Street, killing a number of the tenants. On the fourth floor the firemen found one of these penned in with his little girl and helped them to the window. As they were handing out the child she broke away from them suddenly and stepped back into the smoke to what seemed certain death. The firemen, climbing after, groped around shouting for her to come back. Half-way across the room they came upon her, gasping and nearly smothered, dragging a doll's trunk over the floor.

"I could not leave it," she said, thrusting it at the men as they seized her; "my mother——"

They flung the box angrily through the window. It fell crashing on the sidewalk, and, breaking open, revealed no doll or finery, but the deed for her dead mother's grave. Little Bessie had not forgotten her, despite her thirteen years.

It is the tenement setting that stamps the child's life with the vicious touch which is sometimes only the caricature of the virtues of a better soil. Under the rough burr lie undeveloped qualities of good and of usefulness, rather perhaps of the capacity for them, which, if the testimony of observers on the other side be true, one shall vainly seek in their brothers and sisters of the Old-World slums. It may be, as I have had occasion to observe before, that the reason must be sought in the greater age of the breed over there, and that we are observing here the beginning of a process of deterioration that shall eventually land us where they are, unless the inroads of the tenement be checked by the preventive measures of which I have spoken. The testimony of a teacher for twenty-five years in one of the ragged schools, who has seen the shanty neighborhood that surrounded her at the start give place to mile-long rows of big tenements, is positive on this point. With the disappearance of the shanties — homesteads in effect, however humble — and the coming of the tenement crowds, there has been a distinct descent in the scale of refinement among the children, if one may use the term. The crowds and the loss of home privacy, with the increased importance of the street as a factor, account for it. The general tone has been lowered, while at the same time, by reason of the greater rescue efforts put forward, the original amount of ignorance has been reduced. The big loafer of the old day, who could neither read

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nor write, has been eliminated to a large extent. Nearly all the children get now some schooling, if not much; and the proportion of child offenders annually arraigned in the courts has been materially reduced. There is compensation in this; whether enough to make up for what is lost, time and the amount of effort put forth to turn the scales for good will show.

Drunkenness is the vice that wrecks that half of the homes of the poor which do not cause it. It is that which, in nine cases out of ten, drives the boy to the street and the girl to a life of shame. No end of sad cases could be quoted in support of this statement. I can here only refer those who wish to convince themselves of its truth to the records of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Five Points House of Industry, the Reformatory, and a score of other charitable and correctional institutions. I have been at some pains to satisfy myself on the point by tracing back, as far as I was able—by no means an easy task—the careers of the boys I met in the lodging-houses that are set as traps for them, where they have their run, chiefly down around the newspaper offices. In seven cases out of ten it was the same story: a drunken father or mother made the street preferable to the home—never home in anything but name—and to the street they went. In the other cases death had, perhaps, broken up the family and thrown the boys upon the world. That was the story of one of the boys I tried to photograph at a quiet game of "craps" in the wash-room of the Duane Street lodging-house—James Brady. Father and mother had both died two months after they came here from Ireland, and he went forth from the tenement alone and without a friend, but not without courage. He just walked on until he stumbled on the lodging-house and fell into a job of selling papers. James, at the age of sixteen, was being initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet in the evening school. He was not sure that he liked it. The German boy who took a hand in the game, and who made his grub and his bed-money, when he was lucky, by picking up junk, had just such a career. The third, the bootblack, gave his reasons briefly for running away from his Philadelphia home: "Me muther wuz all the time hittin' me when I cum in the house, so I cum away." So did a German boy I met there, if for a slightly different reason. He was fresh from over the sea, and had not yet learned a word of English. In his own tongue he told why he came. His father sent him to a gymnasium, but the Latin was "zu schwer" for him, and "der Herr Papa sagt' heraus!" He was evidently a boy of good family, but slow. His father could have taken no better course, certainly, to cure him of that defect, if he did not mind the danger of it.

Two little brothers, who attracted my attention by the sturdy way in which they held together, back to back, against the world, as it were, had a different story to tell. Their mother died, and their father, who worked in a gas-house, broke up the household, unable to maintain it. The boys, eleven and thirteen years old, went out to shift for themselves, while he made his home in a Bowery lodging-house. The oldest of the brothers was then earning three dollars a week in a factory; the younger was selling newspapers and making out. The day I first saw him he came in from his route early—it was raining hard—to get dry trousers out for his brother against the time he should be home from the factory. There was no doubt the two would hew their way through the world together. The right stuff was in them, as in the two other lads, also brothers, I found in the Tompkins Square lodging-house. Their parents had both died, leaving them to care for a palsied sister and a little brother. They sent the little one to school, and went to work for the sister. Their combined earnings at the shop were just enough to support her and one of the brothers who stayed with her. The other went to the lodging-house, where he could live for eighteen cents a day, turning the rest of his earnings into the family fund. With this view of these homeless lads, the one who goes much among them is not surprised to hear of their clubbing together, as they did in the Seventh Avenue lodging-house, to fit out a little ragamuffin, who

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was brought in shivering from the street, with a suit of clothes. There was not one in the crowd that chipped in who had a whole coat to his back.

It was in this lodging-house I first saw Buffalo. He was presented to me the night I took the picture of my little vegetable-peddling friend, Edward, asleep on the front bench in evening-school. Edward was nine years old and an orphan, but hard at work every day earning his own living by shouting from a pedler's cart. He could not be made to sit for his picture, and I took him at a disadvantage — in a double sense, for he had not made his toilet; it was in the days of the threatened water-famine, and the boys had been warned not to waste water in washing, an injunction they cheerfully obeyed. I was anxious not to have the boy disturbed, so the spelling-class went right on while I set up the camera. It was an original class, original in its answers as in its looks. This was what I heard while I focused on poor Eddie:

The teacher: "Cheat! spell cheat."

Boy spells correctly.

Teacher: "Right! What is it to cheat?"

Boy: "To skin one, like Tommy——"

The teacher cut the explanation short, and ordering up another boy, bade him spell "nerve." He did it.

"What is nerve?" demanded the teacher; "what does it mean?"

"Cheek! don't you know," said the boy, and at that moment I caught Buffalo blacking my sleeping pedler's face with ink, just in time to prevent his waking him up. Then it was that I heard the disturber's story. He *was* a character, and no mistake. He had run away from Buffalo, whence his name, "beating" his way down on the trains until he reached New York. He "shined" around until he got so desperately hard up that he had to sell his kit. Just about then he was discovered by an artist, who paid him to sit for him in his awful rags, with his tousled hair that had not known the restraint of a cap for months. "Oh! it was a daisy job," sighed Buffalo, at the recollection. He had only to sit still and crack jokes. Alas! Buffalo's first effort at righteousness upset him. He had been taught in the lodging-house that to be clean was the first requisite of a gentleman, and on his first pay-day he went bravely, eschewing "craps," and bought himself a new coat and had his hair cut. When, beaming with pride, he presented himself at the studio in his new character, the artist turned him out as no longer of any use to him. I am afraid that Buffalo's ambition to be "like folks," received a shock by this mysterious misfortune that will prevent his ever attaining the level where he may join the class in history that goes by the attractive name of the "Soup-house Gang" in the Duane Street lodging-house school. And it is too bad, for the class is proficient, if it *is* in its shirt-sleeves, and has at least a couple of members who will certainly make their mark.

In the summer a good many of the boys sleep in the street; it is coolest there, and it costs nothing if one can get out of the sight of the policeman. In winter they seek the lodging-houses or curl themselves up on the steam-pipes in the newspaper offices that open their doors after midnight. They are hunted nowadays so persistently by the police and by the agents of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that very few escape altogether. In the lodging-houses they are made to go to school. There are enough of them always whom nobody owns; but the great mass of the boys and girls who cry their "extrees!" on the street are children with homes, who thus contribute to the family earnings and sleep out, if they do, because they have either not sold their papers or gambled away the money at craps, and are afraid to go home. It was for such a reason little Giuseppe Margalto and his chum made their bed in the ventilating chute at the post-office on the night General Sherman died, and were caught by the fire that broke out in the mail-room toward midnight. Giuseppe was burned to death; the other escaped to bring the news to the dark Crosby Street alley in which he had lived. Giuseppe did not die his cruel death in vain. A much stricter watch has been

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kept since upon the boys, and they are no longer allowed to sleep in many places to which they formerly had access. The purpose is to corral the homeless element in the lodging-houses; and but for the neighboring Bowery "hotels" that beckon the older boys with their promise of greater freedom, it would probably be successfully attained.

Even with this drawback, the figures of the Children's Aid Society show that progress is being made. While in 1881 its lodging-houses sheltered 14,452 children, of whom 13,155 were boys and 1,287 girls, last year, though more than 300,000 had been added to the city's population, the number of child-lodgers had fallen to 11,770, only 335 of whom were girls. The whole number of children sheltered in the six houses, in the last twelve years, was 149,994, among them 8,820 girls. The problem is a great one, but the efforts on foot to solve it are as great, and growing. That the beginning must be made with the children in the battle with poverty and ignorance and crime, was recognized long ago. It has been made; and we know now that through them the rampart next to be taken—the home—is reached. It has been a forty years' war, and it is only just begun. But the first blow, as the old saying runs, is half the battle, and it has been struck in New York, and struck to win.

# THE REFLECTIONS OF A MARRIED MAN.

*By Robert Grant.*

## VII.

I RETALIATED on my wife for naming little Fred after me, by naming Josie after her. Josephine declared that I might talk until I was black in the face, but she never would consent to name her eldest son after anyone but his father. When I referred to the confusion which would result from the presence in the house of two people with the same name, she tossed her head and said that it would be easy to obviate that by calling me Frederick instead of Fred. She added that Frederick was much more dignified and appropriate to the father of a family, and that she had been intending to make the substitution ever since we were married.

To tell the truth, I did not relish the threatened change. When a man has answered to a name for more than a quarter of a century, it is rather appalling to be informed that if he answers to it henceforth he is likely to confound himself with an infant. On the previous occasions when Josephine had solemnly declared her intention to exorcise Fred, I had smiled inwardly, feeling sure that she would forget to begin; but it was obvious to me now that, for the sake of baby, she was prepared to school her tongue and the tongues of all my relations and friends in the execution of her fell purpose. Imagine Harry Bolles and other kindred spirits calling me stiff, august Frederick! I vowed that this should not be brought to pass; and having become convinced that it was simply a

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question of time when my son and heir would be christened after me, I graciously consented to send for the clergyman on the distinct understanding that I was to remain Fred to the end of time, confusion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our second boy was christened David, after his maternal grandfather. When our elder daughter was born I proclaimed firmly my purpose to name her for her mother. Josephine squirmed like an eel, metaphorically speaking, at the suggestion, and I discovered for the first time that she had detested her own name from early childhood. She argued that there was no sense in calling a girl after her mother, for the reason that no advantage of association, as in the case of a father, could possibly be derived from it, and that she would have sufficient trouble, as time went on, in keeping my underwear distinct from little Fred's, without being confronted by a similar difficulty on the feminine side of the house.

"On the other hand," I murmured, with an accession of sentiment which brought a blush to her cheeks despite her predisposition to frown, "my dearest wish is to see another Josephine in the flesh, complete even to the name. Moreover, as you have had full scope twice already, it is only fair that I should be allowed for once to carry out my own ideas."

So Josephine she was christened, though we call her Josie, and I have very little doubt that my wife in the depths of her inner consciousness would have been bitterly disappointed if the child had been given any other name.

When number four appeared—our second daughter—Josephine declared that she was tired of family names and wished something out of the common run. After mooning about the house for a day or two with pencil and paper, she handed me the following list, embodying the fruit of her cogitation: Ethel, Enid, Corinne, Dorothy, Gladys, Margery, Millicent, Annabel, and Letitia. She spared me, however, the necessity of criticism by stating that not one of them would do; that every other child nowadays was named Gladys, Dorothy, or Margery, that Ethel did not hit her fancy, and that the rest were hideous.

"Why don't you call her plain Mary?" I asked, by way of a suggestion.

"The child will be plain enough, I dare say," said my wife, dryly. "I am quite aware," she added, "that we shall be in a certain sense gambling with divine Providence in giving the darling a conspicuous, individualizing name, for she may grow up commonplace-looking or a fright; but we must take some chances in life, mustn't we, Fred?"

"Either Rosamond, Eleanor, or Guendolen is appropriate to a beauty," said I, with non-committal subserviency.

"I should prefer something more original. A man with your training in the classics ought to be able to rattle off half a dozen that would be suitable. Try, dear, to think of some."

Having obediently ransacked the recesses of my mental storehouse, and consulted on the sly a mythological dictionary and the Bible, including the Apocrypha, I reported progress as follows: "Ceres, Naomi, Diana, Jael, Andromeda, Niobe, and Cleopatra."

"'Like Niobe, all tears,'" murmured Josephine, reflectively. "They would bother her life out by quoting that at her, I suppose. I had thought of Pallas. Why wouldn't Pallas do, Fred? I don't know a Pallas, and it sounds rather distinguished. As I remember her, she was entirely respectable. Cleopatra is pretty, but the trouble is that she wasn't entirely respectable."

"Why Pallas rather than Pocahontas?" I asked, with sober mien but sardonic purport.

"Pocahontas?" screamed my darling. But presently she added, with a musing air: "A really pretty Indian name wouldn't be bad at all. Minnehaha? No, that's too hackneyed."

"Tuscarora?" I hazarded. "A little too bold and expansive, perhaps."

"Yes, dear, I think that 'Tuscarora' would frighten away the average suitor."

"Cacouna, then?"

"Ugh!"

"Oneida?"

"I don't like it."

"Winona? There! Why wouldn't that be just the thing? It is pictur-

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esque and original, and to my ears decidedly fetching."

"Winona?" queried Josephine, in a pensive tone which suggested that it had rather caught her fancy. "It's queer, Fred, but it *is* fetching and picturesque as you say, and decidedly original. I should like to sleep on it."

On the fourth morning after this she informed me, with a beatific smile, that the matter was settled; she had heard a mysterious voice in her sleep, on three consecutive nights, cry aloud—"Winona—Winona—Winona."

"I regard that as the interposition of Providence," she added, "and if the child grows up homely and puny and utterly out of keeping with her name, I shall consider that I have been very shabbily treated by fate."

It is amazing how soon the pig-like, rubicund objects of parental solicitude, which erst bent upon you their steel-blue eyes and wailed, develop a marked personality of their own. The married man with sons of four or five years is likely to suffer himself to be jabbed with a yard-stick in his bath, morning after morning, under the guise of a hippopotamus at bay, in order to cater to the sporting tastes of one, and will croon the same ditty a dozen times in monotonous succession for the sake of edifying the lyrical instincts of another. What spinster can appreciate a mother's joy at the discovery that her doll of flesh and blood has teeth like everybody else? What bachelor can understand the complacency of the father who divines, from the first articulate word, that his heir is not completely an idiot? Close upon the heels of evolution follows the bubbling refrain of parental ecstasy. You stand amazed with delight before the first witticism and dub it clever enough for *Life* or *Punch;* you scan with dancing eyes the bird's nest of clay bestowed upon you as a birthday present, and whisper to your wife that the Liliputian donor has a sculptor's eye and fingers.

Simultaneously with this spirit of wonder at the normal development of your offspring, and with your cognizance of the individuality of each, arises within you the desire and almost rabid intention to equip them as completely as possible for the struggle of existence, to disguise and fortify the weak spots left by destiny, and to foster the talents with which Dame Nature has endowed them. You are determined that the mistakes committed in your own education shall not be duplicated in theirs, and, bent on acting with consummate wisdom, you consult current authorities on child culture and lend an alert ear to every suggestion in the line of hygienic or pedagogic reform. You purse your lips in the throes of indecision as to whether or not baby shall wear shoes and socks. You cite having worn them yourself, forsooth, and that your own feet, save for a pet corn or two, have been, and are, to all intents and all purposes available, and you indulge in horrible imaginings on the score of influenza and lockjaw; but you sigh when your wife asks if you set yourself up as wiser than the doctors, who insist that the young should return to the customs of nature, and like as not, before another week you are leading your precious toddler bare foot along the flinty pavement with a superior smile. What though you have been taught to spell cat c-a-t! Do you not bow your head to the superior wisdom of the age, which asserts that it should be spelt cah-ah-te, and rejoice that your young hopefuls are not being outstripped by their contemporaries? Yea, verily; and though you yourself could read when you were five, you even humbly subscribe to the doctrine that if a child reads at eight it is time enough, provided that until then he is beguiled by grewsome kindergarten carols and the manufacture of paper patchwork for the presentation to an admiring household at Christmas-tide. Painfully conscious that you have failed to make the most of your own life, you are eager to afford your children every opportunity to improve upon it, albeit at the sacrifice of your most stalwart and fundamental convictions.

What parent would restore the days when a father was addressed on paper as "Honored Sir," and the offending scion of his stock slunk up the stairs in apprehension of the rod? Not I, for

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one. And yet, as Josephine says, it is not exactly pleasant to be snuffed out at forty by the superior wisdom of the rising generation, even though that wisdom be tempered by affectionate toleration of nominal control. Nevertheless, after you have grown accustomed to the idea that you are, comparatively speaking, an ignoramus, and that your experience of life is to be rated merely as so much fustiness, is not abundant satisfaction to be derived from the pride one takes in the superseding knowledge of one's progeny? Even though you may feebly protest at the ruthless sweeping away of established codes by the youth of twelve and the miss of fifteen, you feel puffed up by the amazing enlightenment of your sons and daughters. As time goes on you positively glow with satisfaction at each successive display of information or theory which controverts the truths upon which you have acted all your days. You scratch your head and learn with wondering delight that William Tell was a mythical humbug, that the novels of Sir Walter are rather a bore than otherwise, and that all illness is hallucination. If, tempted to defend the wisdom of the past, you proffer the testimony of books, you yield respectfully to the triumphant plea of a newer edition or a later authority, wherein the facts or arguments on which you relied are contradicted or exploded. What glorious opportunities are given you to examine and rehabilitate your moral standards by the searching light of modern philosophy! You are informed by lips on which the down of manhood is scarcely perceptible, that competition in trade is akin to crime; that the proletariat should be restrained by legislation from generating children faster than it can provide for them, and that, owing to the failing powers of the sun, our world will in a comparatively short period become too cold to inhabit. And if, under the spur of a whimsical mood, you venture to insinuate that this world has long been a cold one for the average inhabitant, the sad, sickly smile with which your witticism is received convicts you of levity and a disposition to make light of serious subjects. Indeed, there is something charmingly pathetic, even if occasionally irritating, in the tacit criticism of your whole course in life which you read written on the grave countenances of your sons and daughters. Pathetic, and yet at the same time mirth-provoking, in spite of more or less justice, by virtue of the glorious self-delusion. You are in their eyes the fond and loving father, but equally the humdrum practical man of affairs governed by workaday considerations, and void of poetic impulse save mere domesticity. Unlike them you have never tried to probe the secrets of eternity and grappled with the fire spirits of thought. To you the moon has been but a night-lamp and no inspirer of mighty resolutions and world-conquering hopes. You have lived always as now, a struggler for bread and butter, a creature of dull routine, getting up and lying down, eating and drinking, spending and saving, thermometer and watch consulting with a tedious regularity of which they do not intend to be guilty. They adore you for the loving care you have lavished upon them and the opportunities you have given them, but their eyes let you understand, though they would fain spare your feelings, that whereas your feet have ever clung to earth, their look is fixed upon the stars. Glorious self-delusion which, even while it castigates, tickles the parental diaphragm! Upon the stars? God grant that their look never swerve.

Said I to Josephine one evening, as we were sitting side by side on the sofa after our darling critics had gone to bed — "One would suppose that you and I, in the bygone days, had never sailed the seas of fantasy with the Corsair, or apostrophized solitude on the mountain-top with Childe Harold; that we had bowed in the dust before ancestral dogma, and clung to the belief that the 'Animals went in two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo;' that philanthropy was a strange word to us; that we had revelled in defective drainage; and that we did not kiss each other when we were engaged."

"Poor little dears," said my wife "how much they have still to learn! It would break their hearts if they had to know now that in the end they would be only

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just a little better than we. Do you remember how you used to repeat:

'Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory.
He who walks it only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall see the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.'"

"And yet," said I, "I am only a hard-working and tolerably impecunious lawyer."

## VIII.

The married man with a family who is dependent on the income from his labors for a living, is necessarily a creature of routine. Day in, day out, he rises from bed, hones his razor, takes his bath, swallows his breakfast, reads the newspaper, and hies him down town with the monotonous exactness of a pendulum. He is engrossed by the cares of business until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and in the brief interim between his closing time and his dinner hour he walks, rides, or frequents the gymnasium for exercise, plays whist, visits a picture gallery and the book-stores, pays a call, or attends a committee meeting in the interest of political or charitable reform, and reaches home barely in time to become a bear for the amusement of his children before they drop off to sleep. In the evening he dines out now and then, and now and then he takes his wife to the theatre or a concert; but ordinarily, after exhausting the newspaper at home and cutting the pages of the current magazines, he settles down to read the newest volume of biography or travel, and is aroused by his wife an hour later on the plea that if he sleeps longer he will lie awake at night.

It is only on Sundays and holidays that the busy man of affairs escapes from the clutches of inexorable custom, and even these respites from habit are so fleeting that he has barely begun to realize that he is free before they have passed and he is a slave again. And yet how precious in his regard, in spite of their limitations, do these breathing spells from routine become as the years advance, and he has grown a trifle sober, and almost imperceptibly gray! There are the baked beans and fish-balls of New England to begin with, to enhance the comfort of his late, leisurely breakfast. The bits of Shakespeare and Shelley with which, stretched at his ease, he refreshes the dusty dryness of his spirit, well up in his memory through the week, and until another Thanksgiving or Decoration Day his eyes are brighter for their glimpses of meadow and hillock, and his lungs are sounder for their inspiration of purer air. Does he not begrudge the passage of the fly-swift hours during which he learns to know his little ones from their own lips, when out of sight of pavements he wanders with them through the wood, or teaches them to paddle up the suburban stream? Avaunt the Sunday newspaper with its vampire wings, and the stuffy club with its corrosive sublimate of brandy and soda! He yearns more and more for the weekly boon of exchanging the paraphernalia of workaday existence for the simple pleasures of loving comradeship with his family, and contact with nature so far as she is to be encountered within the radius of a sabbath-day's journey.

But the Mecca of the married man's hopes is his annual vacation, so called from the deeply rooted intention in his soul to make it a yearly occurrence; but which is ordinarily interfered with three years out of five, notwithstanding his proneness to prophesy glibly that other men, who neglect to shut their desks for a reasonable period in the course of every twelvemonth, will surely break down. It is a splendid theory for other men to act upon, and still more splendid for yourself at those rare conjunctions when there is perfect composure alike in the business world and in your domestic household. You pack your rods and feverishly order relays of groceries—and then something turns up which obliges you to change your plans and put off until another year your projected outing in the woods, where not even a telegram will reach you. It may be that you are called upon to act as the assignee of an insolvent estate, the pickings from which will be considerable, or that the children break out with the

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measles, or that you discover the entire drainage system of your house to be in need of immediate overhauling. Under any of these circumstances a married man must stay at home. He cannot afford to neglect his business, or to desert his family in distress. Hence, in spite of his rigid principles, he is very apt to persuade himself that, by passing the summer at some watering-place accessible from town by a dusty, daily railway journey, he is getting all the vacation he needs, especially because he reaches home occasionally, on the hottest afternoons, by three instead of five.

"Are you all ready?" you inquire of your wife, entering her room in a flurry some day about the middle of June, having just come post-haste from down town.

"Are we really going?"

"Going? Of course we are going. The carriage will be at the door in less than an hour."

"Considering that I have had to pack three times during the past fortnight as a consequence of as many determinations on your part which you have subsequently reconsidered, you can scarcely blame me for asking the question. I shall be ready, dear."

"We are going without fail this time. I have bought the tickets and telegraphed for guides, and told them at the office that I shan't be back for three weeks. Has that man sent my fishing things?"

"A great many things have come for you."

You cast a searching, ruffled glance around you at the profusion of packages occupying the lounge and the floor, and realize from their respective proportions that your rubber coat, a new bamboo rod, a landing-net, an air-cushion for yourself and another for your darling, some groceries, and a box of fly-ointment have arrived. Something is plainly missing, however, from the agonized fashion in which you drop upon your knees and rummage through the bundles, ripping the twine and paper from each with increasing despair.

"Where is my new reel and line? That brute has neglected to send either them or the trout-flies I ordered. I will sue him; I——"

As you fulminate, you glare at your wife with the ferocity of an incensed tiger; it is the sudden guilty quailing of her eyes which checks your objurgations. At the same moment she stoops and ducks her head to the base of the lounge, and after groping with the yard-stick produces the missing articles, remarking nonchalantly that the baby had been playing with them, and must have pushed them underneath.

You are so glad to get them that you merely growl inarticulately while you undo with eager fingers the precious package. You scrutinize the dainty rubber reel with a contented smile, and in the serenity of recovered good nature dart at the box of fly-ointment, and insist that your wife shall take a smell of the horrible-looking mixture of penny-royal and tar. She declares that she abominates the odor and that she would rather be bitten by all the flies in creation than soil her skin with a drop of it, and you answer that you are rather fond of the smell and that it is really remarkably clean stuff.

While she collects and packs your things you go flitting about the room with a brow wrinkled by the conviction that you have forgotten something fundamental, and your heart dances like a daffodil as you come across your tooth-brush in the last five minutes. Just when the carriage is at the door you bound up the stairs two steps at a time for your watch-key, which you have left on your pin-cushion, and you breathlessly vow on your return that you will buy a stem-winding watch with your next spare cash. In consequence of the cabman's announcement that you have no time to lose if you wish to catch the train, your farewell to your children in the hall is a hasty nip, and you arraign your wife for the more profuse osculations which she is lavishing upon them. You are off at last, thank goodness, with the memory of four heads and noses pressed against the window pane in the final exuberance of god-speed.

Happy is the benedict who feels that his vacation is incomplete without the society of his gentle spouse! Happy too is the spouse who is not so gentle as to be deterred by bugaboos in the shape of fears of what may befall her children

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during her absence, or by antipathy for the discomforts of the pathless woods from accompanying her husband! It is well-nigh impossible to overcome the nervousness of many women sufficiently to induce them to leave home for more than a day or two at a time. There is, moreover, a considerable number of the softer sex whose constitutional horror of snakes and the kindred accessories of a sylvan outing, remains paramount to every other consideration. I am happy to state that Josephine is blessed with a certain serenity of nature which enables her to abandon her offspring for moderate periods without perturbation, and merely to lift her skirts and run without screaming when she encounters a reptile.

It seems almost like your wedding journey over again as you are whirled along in the train by the side of your sweet partner, and in the exuberance of this romantic suggestion you whisper, "Do you suppose, dear, that they take us for a newly married couple?"

"What a perfect goose you are, Fred! Don't flatter yourself that you can shuffle off the staid aspect of a pater familias of forty simply by turning the key on the children."

"Dear little souls!" I ejaculate. "Wouldn't it be nice if we had been able to bring one or two of them with us?"

"No, it wouldn't," answers Josephine, flatly. "I was just thinking what a perfect blessing it was to be completely free from them for a fortnight, and all alone with my dearest."

Thereupon her head drops involuntarily upon my shoulder, where it reposes until I can no longer resist the temptation of remarking, "I think we pass very well for a newly married pair."

"You nasty thing, Fred!" she retorts, bobbing bolt upright as though electrified. "Just as I was so comfortable, too!"

Neither argument nor flattery can induce her to resume her superincumbent posture; but finally, perhaps, she relents so far as to permit you to hold her hand. On goes the train whizzing and jolting into the twilight, which fades away into a pitchy landscape illumined now and again by twinkling cottage lights, and now by the glare of urban electricity. Puff! Pouff! You glide into a smoke-vaulted station where the vernacular of the attendant populace smacks of apple-pie and cider. Whir-r! Sh-h! You rumble across a bridge from which you catch a glimpse below of swift, black water, and in another minute you are shooting past a foundry whose chimneys belch splendid tongues of fire.

"How little Fred would delight in that!" murmurs my angel.

"I thought the children were a forbidden subject."

Only a gentle pressure of my hand for answer. On, on we jostle through the night. The tireless engine twists and turns through mountain valleys from the sides of which forests of pine send down impenetrable gloom. There is a colder, fresher savor to the air as you step to the door to ascertain why the train has suddenly come to a standstill.

"Only a cow on the track," passes from mouth to mouth after a few moments of suspense, during which a vision of your orphaned children floats pathetically before your mind's eye. Josephine does not need to be told what you are thinking about, as witness her pensive query after the train is once more under way.

"I wonder, Fred, if they would care just a little if we were telescoped."

Eleven o'clock. Only twenty minutes more and you will be due at the little jumping-off place where you are to pass the night, and from which you are to set out for camp in the morning. You begin to be harassed by doubts as to whether your telegram has been received, which are not allayed until the countenance of Pete, your sometime Indian guide, looms from the platform. He wastes no words; his grin, welcome in spite of its stolidity, and the shake of his hand give way to the obligation of possessing himself of all your traps. Still he eyes the white woman furtively until you find leisure to remark, "Pete, this is my wife, and Josephine, my dear, this is Pete."

Introductions to Josephine follow of mine host of the inn, whom I congrat-

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ulate on the improvements in his rattletrap, and, after we have inspected our room, of Pete's younger brother, Oscar, who is to be the pilot of her canoe, and whose sole exemption from immobility appears to be a guttural grunt. I put searching questions to Pete regarding our chances of good sport, the replies to which are diplomatically non-committal, and then we seek our chamber to woo slumber on behalf of an early start.

Slumber? Would that expectation were father to reality! What inducement to repose is to be found in blankets narrower by six inches than the width of the bed requires? Two minutes after you have tucked yourself in gloriously about the shoulders—for the mountain air feels just a trifle chilly—a gentle tug destroys your handiwork. Without delay you give a resolute tug in the opposite direction, and immediately the voice of your darling protests.

"What are you doing, Fred? You have not left me an inch of bedclothes."

Another tug, still gentle but more determined than the first, accompanies her words, arousing the spirit of evil within you.

"Confound it all, it's a perfect outrage to give us a bed like this," I reply, springing up with a kick which destroys whatever semblance of order there is left, and I strike a match viciously.

I raise the kerosene lamp, and by its dim light morosely survey the situation.

"What are you trying to do, Fred?" my darling inquires, as I stride past the bed.

I am really in search of my ulster, which is hanging at the other side of the room, but it suddenly occurs to me to slip back the bolt of the connecting door which leads into the adjoining chamber.

"I'm going to sleep in the next room," I reply, gruffly.

"But there may be someone in there already," cries Josephine, sitting up in bed under the spur of her trepidation.

"I don't care if there is," I answer, with a defiant mien resulting from secret belief that the apartment in question is empty. Thereupon I pull at the door, which sticks hard.

"You will wake the whole house. And oh, Fred, what if there should be anyone in there!"

I tie a towel around the knob and pull lustily. The door yields at last, and flying open reveals only the silence of the tomb. I enter holding the lamp high above my head, and my horrified eyes behold a bed completely stripped of everything save the striped mattress and bolster appropriate to a dismantled chamber. For one fell, furious moment I stand irresolute, then with a mighty stride I return to my own room, and seizing my ulster and certain other belongings, exclaim, with stoical calm:

"Good-night, Josephine."

"Oh, Fred, I hate to have you leave me. Let me sleep in there and you here. It is your vacation and you need all the rest you can get. Are you sure the bed is comfortable?"

"I am going to sleep there," I answer with diplomatic firmness, stooping to kiss her.

"You must barricade the door so that if it is anyone else's room no one can get in."

Anyone else's room! From the chill stuffiness of the atmosphere it seems as though it had been without an inmate for years. I wrap my ulster around me and do up my toes in my flannel shirt, and stretch myself on the straw mattress. Ruminating, I gradually acquire warmth, until a steady, far-off murmur assures me that my darling is asleep at last. Then I sleep too.

A few hours later we are peacefully skimming over the waters of the lake. Civilization lies behind us hidden by a bend. Reclining with an air of supreme comfort in our respective canoes, we smile now and again at each other across the scarcely ruffled gap which separates us. It is a cloudless morning. The profile of the old man of the mountain, to which Pete calls our attention as we pass, stands out with clean-cut distinctness. A brace of sheldrake race by us almost within gunshot with plaintive squawk. The hills look glorious in their garb of fresh green, and we screw our eyes to make out far away the barely discernible passage between them beyond which lies the virgin forest where we are to spend a fortnight out of reach of newspapers and the children.

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Our canoes are laden almost to the gunnel with our kit, comprising tents, woollen and rubber blankets, a cooking-stove, a trunk—Josephine had insisted on bringing a trunk—canned soups, our rods, and a camera. By twilight all these have been safely landed by Pete and the guttural Oscar at the spot chosen as a camping-ground—a beatific spot on the margin of the smallest and most picturesque of a trio of connecting lakes. Tall, majestic trees arch over us, but not too densely. A cool brook twinkles close at hand. Through a fringed clearing we behold across a black-blue sheet of water a monarch among mountains, whose stern sides run down to meet the lake in sheer walls rugged with scars from the glacier period.

Our tents rise side by side in snowy amplitude. Within our guides spread layers of redolent hemlock and adjust cheese-cloth nettings to baffle the predatory sand-fly. While Oscar builds a noble fire, Pete deftly strips layers of bark from the attendant birches and fashions a dining-table, which charms the fancy of Josephine so that she thrills with the threat of carrying home rolls upon rolls of birch-bark for the little ones. In an ecstasy of content we watch the saffron sunset fade to soft violet and the first stars peep from the pellucid sky. I lie stretched at full length, glorying in the consciousness of rest and of freedom from care and contact with the workaday world. My wife and I, ever lovers, seem to have usurped the realm of poetry for our sole use. And yet perhaps my lips are mute. Shall I tell her in bald speech that her eyes are more tender and trusting than the evening planet o'erhead, and her soul purer than the golden light of the departing day?

"Supper!"

The voice of Pete breaks in upon my shy meditation. We seat ourselves beneath a rustic canopy to feast ourselves on plenty; on fresh trout and fried eggs and collops of toast, whereat it may be our noses would have turned up in wonderment at home, but which we attack with the vigor of primitive man. We drink pannikins of tea strong as lye, and fearlessly ask for more. Thrice at least since the canoes touched shore has Josephine derided my countenance, copper-colored from its coating of tar and oil, and called heaven to witness that she disowned me as a husband; but now at length the hour of my triumph arrives.

"Fred!" she ejaculates, breaking down completely, "give me some of that stuff. They are all over me; they are driving me crazy; in my ears, in my nostrils, in my mouth, and on both sides of my buttered toast. I cannot bear it a moment longer."

I bid Pete build a smudge, and I hasten to my tent for the precious mixture. Josephine essays it gingerly.

"A little dab like that will be of no use," I exclaim, firmly, and suiting the action to the word, I baptize her delicate cheeks with glorious smears of the oleaginous compound, remarking withal as a sop to her outraged spirit that it is excellent for the complexion.

On the morrow we fish. On the morrow and on succeeding days. I and Josephine also. I with a fly-rod to the end, and she with a fly-rod for five minutes, during which she succeeds in hooking Oscar in the cheek and entangling herself well-nigh inextricably in her own casting line. After this she prefers to troll, and she trolls indefatigably. That is, she reclines with a graceful pose in her canoe and suffers herself to be piloted from lake to lake. A rod is over her shoulder and a novel in her lap. She reads a little and she dozes a little, and when she feels a twitch, she twitches sooner or later in her turn. It is wonderful how many fish she manages to capture in this haphazard way, and, what is more, the largest monsters in the lake seek her hook. She reels them in in a seraphic fashion to the delight of Oscar and no less of Pete, who confides to me that my wife is a born fisherman. I realize that this encomium embodies a tacit reflection on my own lack of powers, not to be gainsaid by tales of quondam victories over muscallonge, salmon, and tarpon. It is very evident that I must be content to occupy in his eyes a rank completely second to the sweet angel of my bosom, who knows not the difference between a Brown Hackle and a Parmachenee Belle, and who frankly admits a preference for live bait.

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The days glide imperceptibly. There is a delicious sameness in them all, and yet each has its special charm. We angle and we meditate; we paddle and we vegetate. We make all-day excursions, and in the course of them take luncheon on tight little islands solitary enough to arouse the envy of an Alexander Selkirk. We recall and quote poetry of which we have not thought for years. We photograph each other and our guides in every conceivable attitude, and our camp from every point of view. Josephine sees a pair of huge fiery eyes peering into her tent in the middle of the night, and will not be persuaded (even unto this day) that the intruder was a rabbit and not a bear. By the camp fire Oscar exhibits to me Josephine's new fly-rod splintered through contact with his weight in stepping backward, and articulates philosophically, "Lady no fly fish; lady troll. Gentleman buy another when home. Indian mend pretty good perhaps."

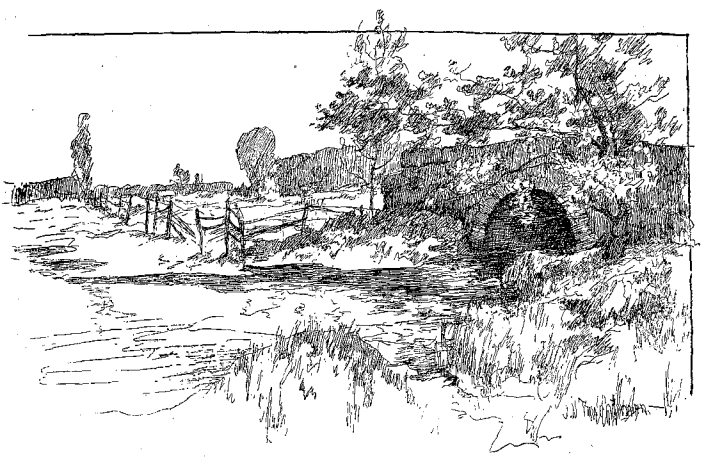
We bathe and cleanse our souls in the holy atmosphere of the summer evening, and once more, as in the days of our youth, we gaze between the solemn pines at the lustrous night seeking the infinite. We whisper "peccavi" to the pitying stars, and in the consciousness of lack of power to pierce the mysteries of cosmos, my hand seeks hers and hers mine in token of the love for the sake of which alone we crave immortality.

There comes a day when the walls of our tents fall like the walls of the houses of Jericho at the voice of the prophet's trumpet. I take apart my rods, and Josephine arms herself with the vast collection of ferns and the rolls of birch bark which she purposes to carry home with her. Mournfully we take a last look from our canoes at our dismantled camping-ground; yet already my wife's eyes are bright with the thought of seeing the children again, and I am beginning to wonder what has been going on in the civilized world during the past fortnight. We are sorry to be going, and yet we are glad. Josephine stigmatizes the rapture with which I receive a bundle of newspapers from a sportsman whom we pass on our way out as hysterical and almost indecent.

"It was only a fortnight ago that you said you never wished to look at another newspaper, Fred."

"And you, my dear, that it was a perfect blessing to be rid of the children," I retort, and then I absorb myself in the affairs of the body politic oblivious alike of lake and forest.

(To be concluded in the June number.)





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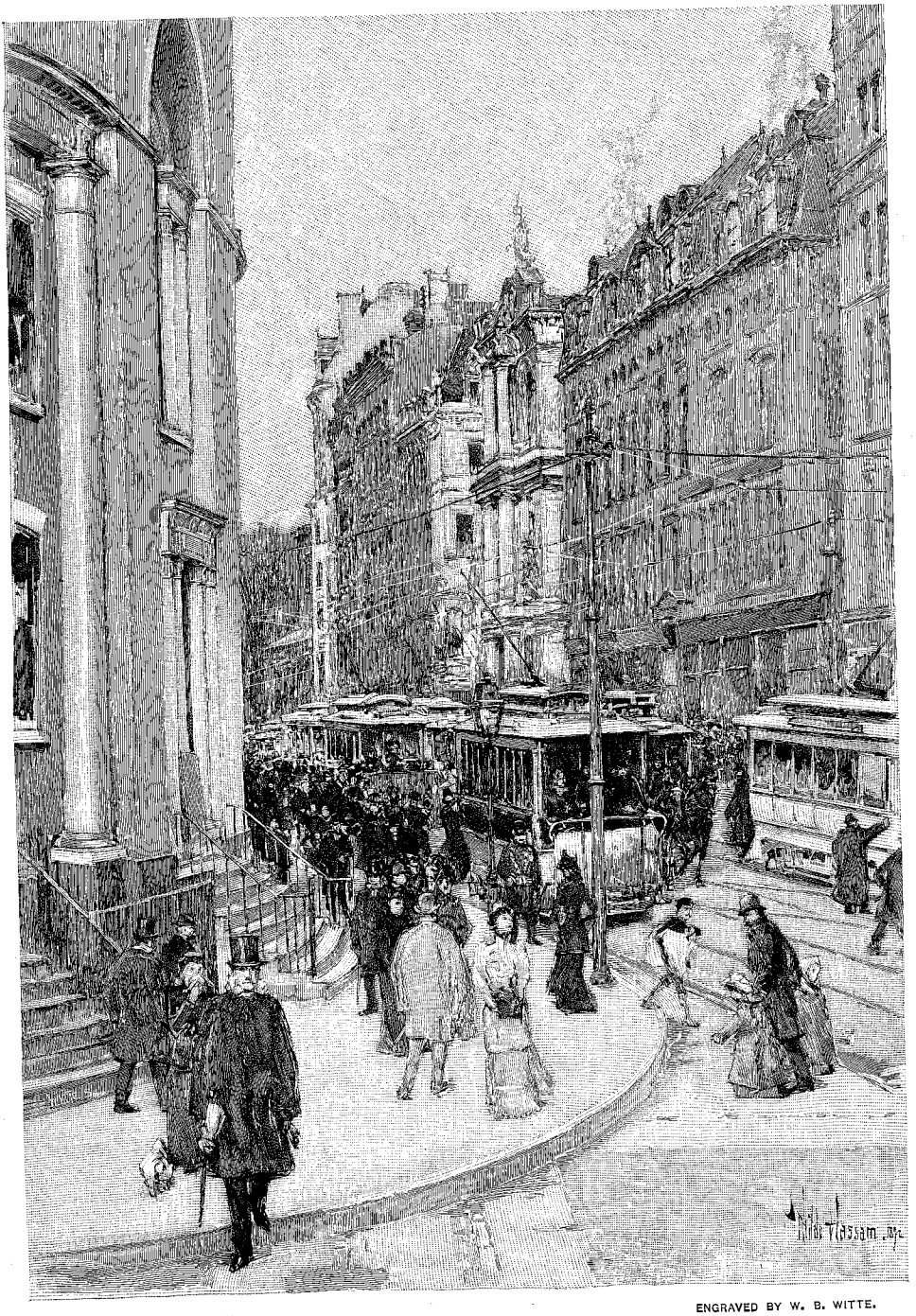

DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

The Crowd at Park Street Church, Boston.

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# RAPID TRANSIT IN CITIES.

## I.—THE PROBLEM.

*By Thomas Curtis Clarke.*

ONE of the most powerful factors in the evolution of cities, and one of the most interesting topics of the day, is rapid transit. It affects not only the health and comfort of all citizens, but the very existence and prosperity of cities themselves. Although much has been written about it, the last word has not been said.

Modern inventions do not change human nature, but they do change human affairs. When the Lord put it into the mind of someone "to pave the roads with iron bars"—as Emerson hath it—a new epoch began, that of the railway system, which, although but sixty years old, has changed the face of the world.

Rapid transit in cities was born about the same time, when, in 1834, John Stephenson, of New York, invented the horse-car to run on tramways, or flat rails, laid in the streets of our cities. For this his name is worthy to be placed beside that other Stephenson, who found the locomotive a toy and left it a perfect machine.

We are now just beginning to see the far-reaching effects of this simple invention. It has solved the problem of city life. It is fast abolishing the horrors of the crowded tenement. It is shortening the hours of labor. It makes the poor man a land-holder. It is doing more to put down socialism, in this country at least, than all other things combined.

One of its effects is giving great trouble. The better the service of street railways, the faster does the city population grow, the more do the people ride, and the greater is the congestion of traffic, and the louder the complaints of the public. The demand for rapid transit facilities increases faster than the supply.

Everybody thinks that their own city is in the worst plight, and the managers of their street railways are the meanest men on the face of the earth; but it is an interesting fact, and one which has suggested these articles, that *all* large cities, where time is of any value, are now in like distress.

Street lines, subways, elevated railways, and other means of conveyance, have so greatly increased the population of cities, by making the outlying districts available and accessible, that they cannot carry the people who want to ride. This is not only the case in the greater American cities, but also in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Liverpool, Glasgow, etc.

A comparative study of the conditions which have brought about this congestion of traffic may suggest a remedy. In the present article we shall discuss *the problem;* in the second, *the solution.*

The conflict between city people and those who live in the country is as old as history. There always has been an influx from without to within. So long as the area of cities was limited, this was strongly and successfully resisted by the citizens. They felt themselves a superior class to the rustics. The very words "urbane" and "rustic" tell the story.

The Romans called the outside dwell-

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DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.

The Jam of Street Cars at the Corner of Madison and State Streets, Chicago.

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ers "villani;" from which come two words, one of honorable significance, "villa," and the other, perhaps a little modified by mediæval use, "villain." Roman citizens looked down upon the country folk as an average New Yorker does upon a stray Jerseyman from the pines.

All literature has been tinged by this feeling, and both writers and statesmen have continued to deplore the excessive growth of cities as a national evil, and have exhorted countrymen to stay at home, telling them how much better off they were in the country.

Observation has now taught us that this growth of cities is a necessary part of the evolution of our social structure, and that it is not a growth at the expense of the country, but for the benefit of the country, as well as that of the city.

Recent statistical inquiries have shown that cities grow because they absorb the best, and not the worst, of the rural population, who better their condition by coming to town.

Charles Booth, the eminent English statistician, in his great work, "Labor and Life of the People," has shown, from very extended inquiry, that most of those who come to London from the country either have work already engaged, or have good prospects of getting work; and that their condition is generally improved by their change of abode.

The British Census of 1890 confirms this in a striking manner by showing that the people of country birth are most numerous in the wealthy quarters of the city, where employment abounds, and least numerous in the poverty-stricken quarters.

All this is contrary to the preconceived opinion that countrymen wander aimlessly to the city, and are chiefly tramps, or broken-down persons.

> "Hark! the dogs do bark,
> The beggars are coming to town."

This is not so. The emigrants from the country to the city, with exceptions, of course, are the bone and sinew of the rural population, the most energetic and the best. They come to better themselves, and they do better themselves. This is just as true, and probably more so, of the United States as of England.

The significance of it is that the growth of cities will *never* stop so long as means are given to bring people to them, and to enable people to get about over their ever-increasing areas, without too much loss of time, which is money. Railways—"the paving of the roads with iron bars"—enable people of moderate means to travel to the cities, and rapid transit facilities enable them to use the cities when they get there.

Hence our cities have grown equally with our railways, and almost directly as their mileage. This can be clearly seen from the above diagram, compiled from the results of the United States Census. It shows by curves the actual growth of the whole country, of its cities, and of its railways during equal periods of time. It does not show what is still more remarkable, the relative growth of cities to that of the whole. In 1790, the total city population was 3.35 per cent. of the whole. One hundred years after, it is 29.12 per cent. The mileage of steam railways has increased from 23 miles in 1830, to 161,000 miles in 1890; and the mileage of steel railways from nothing in 1834, to 10,500 miles in 1890–91.

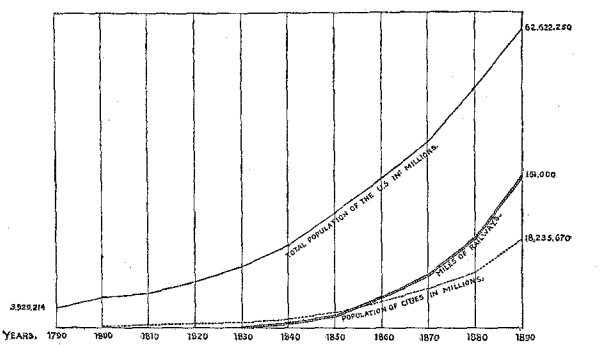


Diagram Compiled from Results of United States Census. Showing by curves the actual growth of the country, its cities, and its railways, by decades.

It seems to be evident that there is no limit to the growth of cities, except the difficulty of getting about in them. There are two ways of solving this



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problem: One is to build very lofty buildings, and crowd many families under one roof. The other is to take people quickly to and from the outlying districts by rapid transit.

The cities of sixty years ago were of such small area that people could walk to and from their daily work without much loss of time. Nobody seemed to be in a hurry in those days, and life went on very easily and smoothly.

As population increased the poorer classes crowded into tenements, so as to be near their daily work. These tenements were generally old buildings, whose rooms were cut up into smaller ones. They lacked light and air, and had no sanitary conveniences. Philanthropists spent much money in trying to improve these buildings and make them fit for self-respecting people to live in.

But this is beginning at the wrong end. The new tenements are, it is true, occupied by a better class of people; but the vicious and degraded poor, being driven out of their old quarters, fall into worse ones, where crowding is increased on account of space having been taken away to build better buildings upon. The true remedy is to enable people to go to where there is more room, and go quickly and cheaply. In this country this mode of relief first came from Stephenson's street-cars drawn by horses, which have spread thence all over the world.

Next came cable-lines, invented some twenty years since in San Francisco, to overcome the steep grades of their streets, by A. S. Hallidie, whose name has not received the credit which this very important improvement deserves.

The latest and greatest invention is the electric trolley system. This is so simple, inexpensive, reliable, and safe, that it has "come to stay," in spite of the opposition of those conservatives, who are the sons and grandsons of those older conservatives who bitterly opposed horse-railways, but who fortunately failed to prevent their adoption.

The locomotive, the horse of the people, was opposed, and the street-car, the carriage of the people, was opposed; but that which is for the greatest good of the greatest number will always conquer in the end.

While it may be admitted that overhead trolley wires are unsightly, and not well suited to the closely built up parts of cities, there can be no objection to them in the outlying districts. Their economy is their chief merit, as this makes the system a flexible one, which can be extended to meet the wants of the public much faster than any conduit system, either for electric wires, or for cables.

European cities, while employing surface tramway cars drawn by horses, and subways, both steam and electric, rely largely for getting about upon the omnibus.

As a means of rapid transit this is inferior to the street-car, but the fact that the latter glides along on its smooth pavement of iron bars, makes the public oblivious of the wretched state of the stone pavements on either side. The "bus," to get any speed, must have a smooth pavement all over the street, and this is one reason why European cities are so much better paved than those of our country.

Horse-cars rather more than double the available area of a city, and for a time there is relief. Population increases, and a wider area can only be got by higher speed. Then come the cable and electric cars, which increase the speed in the congested streets very little, but in the outer districts from six to ten or twelve miles per hour. This quadruples the original city area, without taking any more of the people's time in riding.

It may be truly said that all the efforts of trades-unions, assisted by legislation, to shorten the hours of labor, have not accomplished so much as the simple device of "paving the roads with iron bars."

After a while the ever-increasing traffic puts an end to this relief, and the only thing to be done in the congested parts of the city is to go above ground on elevated railways, or below ground in subways. But, as we see to-day in New York, and in London and other European cities, this relief does not last, unless the number of these lines is constantly increased. We will illustrate it in detail by the experience of these and other cities.

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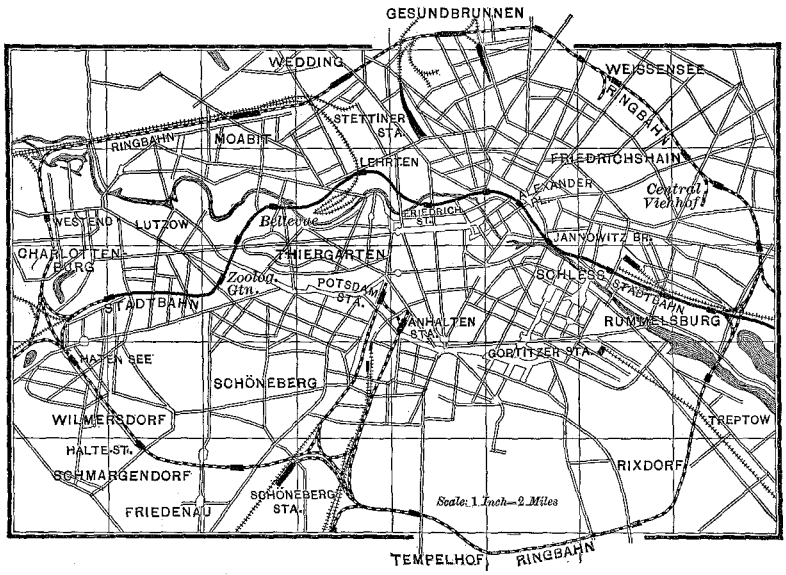
Maps of Berlin, Paris, London, and Boston, covering in each case an area five miles wide, by eight miles long, appear in this article; and in the second article there will be maps of New York and Chicago, covering ten miles wide by sixteen miles long.




Map of Berlin, showing the Belt and Transverse Lines.

The distribution of the population is such that the census numbers of these cities correspond nearly with the areas, except in the case of Boston, whose population would be largely increased if the whole amount included in the area of the map were included. The space occupied by New York is so much encroached upon by water, that the area for future growth of population lies even beyond the limits of the map. If the whole area of Chicago were as thickly populated as the central parts of that city, its population would exceed that of New York. From all of these maps one can see what is meant by the congested districts, and where the outer and as yet thinly populated districts lie, access to which can be given by rapid transit facilities.

We have given no map of Vienna, because it has no rapid transit, and only refer to it to show the great cost of modernizing an ancient city. It is proposed to build an outer belt-line connecting the railway stations for through passengers and freight; then an inner belt for local traffic, also two radial lines dividing the inner circle into quadrants for local traffic. These lines, together with some new sewage works, and works for the control of the river, and a winter harbor, are estimated to cost $85,000,000, which will be divided between the city, the province of Lower Austria, and the Empire.

Here the whole burden of the rapid transit is to be assumed by the community, and private capital is called upon only to purchase bonds.

The city of Berlin, the modern capital of the German Empire, with a population of over one million three hundred thousand, is now probably better supplied with facilities for rapid transit than any other European city, but more are wanted, and are now about to be built.

The topography of this city offers excellent facilities. Berlin lies on a level plain and can be extended in all directions. The little river Spree is too small to stand in the way of the necessary works. What a different state of things this is from that of New York, where it was once proposed to fill up the East River, and where it is now seriously proposed to fill up the Harlem River!

The first step that was taken in Berlin

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was to connect the outlying railway stations by a Ringbahn, or belt-line. While this was very useful for transferring freight, it carried but few passengers, as it did not follow the lines of the great streets along which people go and come.

Tramway, or horse-car, lines were then laid, running radially from the centre of the city to its suburbs. The system is one of the largest in Europe, having one hundred and eighty miles of single track, and carrying one hundred and twenty-one million passengers annually.

The next step was to build the famous Stadtbahn, or Viaduct line, which crosses the long diameter of the oval formed by the belt railway. It is seven and a half miles long, has two tracks for express and two for local trains, is built in the most solid manner of stone and iron, and cost, including land, $16,000,000. But it carried last year only about fifteen million passengers, which is less than the comparatively insignificant Ninth Avenue Elevated of New York carries.

All these facilities for rapid transit have not been found sufficient, and it is now proposed to again divide the oval area, to which everybody wishes to go, by two lines of subways crossing each other at right angles. These quadrants will also be traversed by two small belts, dividing the greater oval into three divisions.

All of these lines will be laid out under the principal thoroughfares. They will consist of two small iron tubes like Greathead's South London Subway, having elevators capable of carrying forty or fifty passengers, which will be placed at the stations. Berlin is an illustration of the never-ending demands of rapid transit. Better facilities increase travel, and then more facilities are wanted, and so on, *ad infinitum*, so far as we can now see.

The city of Paris, with a population of about two million two hundred thousand, is in the first stage of rapid transit. She has a *ceinture* or belt railway connecting the principal railway terminal stations, but like the outer belt of Berlin, it handles freight chiefly, and but few passengers. Tramway cars, omnibuses, and cabs give other means of rapid transit. The poorest people walk, and those who are a little better off ride in tramway-cars and omnibuses. These being owned by commercial companies and worked for profit, always run on the lines of the great streets.

It is admitted that more and better facilities are wanted, and several plans have been proposed. One is to build elevated railways in the streets like those of New York. This meets with great opposition. Another plan is to open a new street or avenue running near the longer diameter of the oval formed by the belt railway, one hundred and seventy feet wide. In the centre of this there would be placed a four-track viaduct, having streets sixty feet wide on each side. The right of way is estimated to cost four and a half millions of dollars per mile, and the whole cost of thirteen miles would be eighty millions of dollars.

This amount deters private capital from undertaking the scheme, but here seems to be an excellent opportunity for the community to share the burden of rapid transit with private investors. The city of Paris can condemn land wider than that necessary for this scheme, and sell it at a profit sufficient to repay a large part of the cost, as was done in the case of the new boulevards built by Haussman in the time of the Empire, and of the Avenue de l'Opéra, since.

Some electric subways on the Greathead system are also proposed. They will be very small, only eighteen feet in diameter, to carry two lines of rails, and will be worked by electric power. They are intended to run from the Arc de Triomphe along the Champs-Élysées, the rue de Rivoli, with a return loop along the grand boulevards; that is to say, they coincide with the lines of greatest traffic. Their depth will not require elevators, and it is estimated that they will cost but eleven millions of dollars, which seems a very insufficient sum. Even were it doubled or trebled, it would be less than half of a viaduct line of the same length. This is one advantage of the subway system if made of these small round tubes. Another very great advantage is that the subway system can always follow the lines of the great thoroughfares, without destroying valuable property.

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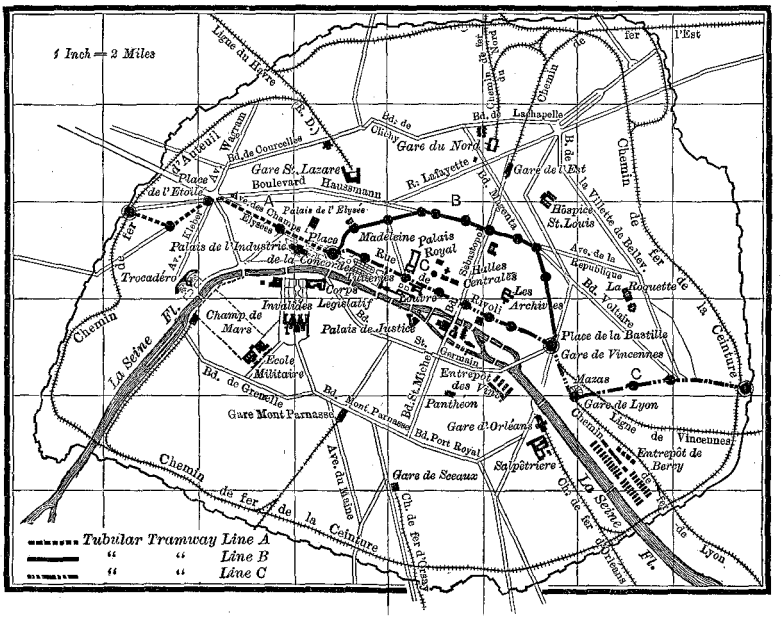
Another plan of rapid transit is proposed by the eminent engineer, Eiffel, which differs from any others in proposing to construct a line partly in subways and partly on viaducts, the two being united by inclined planes.




Map of Paris, showing Existing and Proposed Lines of Rapid Transit.

This line is a little less than seven miles long, and runs around and through the heart of Paris, where the circulation of people is greatest. It runs from the Church of the Madeleine along the Grand Boulevard to the Southern Railway station, then crosses the Seine to the Orleans station, recrosses near the Hôtel de Ville, and runs under the rue de Rivoli to the place of beginning. It is proposed to operate it by locomotives that consume their own smoke. About one-third is above ground and two-thirds in subway. The cost is estimated at $15,000,000, and the yearly traffic at forty-five millions of passengers.

The total movement of passengers for the year 1888 was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| By omnibus..... | 109,068,000 |
| " tramways..... | 132,362,000 |
| " river steamers..... | 15,064,000 |
| " central railway..... | 18,088,000 |
| " cabs..... | 14,000,000 |
| | 288,582,000 |

which, for a population of 2,200,000, gives 130 trips for each person yearly. During the year of the Exposition, 1889, the total movement was 340,000,000, an increase of about seventeen per cent.*

Rapid transit in London began as elsewhere, with a belt connecting its principal terminal stations. These are the famous "Metropolitan" and "District" underground lines. The Metropolitan lies near and parallel with the river Thames, and fortunately near one of the great lines of traffic between London and the West End. The District follows the northern line of the oval belt, and still farther north is another line called the "Outer Circle." Trains run around all these belt lines, connecting the railway stations, and branching out into the country radially in many directions.

In spite of all this their business is small compared to that of the New York elevated lines, and not enough to pay interest on the investment. The travel is very small considering the great population of London.

The reason of this was explained by the general manager of these lines to the Boston Rapid Transit commissioner, Mr.

* For these statistics we are indebted to E. Pontzen, Civil Engineer.

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Fitzgerald, in 1891. Said he, "We labor under the disadvantage of having our stations too far removed from the business streets of the city, thus losing the immense local traffic. Such roads as ours should be built on the lines of the great thoroughfares."

The South London Subway, built by Mr. Greathead, is another example of bad location. It merely carries passengers from a single outlying district called Kennington to the city, and has only a morning and evening business, and no local traffic.

Experience having shown the effects of bad location, a new company, called the "Central London," has just received a charter from Parliament. This cuts the oval across its longer diameter, and follows the lines of those very crowded thoroughfares, Oxford Street, Holborn, Cheapside, and Cornhill down to the East End of London. It will consist of two tubes thirteen feet in diameter, made by the Greathead process, and it will be run as that is, by electric power. Sir Benjamin Baker is the engineer, and he estimates that it can be built for about two million dollars per mile, and that it will carry fifty-two millions of passengers soon after opening for traffic.

Besides this there are other electric lines of a similar character proposed to run across the short diameter of the oval, and connect the great railway stations on the north of London with those on the south by direct lines, instead of running a long distance around. These lines will all be under crowded streets.

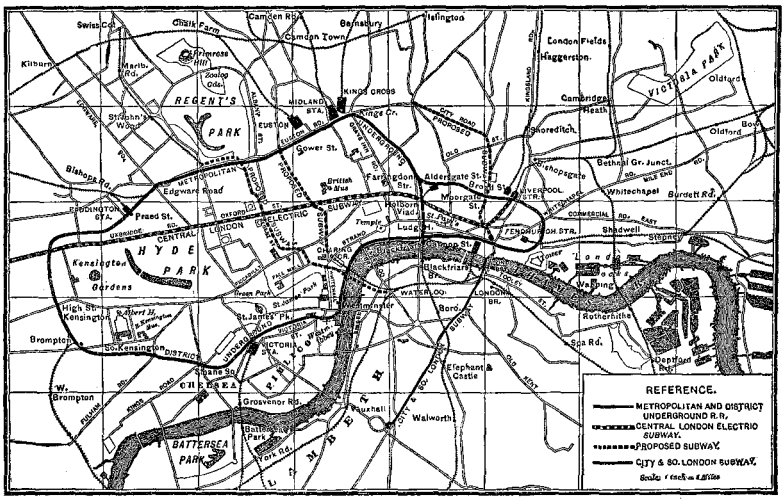
The Metropolitan subway line was opened in 1862, and the District and some tramway lines completed in 1870. In 1862 the London General Omnibus Company carried forty-one millions of passengers. In 1884 it carried seventy-six millions, while the two subways carried one hundred and fourteen and a half millions — a total of one hundred and ninety and a half millions.

In 1889–90 the movement was:

| | |
|---|---|
| By tramways, omnibuses, and underground railways, within five miles radius | 453,000,000 |
| By suburban steam railways, within ten miles radius | 535,000,000 |
| Total | 988,000,000 |

which gives 186 yearly trips for each inhabitant.

This brief account of rapid transit in European cities shows that their experience has been very similar. First they build a belt railway, which does little for rapid transit. Then they cross the circle or oval in various directions, by lines radiating from the centre, and always following the lines of the crowded streets, which the first




Map of London, showing Existing and Proposed Lines of Rapid Transit.

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system did not do. Sometimes they build a smaller circle inside of the larger one, but always on the lines where people come and go. The more of these facilities that are given, the more the public demand, and the more they get.

The original idea that there was a certain district of a city too sacred to be invaded by rapid transit lines, has now disappeared. It is found that this district is one to which people insist on being carried. There are but two ways of getting there. One is by a viaduct system, which is too costly for private capital alone, but which can be built if the community are willing to help. The advantages of riding above ground in the clear air of day need not be enlarged upon.

The other system is to build subways below the surface. If it be attempted to keep very near the surface and dispense with elevators, the difficulties and cost are largely increased. But if the subways are placed below all pipes, sewers, and foundations, and are made of small size, then the construction becomes as economical as that of a viaduct above ground, but without requiring expensive right of way. This is the system that now seems to be in favor in European cities.

The manner in which rapid transit facilities increase rapid transit is well illustrated by New York. Before 1834 the bulk of its population lived below Fourteenth Street, and all business was done below Canal Street. The invention of the horse-car in that year extended the area of population northward, while the ferry-boats built up Brooklyn and Jersey City. Surface lines were followed by elevated lines in 1878, and now the people cry loudly for more means of rapid transit.

The following table shows the double growth—that due to increased population and that due to the increased mobility of the people:

| Year. | Population. | Yearly fares or passengers. | Number of trips per each person yearly |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1834.... | 515,000 | 6,836,000 | 13 |
| 1865.... | 990,000 | 82,000,000 | 83 |
| 1878.... | 1,220,000 | 170,000,000 | 140 |
| 1890.... | 1,650,000 | 405,000,000 | 248 |

In other cities the number of yearly trips per inhabitant has increased greatly—in Chicago nearly as much as in New York, and in Boston more so.

There must be added to the above number of passengers by the New York lines, about two hundred millions more who come and go by the ferries over the East and North Rivers, and the Brooklyn Bridge. This makes a yearly movement of 600,000,000, or a daily one of 1,643,000 persons, over one-half of whom come and go to the small area of New York island lying below Canal Street. The length of street-car lines in New York is 130 miles, and of elevated lines 90 miles, making 220 miles in all. It is not strange that more rapid transit lines and more bridges should be called for. A rapid transit commission has laid out lines that we shall refer to hereafter.

Boston jogged along for many years with slow, infrequent, and shabby horse-cars. The lines were owned by different corporations, and people could not change from the cars of one line to those of another without paying extra fare. This, naturally enough, did not encourage travel nor the growth of the city. But as neither streets nor cars were uncomfortably crowded, some wise men of Boston said: "Behold, how much better off we are than those wretched New Yorkers!"

Eminent citizens went to the State-house and opposed the grant of more rapid transit facilities, on the ground that it was better and healthier to walk than to ride. They did not stop to consider that this would mean the increase of the crowded tenement system with all its horrors.

But in an evil hour for the slow people, the seven different horse-car systems who had attempted to carry the people, were consolidated into one, called the "West End Company."

The first benefit was single fares. Then came more frequent cars. Then the electric system was introduced. At first it was attempted to run the car motors by wires placed in conduits. It was found that this led to all sorts of delays due to the loss of current from induction and grounding. The small

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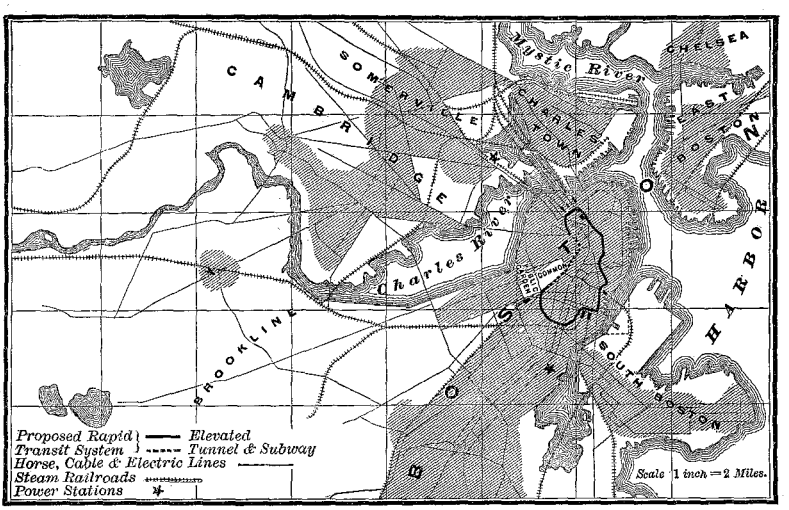
boy became an important factor. He soon discovered that by dropping a forked wire into the slot after dark, which should straddle the conductor and touch the sides, he could short-circuit the current, and produce a most beautiful display of green sparks. This also had the effect of stopping every car on that division, which was still more delightful, and makes some of us wish that similar opportunities had been offered to us in our boyhood.

where, as will be seen by the map, there is a great deal of space yet unoccupied. The effect of this has been to replace crowded tenement-houses by business structures.

The population of that larger Boston which lies just outside the city limits, added to that within these limits, is estimated at 800,000, or two-thirds that of Chicago. Half of these people come to town every morning and go out at night, 327,000 by street-cars, and 134,000 by




Map of Boston, showing Existing and Proposed Lines of Rapid Transit.

The city authorities of Boston wisely gave permission to replace the conduits by overhead wires and trolleys — the "witches' broom" of Dr. Holmes's poem. Since then all has gone well.

The simplicity and economy of the system has allowed its extension into the outlying districts, until there are now 245 miles of single track, of which 81 miles is now electrically equipped, and all soon will be. This is the longest system of any American city except Philadelphia, which has 340 miles of single track.

The number of passengers carried has increased from 92,000,000 in 1887, the year of consolidation, to 119,000,000 in 1891. The population has increased in the same time from 425,000 to 451,000. This gives the yearly number of rides per inhabitant, 263.

There has been a movement of population from the inner to the outer wards, steam railways, 461,000 in all. When we consider how small the business part of Boston is, and how narrow and crooked her streets are, it is not strange that great congestion of traffic has taken place. All the lines crossing the city must pass through only three streets, and these become impassable during certain hours, and much time is lost. A commission was appointed last year to devise better means of rapid transit, whose recommendations we shall refer to later.

Chicago finds herself to-day in the same trouble as the other cities we have mentioned. Her street lines cannot carry her people, and the soon-coming World's Fair will add many more to be carried. The city is prevented from extending eastward by the lake, and the congested business district is small in area, and cut off by the rivers from the outer districts on two sides.

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The steam railroads bring in many suburban passengers, but this does not give rapid transit. No steam railway can do it without separate tracks for the purpose, as it cannot run trains of cars often enough, and people will leave a steam line and use cable or electric cars, because there is no time-table to remember, and if they miss one car, they know another will soon follow.

Also, there is too much time lost in going back and forward from the stations to their homes. This time is saved on the surface cars by their frequent stops.

Horse-car lines have been used for many years, but the phenomenal growth of Chicago dates from the changing of these lines to cable lines, some six or seven years since.

These cable lines are used as trunk lines on the great thoroughfares, and horse-car lines branch from them. When the horse-car reaches the main line it is coupled to the cable cars and the passengers go on without change. The lines are allowed to run trains of one grip-car and two trailers; each train can seat about seventy passengers. These trains run five or six miles per hour in the inner districts, but when they get out where the streets are less crowded, the speed is more than doubled.

The excellence of this service has brought about the same trouble as we have found to exist elsewhere — a great and constantly increasing congestion of traffic. This may be understood from the illustration on page 568, showing one of the principal streets of Chicago crowded with cars at the end of the afternoon.

It is stated that during the morning and evening hours there are not seats enough for more than half the people who ride. They stand inside of the cars and on the end platforms, and even hang upon the side platforms and steps, from which insecure places they often fall, and sometimes are run over. In addition to these dangers, street cars full of people are sometimes struck by the locomotives, which run on the same grade as the streets, and tossed into the air as a bull would toss a baby-carriage on his horns.

Various remedies have been proposed for this dangerous and uncomfortable state of affairs. The most obvious is to require all the trunk lines coming into Chicago to elevate their tracks, which will have to be done, notwithstanding its cost. Theorists say—pass a law forbidding passengers to be taken unless given seats. This would mean making half the people wait indefinitely, and public opinion would not tolerate it. Another suggestion is that conductors should be prohibited by law from taking fares except from seated passengers. Then the companies would put on more cars. But, say experts, to crowd more cars on the present cables would lead to greater delays in getting around the loops, and be a source of danger in passing through the tunnels. It is also found that if too many cars are run on one cable, and more than a certain number happen to start at once, the strain on the cable is too great and it breaks, causing peculiarly vexatious delays. The only real remedy is more lines, surface, elevated, or in subway.

A rapid transit commission has investigated the whole subject and has made some very excellent suggestions, which, if adopted, will give temporary relief. These we shall refer to hereafter.

The present surface lines are carrying 567,000 persons daily, the larger part to the congested district. During the World's Fair there will be a probable addition of 200,000 going each way. The present lines cannot carry them in addition to what they now carry. Relief must come from the steam railroads, and from steamboats running along the lake front.

The movement in street and subway cars of the general people in European cities, is much more sluggish than here. While in Boston each person makes 263 trips per year; in New York, 248; in Chicago, including the steam railways, 234; and even in Philadelphia, 160; we find that in Berlin there are but 104 trips yearly for each person; in Paris, including cabs, 130 yearly trips; and in London, 186 trips.

The bulk of the people must walk, and to do this means living in a state of great crowding. The reason why they do it is, partly, that the lines are not located where people want to go, but chiefly on account of the system of

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charging separate fares increasing with the distance, and thus discriminating against the suburbs.

In Great Britain, tramway-car fares are limited by law to a penny or two cents a mile, and this is charged, except when they come in competition with omnibuses, which carry passengers four or five miles for a penny. A penny a mile would mean ten cents from the City Hall in New York to Harlem, or twelve cents from the City Hall of Chicago to the World's Fair grounds.

In Paris the omnibuses and tram-cars charge six cents for inside and three cents for outside passengers for distances under four miles. In Berlin the fares are less, which accounts for the greater movement of the people. They vary from two and a half cents for one mile to ten cents for six miles. The average distance travelled is $1\frac{9}{10}$ mile, and the average fare is $1\frac{6}{10}$ cent per mile. The average distance travelled in Boston is $4\frac{3}{10}$ miles, and the average fare $1\frac{2}{10}$ cent per mile. In New York it is about the same.

Averages are proverbially misleading. The real difference between the European and the American systems is that here a man can ride eight or ten miles, from the crowded part of the city where he earns his living to the open and rural districts, for five cents. In any European city it would cost him more than twice as much, actually, and if a working-man, more than that in relation to his yearly wages.

The effect there has been to crowd people into the middle of a city. The effect here is to enable them to live in the fresh air of the suburban districts, where they sometimes have room even for a small garden. Certainly this is a result to be approved both by economists and philanthropists.

The second effect of low single fares and quick transit is, as I have shown, to increase the population, and to increase the number of daily rides of each person, faster than capital has generally been able to supply the demand. Hence the complaints which seem to be universal in all large cities, where time is of value.

In the second of these articles I propose to suggest some remedial measures, which will take a broader scope than if merely confined to matters within the province of civil engineering.

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## MIRRORED MUSIC.

*By Charles Henry Lüders.*

"*Veux-tu rendre sur une flûte de roseau l'harmonie des sphères?*"—A. DE LAMARTINE.

THINK you a flute of reeds—
  The poet asks—can give
A star's song as it speeds,—
  Bidding it breathe and live?

Ask of the river, where
  Its current slideth sweet
Across a Naiad's bare
  And bright, unsandalled feet.

Straightway the waters dark
  Will whisper clear and strong:
"Night is the time to hark
  The rush's mystic song.

"Then do the white-winged stars
  Descend, in joyous flight,
The myriad silver bars
  Wrought of the young moon's light

"And then, where never breeze
  Shakes it, the still reed hears
And learns the harmonies
  Sung by the happy spheres."

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# UNTER DEN LINDEN.

*By Paul Lindau.*

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STAHL.

THE STREETS of aristocratic West Berlin, the Thiergarten, are unquestionably more cheerful and agreeable, and the great business artery of the city itself, Leipziger Strasse, beats with a quicker life, than Unter den Linden—that is the somewhat old-fashioned, though pleasant and pretty, name which the greatest street of Berlin still bears officially; but the Linden, as we usually call it for convenience, has nevertheless remained the representative, the most characteristic and important street in the capital of Prussia and of the German Empire. The Linden is indicative of Berlin in its original design and in its transformation; significant in its reminders of the past and memorials of the present; in what has been preserved and done away with, in what has been overthrown and created. It is a monumental image of our city and national life; an epitome of Prussian history in enduring stone and also in cheap stucco.

The Linden cuts straight as a line through the heart of the city. The founders of Berlin must have been extraordinarily far-seeing and clever people, or they could not have given this particular street, anticipating its future at the very outset, the essential conditions for a principal thoroughfare: a suitable width, and a termination, at one end of impressive architecture, and at the other of attractive landscape. For it is only very recently, by reason of the enormous advance which Berlin has made in the last twenty-five years, the new quarter which has sprung up toward the west, and the radical change in the ground plan of the city, that the Linden has gained that central position which rightfully belongs to the most important and significant street.

The growth of Berlin is unparalleled in Europe. To find its counterpart, we must cross the ocean and behold those infant prodigies, the American cities, which, while as yet babies scarcely out of the cradle, attain the stature, the strength, and together with these, of course, the requisite consciousness of manhood.

In my boyhood the Linden marked the outermost limits of the city proper. Then—I am speaking of forty years ago—the glory of Berlin ceased altogether at the Brandenburg Gate. In the Thiergarten, on the bank of the Spree, were a couple of big factories; and all around were public-houses, open simply in the summer, where family-parties could boil the coffee that they brought themselves. There under the trees sat the respectable townsfolk, drinking thin coffee or still thinner beer, the wives and daughters with knitting and embroidery; and everybody, after the burden and heat of the day, gulped down the dust which the slightest breath of wind raised in thick columns along the then unpaved sandy roads.

The principal place of amusement at that time, Kroll's establishment, was still "outside," in idyllic proximity to the beer-gardens, "*die Zelten.*" In the more northern part of the Thiergarten, toward Potsdamer Strasse, the houses were almost without exception small and simple, hidden away in quiet little gardens, and very generally were unoccupied in winter, being used as summer residences through the hot weather. The whole Thiergarten had a thoroughly rural, un-citified air. The adjoining districts, Moabit and Lützow, were villages. All this modest rusticity and provinciality has been mowed down by the last twenty years. Imposing quarters of the city, with great wide streets and huge buildings, have shot up out of the ground, joined themselves on to the limits of the older Berlin, and now form with it one unbroken whole. At present, consequently, the Linden lies actually in the very centre of the city.

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Straight, therefore, as the alignment at parade—as befits the Prussian capital—runs the Linden from the west, the Thiergarten, and the Brandenburg Gate, toward the east and the Royal Castle. In speaking of the Linden, I always include its eastern extremities, the Opernplatz, the Schlossbrücke, and Lustgarten, which are an integral part of it and form its natural conclusion.

The beginning and the end of the Linden are equally indicative of our Prussian personality. No sooner have we passed through the haughty pillars of the Brandenburg Gate—crowned by its trophy, Victory in her four-horse chariot—than we are greeted, in the little Greek wing upon the right, by the Guard-house. The name of the square that forms, in a certain sense, the portico of the Linden, Pariser Platz, brings before us the entrance into Paris, the triumphant close of the War of Liberation, 1813–1815. And if the designation has grown so familiar that we are inclined to overlook its implication, we shall be reminded of it by the name of the first stately residence that we now behold. It is the Blücher Palace. We saunter along. At our left the eye is met by a striking building of huge proportions. From its open windows officers are gazing, who here permit themselves the luxury of half-unbuttoned coats. That is the Academy of War. When we reach the end of the Linden, we shall see the severe Roman architecture of the Main Guard-house, one of Schinkel's well-known works, and close to it the wonderful Renaissance building of Schlüter, perhaps the most beautiful structure in all Berlin, called formerly the Arsenal, but now the Hall of Fame.

A trophy of victory at the beginning, soldiers at the right, soldiers at the left, soldiers at the end, and a temple of trophies for conclusion; can one imagine a street more indicative of the monarchical militarism of our State?

In perfect harmony with this are the monuments that adorn the Linden. On the Pariser Platz there is as yet no statue. The Berliners believe that sooner or later Bismarck and Moltke are to be here immortalized in marble and bronze. For a while yet, perhaps, we are scarcely willing to inconvenience the French Embassy—whose palace has been assigned by an irony of fate to this place of all places, upon a square whose very name tells of the overthrow of the nation represented by that Embassy—by thrusting under its nose the statues of the two men most feared and hated by every living Frenchman. As soon, however, as we enter the middle promenade of the Linden, we see in the distance Rauch's equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, towering upon a huge pedestal, and overtopping a crowd of generals, the four most famous of whom leap out on horseback from the four corners. The native wit of the Berliners naturally observed at once that the great intellectual heroes of Frederick's time—Immanuel Kant and Gotthold Ephraim Lessing—have found their place on the side turned toward the Brandenburg Gate, under the tail of the horse.

The other statues, too, which adorn the Linden and its extremities, glorify exclusively the monarchical and military Prussia. The figure of Frederick William III. stands somewhat at one side, concealed in the pretty grounds of the Lustgarten. More in keeping with the Linden itself, and in proper proportion to the honors paid by the nation, is the prominence given to the statues of the generals who during the reign of Frederick William III. won those immortal victories; Blücher, a masterpiece of Rauch, on the Opernplatz, near York and Gneisenau, all three in bronze; and upon the other side, to the right and left of the Main Guard-house, the marble figures of Bülow and Scharnhorst.

Unter den Linden is the king of streets, and likewise the street of kings. A royal palace upon the Boulevards would seem odd in the French capital, where during the last century the sovereigns never, as it were, played anything but limited engagements, longer or shorter. In the capital of Prussia, however, which owes its development and greatness to the personal qualities of its monarchs—to their ability on the battlefield and in affairs of state, their prudence and economy—the palaces of its rulers must naturally be the most important and noteworthy buildings upon

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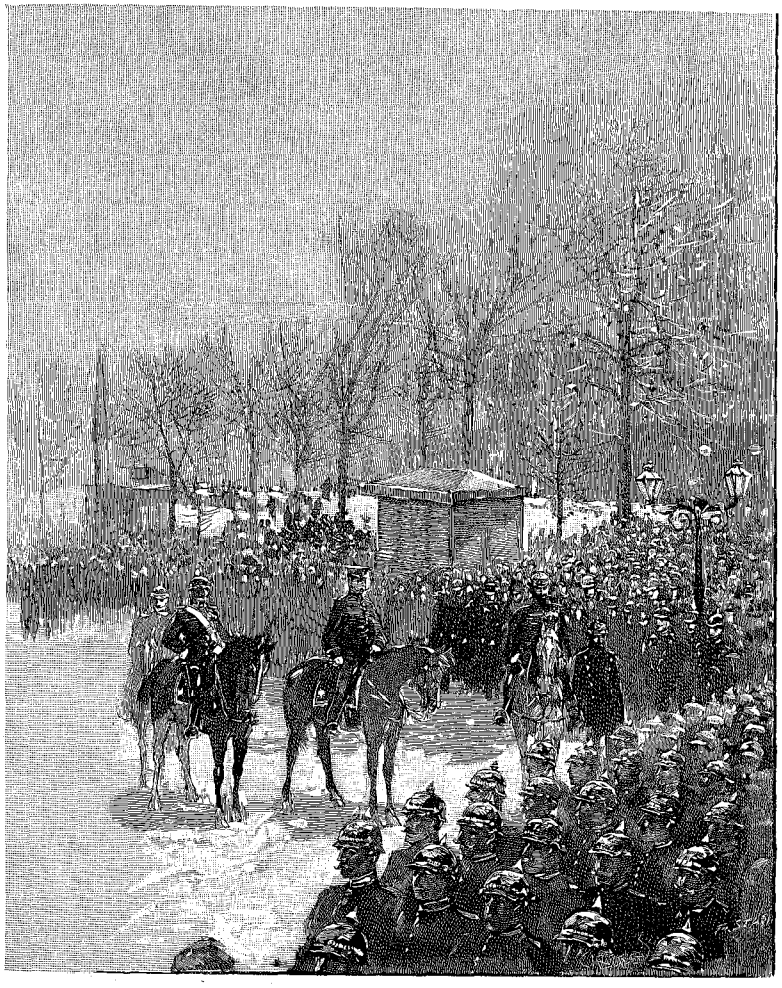

The Kaiser, Unter den Linden.

its principal street. And we find actually in Unter den Linden the royal residences of more than one generation of our kings; of father, son, and grandson.

Each of the three emperors, whom the fatal year 1888 saw upon the Prussian throne, has his own palace on the Linden. The massive, gloomy, vast structure of the old Castle—essentially the work of the foremost German architect, Andreas Schlüter—whose giant proportions bear witness to the immutable confidence of the founders of the monarchy in the future grandeur of their country, gives to our great street an architectural conclusion that is at once forcible and defiant. In the oldest part of the Castle, which brings a slight breath of the middle ages into a city otherwise so modern, in the round, green-roofed tower and the mossy walls, mirrored dimly in the gray water of the lazy-flowing Spree, one can still recognize that this magnificent royal seat has sprung from the old Hohenzollernburg. The round tower, called the "green hat," which leans against the haughty, huge pile, symbolizes in a certain fashion the whole history of our Prussian kings, and reminds us that our young German Emperor, who has made the old Castle a royal residence once more, traces his ancestry to the Burgraves of Zollern.

The father of our Emperor, the deeply lamented, unfortunate Frederick III., lived, when he was Crown Prince, in the



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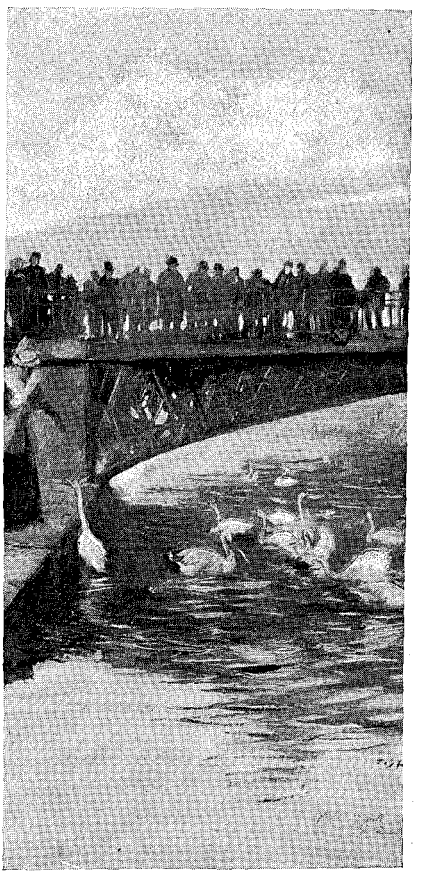
finely situated palace, of somewhat questionable architecture, which we find upon the left, opposite the Hall of Fame,



Swans in an Arm of the Spree.

when we come from the Castle across the bridge and approach the Linden proper. Everybody calls it the Crown Prince's Palace, and here, as "Crown Prince Fritz," the ill-fated man spent the sunniest and happiest days of his life. As Emperor, devoted to a certain death, he entered it but a very few times, amid the indescribably touching acclamations of his beloved Berliners, who, upon tidings that the suffering Emperor had left his sick-room at Charlottenburg, and wished to see once more his old residence, the Linden, and the Berliners, streamed together from every quarter of the city into Unter den Linden with lightning-like rapidity, in masses so dense that life was endangered, and in delirious outcries gave heart-rending expression to their veneration and love for the noble sovereign. Some of the chief data for our street-chronicle are furnished by those June days of 1888. At present the Crown Prince's Palace is for the most part deserted. The Empress Frederick does not feel at home in those splendid apartments, where everything reminds her of her husband.

Upon the same side, the first building on the real Linden, stands a plain, entirely unpretentious house, of tasteful proportions and of the simplest utilitarian style. There is but a single full story above the ground-floor. The windows of the servants' quarters in the low uppermost story are concealed as much as possible by unobtrusive ornamentation. Above the two corner pillars of the house the eagle lifts itself upon unfolded wings. The entrance is under a portico, which forms also a balcony for the upper story. That is the residence of our great Emperor William and Empress Augusta, and was called formerly the Palace of the Prince of Prussia, later the Royal, and at last the Imperial Palace. It is an ambitious name for a very modest affair. The Imperial Palace is surpassed in size and splendor by many private houses of men who are—or would like to be—members of our Council of Commerce. The Emperor—when we speak of "the Emperor" without further designation, we always mean Emperor William I., just as among the common people "the Chancellor" still is Bismarck, and "the Field-marshal" is ever Moltke—the Emperor occupied the ground floor, while the apartments of the Empress Augusta, and also the reception-rooms for small assemblies, were upon the floor above. On the corner, looking out upon the Opernplatz and the Linden, was the working-room—plain as the house itself, though crammed full of all sorts of personal remembrances and gifts — where the Emperor used to pass the greater part of the day. It was here that he used to show himself at the window, the famous "corner-window," as it was called; in fact quite regularly, at the stroke of twelve, when the soldiers on duty were relieved at the Royal Guard-house, and

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marched past to the music of drum and fife under the eyes of their sovereign. At this hour of the day thousands of people always gathered in front of the Palace, and when the Emperor appeared, gave him a clamorous, hearty greeting. Occasionally these popular assemblages had the demonstrative character of an homage peculiarly deferential and sincere. Especially was this the case whenever the Emperor returned from his summer journey or from visiting another sovereign, and also on the festal days of the royal family, particularly his own birthday.

In the closing years of Emperor William's life, when inexorable old age shook that gnarled trunk, and he was now and then compelled, by his physical condition and the commands of the attendant physicians, to depart from those life-long customs which had grown so familiar to all Berliners, the gathering of the people in front of the corner-window had an especial significance. When the report ran : "The Emperor is ill," "The Emperor must keep his bed," the crowds around the statue of Frederick the Great were heaped together in impenetrable masses. When the ring of the guards' marching music was heard in the distance, everybody gazed with longing and feverish expectation toward that window ; and if the guards marched past without the monarch showing himself, a deep depression, yes, a real dejection, took possession of the entire population of Berlin. But if the venerable, sympathetic, noble face, with its serious, beautiful blue eyes, was after a few days visible again, then the multitude broke out in veritable storm ; hats were flung up, handkerchiefs waved, and such was the tumult of the shouting that you feared the bronze statue of the Emperor's great ancestor overhead might totter to its fall!

Close by the working-room is the bedchamber — unspeakably plain, and, considering all the circumstances, even insufficiently furnished — where the simple, great Emperor died. From the small iron campaign-bed his body was carried to the Cathedral, there to be laid in state, and the coffin which enclosed the mortal remains of the dead followed the same road which the Emperor drove over almost every day of his life—in rain or sunshine, in his light open carriage, wrapped in his big gray cloak, by his side the adjutant on duty, and upon the box the coachman and groom, while the Emperor returned in his grave, friendly way the respectful, affectionate greetings of his subjects.

We cannot take a step in Unter den Linden without being forced to remind ourselves that we are in the capital of a military State, of the State of the Hohenzollerns. The three streets that cross the Linden bear the names of Hohenzollern princes : Wilhelm-Strasse,

A Pillar for Advertisements.

Friedrich-Strasse, Charlotten-Strasse— the last named after Sophie Charlotte, the first queen of Prussia. On reaching the end of the street, and crossing the beautiful bridge that leads to the Schlossplatz, we shall see in the eight monumental groups that adorn its piers

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still another ocular demonstration to the faithful citizen of Berlin and of the State, that the highest calling of the good Prussian is to fight, to conquer, and if need be to die, for the Father-

The Toy-shop Window—a Sunday Afternoon Scene.

land. Our royal line sees in Unter den Linden an image of its whole existence, from "the first bath," as Goethe called baptism, to the coffin.

If the strictly monarchical character of our State, its sense of power, its confidence in the force of its ruling dynasty and in the strength of its army, finds in Unter den Linden a most clear expression, it is still true that if the great street illustrated merely the monarchical and military consciousness, it would give a one-sided picture of the city and the nation.

In truth, however, the Linden is a Prussian microcosm. Some of its proudest and most beautiful buildings give one a timely reminder that even with us the sabre is not always clanking; that on the contrary, we strive earnestly to remove international difficulties, if possible, through the courteous channels of written explanation, and under the conciliatory conditions furnished by agreeable personal intercourse; that the prudent administrator of internal affairs has an important place by the side of the gallant warrior; that popular education is the basis of every healthy State; that a high culture alone can maintain a civilized nation at the summit of its power; and that the service of the beautiful, the refreshment and elevation of the individual through works of art, is an indispensable factor of civilization; while commerce must create the conditions for material prosperity. Crowded together, therefore, in the comparatively brief space of this single street, we see the Foreign Embassies—indeed, as it happens, the representatives of the very nations whose present relation to our own leaves most to be desired, Russia and France. It is a topographical realization, at least, of Deroulède's dream! Here too we see the Ministries of the Interior, of Public Instruction and Culture, the Royal University, the Royal Library—with the inscription *Nutrimentum Spiritus*, so much mocked at for its venturesome Latinity—the Academy of Fine Arts, the Opera House, great banks, and the brilliant emporiums of luxury and fashion.

For amusements also, and what people call amusements, there is plenty of provision in Unter den Linden. A huge private theatre is just now in process of erection, and is intended to surpass in beauty all the existing play-houses of Berlin. Higher aims than this, to be sure, the new theatre—which is built by a Vienna speculator—will scarcely aspire to. It will content itself with allowing its patrons to take their pleasure comfortably in so-called specialties: the break-neck feats of acrobats and gymnasts, the professional dexterities and generous displays of dancers, the rendition of folk-songs by scantily-arrayed singers, and other attractions of that sort.

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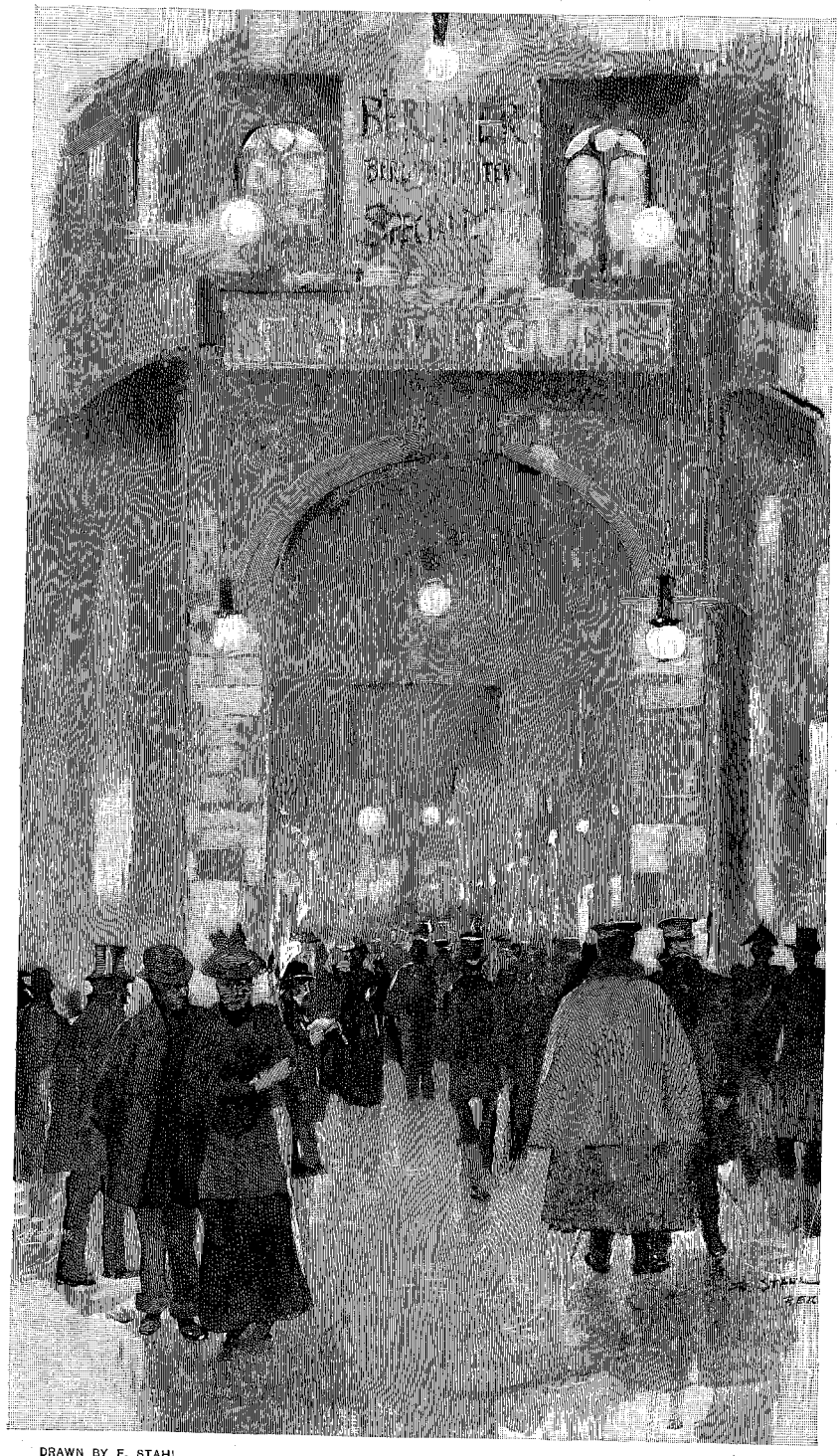

DRAWN BY F. STAHL. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

At the Entrance of The Passage.

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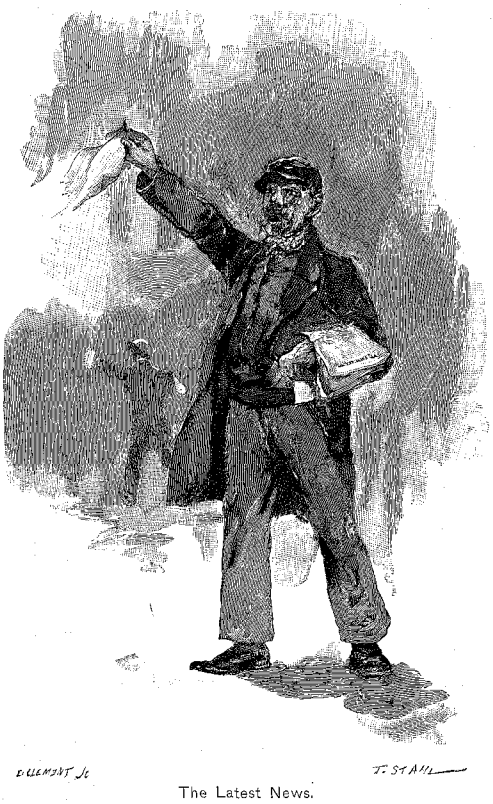
Upon the Linden, likewise, are those two places of entertainment visited by every stranger, but scarcely known to the Berliners. One is the Panopticum, with its wax reproductions of all the notabilities of this world—princes, heroes, statesmen, poets, artists, swindlers, robbers, murderers, and other personages who have gained a name in pleasant or unpleasant fashion. Then there is the Aquarium, which, it ought to be said, is most excellently equipped and carried on. Here also are to be found the last remnants of the pleasure-places of Old Berlin. One of them is Habel's wine-rooms, the resort of Berliners of the genuine antique variety—officials, artists, and merchants—who still empty their glasses in the tiny rooms, eat from bare tables, and consider every stranger who accidentally wanders in as an unauthorized intruder. Another is Kranzler's far-famed Condi-



The Latest News.

torei on the corner of Friedrich-Strasse, which is really the last of its type, and has gallantly resisted all the attacks of modernness. The proudest representative of the Vienna café, that new conqueror which has driven the old Conditorei from the fields, is the Café Bauer, just across the street, on the other side of Friedrich-Strasse. On the Linden, too, are found the best and most prominent fashionable restaurants; those of Dressel, Hiller, and Uhl being particularly well known. But for the lightening of more modest purses, as well, the Linden offers abundant opportunity in a long line of hostelries, where one can get Bavarian and Pilsener beer. Indeed, whoever knows this street thoroughly—fashionable though it be—and can scent out what is concealed from view, finds there even at this day some hidden cellars of the baser sort, whose bills of fare offer scarcely anything except ham, sausage, and sour cucumbers—particularly garlic-sausages, called *Knobländer*—and where they sell thin native beer and a good deal of spirits. They are veritable *Bums*, you will see—to use the characteristic word which the Berliners apply to this kind of public-house. Reputable droschke-drivers resort thither, and besides them, somewhat dubious characters—which is not saying, to be sure, that there are none of these latter in the more aristocratic establishments. I shall speak of that later.

As a matter of course, the most interesting street in the city must endeavor to give a hospitable reception to the stranger who wishes to apprehend the peculiar quality of Berlin, that which is most individual and beautiful in it, as quickly and thoroughly as possible. The Linden hotels used to be by far the best of the city, and were the most popular. That is no longer so. The vast new hotels—the Kaiserhof, Central Hotel, Hotel Continental, Hotel Monopol, Grand Hotel Alexanderplatz, have decentralized the patronage of visitors. The most important hotels upon the Linden, the Hotel Royal, Hotel Petersburg, Hotel du Nord, Hotel de Rome, Victoria Hotel, and others, still enjoy a firmly established reputation and a steady business, but

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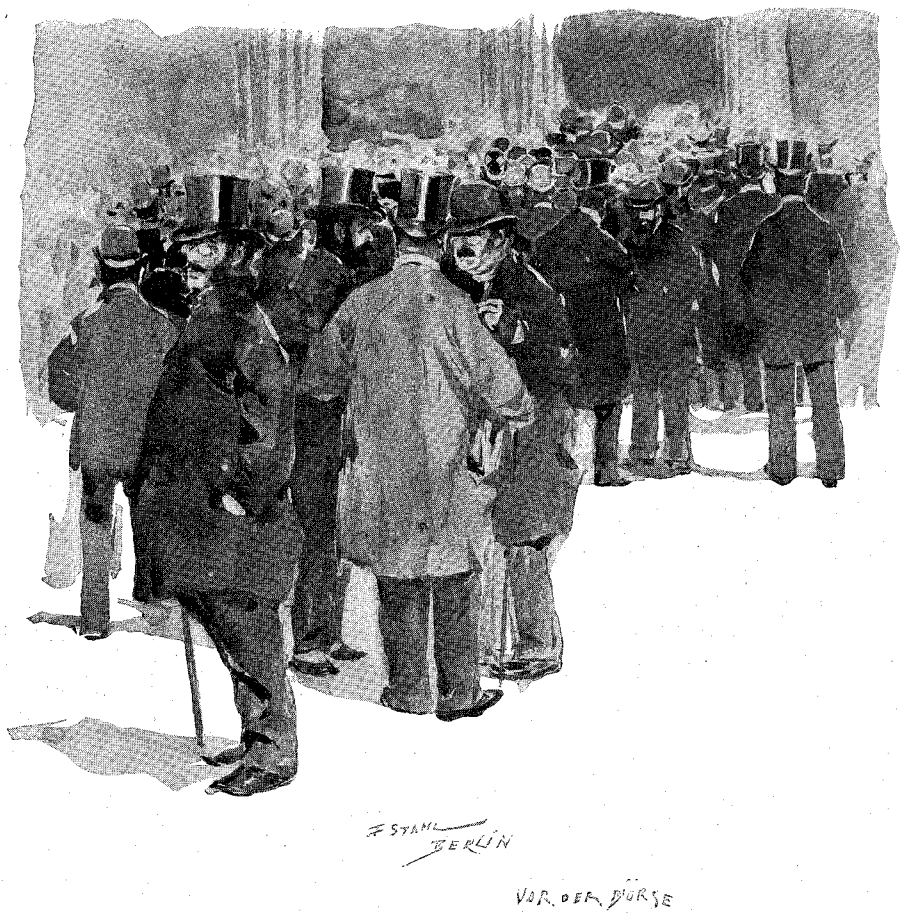


On the Bourse.

they have not been able to keep pace with the development of the city, and the first-named hotels have taken the lead. However, two new ones are just building, the Minerva and the Bristol, which aim to meet the most fastidious demands of the most pampered modern.

The typical character of the Linden is also clearly expressed in its architecture. It is the widest street of the capital. In the middle there is a broad, unpaved, but excellently cared for promenade, bounded upon one side by a riding path, and upon the other by a stone-paved road, designed particularly for heavy vehicles that might interrupt traffic. Enclosing this central avenue and the two side ones are four rows of lindens, which have given the street its name. But you must not think of the huge, wonderful lindens of our Northern Germany. The old trees have suffered a great deal from time and the hostile influences of a great city, especially from the gas — always fatal to vegetation — and they are now a very shabby, mean, and melancholy sight. The electric light has here for some years dispossessed its rival, and gleams down from tall, beautifully shaped posts, that are really ornamental. Parallel with the outermost rows of lindens there are two more roadways, asphalt on one side and excellently paved upon the other, and also a broad sidewalk on both sides; so that the street has consequently seven divisions: two sidewalks, three roads for vehicles, a bridle-path, and a promenade.

The whole history of German, or, if I may use the expression, specifically

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Prussian architecture, passes before us when we walk along the Linden from the Castle to the Thiergarten.

At the very beginning of the saunter we find ourselves at the Castle, face to face with a remnant of oldest Berlin, the beautiful fragments of the Hohenzollernburg upon the Spree. In the vast Castle itself, the powerful genius of Andreas Schlüter has given monumental expression—in a most finished form—to the idea of majesty, of royal strength, dignity, and grandeur; and the same master's Arsenal, now known as the Hall of Fame, with its wonderful decorations of trophies and of masks of dying warriors, is unquestionably one of the most perfect specimens of architecture at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

From the period of Frederick the Great, we must give the first mention to the Opera House, by Knobelsdorff. The Opera House now before our eyes, was indeed built by the younger Langhans after the fire in 1845, but he followed Knobelsdorff's old plan throughout. Upon the exterior, the building is certainly rather unimpressive and monotonous, but in its internal arrangement is very convenient and beautiful. The Royal University is next worthy of notice; a finely proportioned structure, though barren-looking. The fact was, the State had no money. Upon the court of the University, which opens toward the Linden, statues of the Humboldt brothers were erected not long ago. The two brother-savants are of course represented in a sitting posture, so as not to overtop the neighboring generals! As something indicative of the scanty means then at the disposal of the Prussian monarchy, as well as of the inefficient sentimentalism of the Romanticist upon the throne, Frederick William IV., we have yet to mention the pitiful Cathedral in the Lustgarten, with its bashful dome, together with the still uncompleted beginnings of the Campo Santo laid out around it—one of the dreams of the king.

Mounted Policeman.

The Brandenburg Gate, severely antique in style, masterful and imposing in effect, built by the elder Langhans in 1789–1793, is a unique creation in that period of architectural paltriness and degeneracy. Above the entablature, which is supported by Doric columns, rises a superstructure in the Attic style, crowned by Victory standing in her four-horse car. Napoleon carried this Prussian Victory to Paris in 1806, where it adorned for a while the Place du Carrousel in front of the Tuileries. We brought it back again in 1814.

We find characteristic work of the genuinely Prussian architect, Carl Friedrich Schinkel—an antagonist of the prevailing degeneracy in style and an adherent of the classics—in two of his most important creations: the old Museum, with its imposing porch, and the Royal Guard-house, which is built like a Roman fortified gate, and is provided, like the Museum, with a portico. The unpretending, but simple, beautiful, and finely executed Imperial Palace is by the younger Langhans. I said above that the majority of our least important Councillors of Commerce had at their disposal more opulent dwellings than did our greatest Emperor; and the explanation is simple. The Hohenzollerns have always been close calculators, and Frederick William III., the Emperor's father, would grant under no circumstances more than 300,000 thalers—rather more than 200,000 dollars—for the erection of the present Palace.

The Linden has been almost entirely cleansed of that ugly utilitarian archi-

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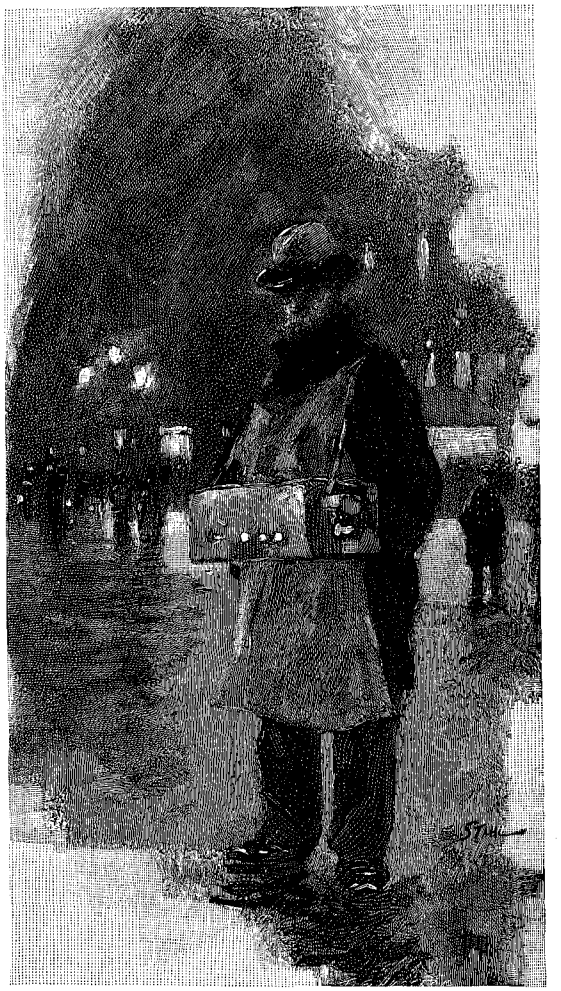
tecture in vogue from the beginning to the middle of this century; those monotonous barracks built in what people here call the "Privy Councillor's style." They have been cleared away with especial thoroughness in the last few years. And our latest style, which I admit may fairly be accused of almost everything — a somewhat too Romantic coquetry with the German Renaissance, with lions that stick their tongues out, turrets, balconies, and round, bulging little bottle-glass window-panes — has nevertheless the undeniable excellence of handling its materials in a bolder, fresher, freer, and more pleasing fashion than did the architects of a former generation, with their anxious, parsimonious economies. More than all, it works with more enduring and valuable material than was once used. It has erected splendid new buildings, with some questionable details, certainly, and yet always interesting; of noble dignity, though insolent here and there; and of decidedly imposing proportions, even if — as I think, fortunately — they have not reached the enormous, fabulous dimensions of the colossal American houses in New York and Chicago.

The Linden bears most vivid testimony, therefore, both in the juxtaposition and medley of its architecture, to the evolution of our city from the very beginning up to the present time; testimony to the taste which determined the different epochs of development; and to the available opportunity for architectural culture offered by our city life. We meet at the outset the remarkable union of immutable confidence and of royal power with the old poverty of means. Following that we see a growing prosperity, still accompanied always by the ruling anxiety about expenditures; and at last we rejoice in a cosmopolitan outlook and in a generous wealth. Yet even now, in the midst of all the luxury and magnificence of the new city, which never speaks more impressively to us than



Hot Sausages!

just here in this beautiful street, the horrid sandstone posts, with the rude iron rails, which enclose the middle promenade, and the mean wooden benches placed on the walk itself, remind us of the frugal poverty and ugliness of the good old times.

You cannot make a great street. The most cunningly premeditated architectural plans are of no avail; nor is money, though it flow never so richly. With all that you can create the form, but not the contents. We have only to

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think of Munich. The great street makes itself—"*da se*"—as said Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

The majority of the significant events in the life of our city have taken place in the Linden; events good and evil, ennobling and humiliating, important and ridiculous. If anything happens anywhere to set the popular waves in motion, they flow together in Unter den Linden. A complete catalogue of the things that have occurred here would grow into a history of Berlin and Prussia. These sketches, however, have no such end in view. I prefer to speak of a few events only, which abide in the memories of us all, and which rise visibly before our imaginations once more whenever we enter Unter den Linden, their arena.

There, in front of the Castle, on March 18, 1848, was fired that first, and even yet mysterious, shot which gave the signal for the revolution. In Unter den Linden, on the morning of the 19th, the aroused populace weltered against the Palace of the then Prince of Prussia, and with shrieks, howls, and yells threatened it with destruction. For he, who was afterward the most loved and venerated of all emperors, was then the most hated man of his time. The work of demolition would very probably have been carried out, had it not been for the presence of mind of the National Guardsman on duty, who wrote upon the door in huge letters with a piece of chalk: "*National-Eigenthum.*"* The historic witticism stood for months upon the doorway of the present Imperial Palace.

Upon the corner of Friedrich-Strasse, ordinarily known as Kranzler's corner, were held those mass-meetings—in part so burlesque in character—where, in the spring of 1848, under the pretext of conferring about the popular welfare, the good Linden-Müller, Held, Eichler, and other friends of the people pronounced pompous orations, while the wildest kind of fun raged all around. Here arose those grotesque popular chimeras, the most unbelievable yarns about the "approach of the Russians," who had been summoned by the Prince of Prussia to encircle and starve out Berlin, in order to bring that dangerous nest of demagogues to reason and to restore the royal authority! Nowadays one puts his hands to his head and roars with laughter, when he realizes what degree of political immaturity and childish knowledge of the world a faith in silly fables of that sort presupposes; for this nonsense really found in its day a ready acceptance. Held, the man of the people, a gigantic figure with a finely-cut face—framed by a long full beard—and a stentorian voice, who was for some weeks the idol of the Berlin rabble, had hatched the ridiculous story. Of course there were plenty of reasonable folk who got huge merriment out of it, and while on Kranzler's corner the oratory was kindling into flame the childish terror of the on-coming Cossacks—the tallow-candle-eaters who were going to smoke out the Berliners and outrage the women—the newsboys were at the same time crying extra editions with the witty head-lines: *Berlin, verproviantire dir, dein jrosser Held hat Hunger!* †

Dear, dear! It was really unnecessary to summon the Cossacks of the Don in order to re-establish royal authority in Berlin. On November 9, 1848, Field-marshal Wrangel with his troops of the Mark, who had temporarily abandoned Berlin, made his entry through the Brandenburg Gate without encountering any resistance whatever. That they had felt prepared for it, however, even in military circles, is made clear by the universally familiar remark of Wrangel, who, just before the troops entered, in speaking about his wife to a comrade, said—with his characteristic negligence of German grammar—"*Ich bin blos neugierig, ob sie ihr gehenkt haben!*" ‡ Frau von Wrangel, it should be said, had remained in the palace of the commander-in-chief of the Mark, on the Pariser Platz. That ugly old dwelling also has been torn down since then, and upon its site appears a splendid great building, whose ground-floor is occupied by one of the most aristocratic clubs of Berlin, the Casino, frequented mainly by diplomats and officers.

* National Property.

† Berlin, provision yourself, your great hero (Held!) is hungry!

‡ "I am only curious to know whether they have hung her!"

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By the way, they had not hung the Field-marshal's wife. The participants and friends of the March revolution had decided upon passive resistance, and the troops, with Wrangel at their head, passed in perfect stillness through the Linden, which was absolutely deserted by humankind. No one was visible. All windows were closed. It was like a city of dead men.

How different was the entry of the troops after the fortunate campaigns of 1864, 1866, and above all, 1871! The Linden was in holiday dress, and never was a triumphal street more lovely. Architecture, sculpture, and painting had united in the creation of a street picture of incomparable beauty. Huge stands were erected upon the squares, all the houses had gala decorations of flowers, banners, pennants, and flags, and across the whole breadth of the Linden great awnings were stretched, which our leading artists had adorned with paintings, some of them magnificent. Anton von Werner owes his reputation to his awning. The foremost sculptors, Begas, Siemering, Huntrieser, and others, fired with enthusiasm, improvised wonderful statues representing war and victory. The "Germania," by Reinhold Begas, the famous frieze, by Siemering, were masterpieces that are not yet forgotten.

Yet the most beautiful ornament, an ornament unique, never seen before that day, and perhaps never to be repeated in the history of the world, was the trophies: the pile of cannon, steeple-high; the four-fold lane of cannon, reaching from Königgrätzer Strasse to the Castle, so close together, wheel on wheel, that the axles touched; thousands on thousands of cannon and mitrailleuses, all of them captured from the enemy! And then the men, the hundreds of thousands flowing through the streets in dark waves touched with white, all sweeping toward the Linden! The masses of humanity crowded together into an impenetrable wall; many a venturesome fellow upon every tree; every window occupied, in three or four tiers of heads; every balcony full as it would bear; thousands in the new buildings, in break-neck positions; thousands upon the roof-tops, clinging to the chimneys! And at the first trumpet peal from the oncoming victors, from every mouth a cry and a hurrah, a jubilation, a waving and beckoning, an enthusiasm so genuine, so fiery, so universal, so affecting, as can scarcely be equalled in all the annals of history! And there they came, in the clearest, brightest sunshine; Bismarck, Roon, and Moltke in front, then the Emperor, followed by the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Karl, Crown Prince Albert, of Saxony, now the King, and all the princes and generals who had glorious part in the incomparable campaign. That was a day! Whoever saw it will never forget it.

A Messenger.

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Here, in Unter den Linden, the people have given a supreme revelation of their purest and highest activity, in the most

Nurses from the Spreewald.

genuine patriotic enthusiasm; yet here, likewise, has raged atrocious baseness and depravity, the insanity that seeks to strike down great men. On the southern side, right in front of the palace of the Russian Embassy, young Blind fired his murderous bullet at the hated Minister of State, von Bismarck. For the first time in the world, perhaps, the man whose assassination was attempted was the one to capture the assassin. Bismarck grasped Blind with his own hand and gave him up to the soldiers, who just then came marching by. Blind atoned for his crime by a self-inflicted death.

Not far away, upon the same side of the street, the weak-minded, brutish journeyman-tinker Hödel, half-insane with political delirium and in frenzied hatred of greatness, shot at the Emperor. Since the beginning of his reign, the King and Emperor had not signed a death-warrant. Though a pardon was not in accordance with the general desire, it might not have been out of the question, if a second and more serious attempt upon the life of the venerable monarch had not been made a short time afterward, and again in Unter den Linden. From No. 18—a building now torn down, in which was situated the well-known restaurant, "*Zu den drei Raben*"—Nobiling, who belonged to the educated class, fired both barrels of a shot-gun at the Emperor, as the latter was driving by in an open carriage. His aim was unfortunately so good that the aged sovereign fell back upon the cushion streaming with blood, and in the first consternation people had the terrible fear that the crime had been successful. The populace forced its way into the ill-omened house. The door was barred; it was broken down. There was a brief struggle between the enraged crowd and the assassin, who, after mortally wounding one of his captors, directed the weapon against himself. Nobiling also died of his wounds.

On that day the Linden presented a unique and dreadful picture. The venerable Emperor, unconscious from the great loss of blood, and supported by his faithful groom, was driven slowly back to the Palace. In a few minutes the Linden was black. The rapidity with which the street fills, when something important happens, is perfectly incomprehensible. No one knows where the people come from. Thousands upon thousands surrounded the Palace and filled every avenue as far as the Pariserplatz. And the horror of it was, that from these close-packed masses there came no sound. It was a gloomy silence, like that of the coffin; as though all felt the weight of the leaden cover. There was something dreadful in it, and at the

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same time something infinitely touching. Alarm about the Emperor's fate had caught each man by the throat, and choked every sound. Such a unanimity of feeling and mood, in such a throng of tens of thousands of people, one would have thought impossible. For weeks the Linden lay in deep mourning, and it would have been difficult to find anywhere such a great, splendid street giving a similar impression of cheerlessness, desolation, and distress.

And melancholy, though in another fashion—not speechless with horror, but lamenting sorrowfully as if over the consummation of an unavoidable doom, was the Linden on that cold, snowy March day in 1888—the Linden with its long streaming pennants of crape, the houses decked with black, the gas burning by day and the posts black-draped, the black catafalque with the branches of its lofty palms all drooping, and with its dark laurel—as they bore him out—the gray hero and statesman—while from the summit of the Brandenburg Gate there echoed with a mournful beauty the parting salutation of the Berliners to the most revered of all their sovereigns: "*Vale, Senex Imperator.*"

The Linden chronicles in stone the history of Prussian kings and the Prussian people; it also epitomizes in a peculiar way the daily activities of Berlin. It is significant that the beautiful broad street, so particularly adapted for saunterers, should on week-days have scarcely any life until the early hours of the afternoon. Berlin is then hard at work. We have in Berlin no counterpart of the *boulevardier* of Paris. Those fashionable loungers—who hold serious conferences with their valets as to which shade of attire will appear to greater advantage in that day's sunlight; who grow absorbed in the selection of a proper cravat; who, when they have brushed their teeth and trimmed their nails in the morning, have about finished their day's work; who earn not a penny and spend a great deal—those worthy, amiable eccentrics who give such a pleasant variety to the appearance of a street, are not found here at all. During business hours you will see in Unter den Linden really nobody except provincials, foreigners, and—of the city population—representatives of the wealthy class only, particularly ladies who are shopping in the most expensive places. Upon the middle promenade there will be maids and nurses with children playing around them, and upon the benches, besides old pensioned officials, the more doubtful figures of clerks out of work and pleasure-seekers. But all these come very far short of giving life to the wide, fine street, and would in no way justify the excessive strength of the armed force whose duty it is to maintain order and to facilitate the movement of traffic. For one sees, every ten paces, the dark-blue uniform of a policeman; and in the middle of the crossings, sitting their horses firmly as bronze statues, the mounted police, the pride of the department. Really, these fellows present a striking appearance. They have excellent horses, strong, sure-footed, and swift; and they are all picked men, giants in fact, most of them with long, waving full beards.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon a decided movement toward the west is apparent, both upon the sidewalks and in the carriages. The Bourse has closed, and since the greater bankers and financiers, almost without exception, live in the western quarter of Berlin, particularly the Thiergarten, there is a natural current from the Burgstrasse, through the Linden, toward the Brandenburg Gate. As the day advances, the Linden grows more animated, although under ordinary conditions it never affords anything comparable to the variegated picture made by the street life of southern cities. The greater part of the Linden, from the entrance to the Kaiser-galerie—which runs through to the next parallel street to the south, Behren-Strasse, and is filled with attractive shops, a café, and various places of amusement—from the Kaiser-galerie to the Brandenburg Gate, and upon the opposite side as well, and also on the east from Charlotten-Strasse to the Castle on both sides, is perfectly deserted in the later hours of the evening. But it grows all the noisier and livelier at the crossing of Friedrich-Strasse, especially upon



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Kranzler's corner. Here, during the late evening and night, Berlin has in fact a thoroughly cosmopolitan character, and its evening holiday is longer than that of the other great European centres, Paris, London, and Vienna.

At this famous corner there is something going on until four or five o'clock in the morning. It never ceases, really, and the gay ending of the night's frolic, and the gay beginning of the day's, touch hands. Stanch, conservative old Kranzler, who would have the best situated establishment in the city for the entertainment of nocturnal rovers from the so-called higher classes, stands fast by the respectable principles of the olden time, and shuts up his place punctually at twelve o'clock. It is otherwise with the resort across the way, the Café Bauer, whose architectural design and artistic decorations are of a magnificent character, and which has attained a fame that reaches far beyond the precincts of the city.

The "café" is an importation from Vienna which established itself among us some twenty years ago, and which has completely driven out the old Berlin Conditorei. It is indeed difficult to say what it is that distinguishes the one from the other. In the Conditorei the principal articles of consumption were pastry and ices, which play a less important rôle in the café. But the ancient patrons of the Berlin Conditoreien visited them chiefly, after all, in order to drink their afternoon coffee there, and to read the newspapers. And that is really the chief purpose of the Vienna café also, only that the hours of patronage are not limited to a definite period; that from the earliest hour in the morning to the corresponding hour of the next morning one is always sure of finding people there; and that in addition to coffee and the other drinkables served in the Conditorei, such as punch, spirits, and liqueurs of various kinds, one can also order beer.

The old Conditoreien, even the most noted of them, such as the famous ones —now no more—kept by Stehely and Spargnapani, had, besides the shop with its tempting big pastry-table, only the most modest little quarters—two or three rooms of ordinary size—for the accommodation of their coffee-drinkers. They kept on file most of the Berlin papers, the more important provincial, and a couple of foreign ones. They had their regular circles of patrons, who gathered unfailingly at the appointed hour, chatted about the events of the day, read the newspapers, and played dominoes. Some of these circles were actually famous. The greatest masters in art and science formed there a sort of club, of their own choice and with no regulations. It was very sociable and very simple.

But now, early in the seventies, on the most crowded corner of the capital, opposite Kranzler's, a huge café was opened, able to accommodate on its first floor alone as many guests as could all the Conditoreien of Berlin together. It was built of the choicest materials, and by artist hands. The walls were decorated with original paintings by the director of our Academy, Anton von Werner. Instead of the surly, leisurely service to which the patrons of the Conditorei had accustomed themselves, were the nimble Vienna waiters, with their excessive, sometimes even intrusive, promptness. Overseers and directors marched gravely through the rooms to see that the waiters did their duty, and that guests were shown comfortable seats when they came in. Behind the tall counter sat attractive young women, simply but tastefully dressed, who delivered to the waiters whatever the guests ordered to eat and drink, and who carefully entered every particular in the big registers. In the upper story was the very best equipment for billiards, convenient card-tables, and a reading-room of such ample variety as had never been dreamed of. In fact, all the daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals of the old and new worlds were brought together there. The Café Bauer, in which one was better housed than was possible in any Conditorei, was better served, and could satisfy every desire more easily and at no greater expense, came at once into fashion. At first the Berliners were allured by curiosity to inspect what was to them a new species of public-house; and then it became the customary resort of all those who had formerly frequented the Con-

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ditoreien, and of the great number of strangers and new-comers to the city who could get amusement from the visit.

The Café Bauer, therefore, is really always well filled, and in the afternoon, evening, and far into the night, it is even crowded. For a while there were permanent little circles formed here also, particularly of authors and artists, who desired, no doubt, to perpetuate the dear old customs of the moribund Conditorei; but the noisy surroundings, the constant coming and going and moving about, the rattling of cups and sugar-bowls, the ceaseless striking of the call-bell upon the buffet—in a word, the clamorous activity of the place—was hostile to their design. It was not suited for having your talk out leisurely. The Café Bauer has throughout an air of restlessness; it is a halting-place for passers-by, not a spot in which to settle down comfortably. It is only the latest night patrons who make an exception to this. They remain glued to the same chair, it is true, hour after hour.

The guests of the Café Bauer are from all classes of society, so far as their outward appearance does not give offence to sensitive people; that is to say, they must be respectably dressed. More than this it would be scarcely reasonable to demand of them. The uniformed Cerberus at the door, or else the black-coated purists who preside over the interior, sternly refuse entrance to people of the lower classes who are carelessly dressed, or whose clothes are perhaps worn out in honorable toil, to noisy persons who in consequence of drink are in altogether too high spirits, and to women who wish to enter the place without escort. In addition to the numerous strangers, one finds representatives of the best Berlin society casually dropping in there. For a while our most fashionable women, in returning from the theatre or from a party, used to frisk into the Café Bauer and take a final "nightcap." But that did not last long, and nowadays it is exceptional. Nevertheless the most cautious, punctilious society-man can enter the café without fear at any hour of the day or evening. He may be entirely sure of finding his equals there—the higher officials, officers, well-known scientists and artists, leading merchants, and others of that class.

Toward midnight the younger generation is in the predominance. Students, young academicians, youthful civil servants, and clerks, are sitting there at the round tables. But if one ever visits the café in company with an experienced criminal officer, his attention will be called to this or that gentleman, quietly and even elegantly dressed, who figures as confidence-man, cheat, swindler, and worse, in the rogues' album. The strict regulation that ladies shall be admitted to the café only under masculine escort, does not, of course, prevent the fact that at night the majority of the feminine visitors—as a tolerably experienced eye can detect at a glance—belong to exactly that class which it is the intention of the regulation to exclude. But they are unobtrusive in behavior, and are lost in the crowd. By far the greater part of visitors to the Café Bauer are perfectly harmless. They are just that sort of people who pass the day with a cup of coffee, the evening with Vienna beer, and the night around a punch-bowl; who smoke, chat, and end their day as late as possible. For this café, it should be said, is open all the year round, and while the latest lingering guests are paying their reckoning at dawn, and the earliest ones are already taking their seats for morning coffee, then, at the hour when the café is least patronized, come the scrubbing and dusting women, who sprinkle the floor, sweep out, brush away the dust, wipe off the tables, and remove the untidy traces of yesterday, that they may set the establishment in order for a new day.

Sylvester Evening is the only exception in the year. From ten o'clock in the evening of December 31st, until two o'clock in the morning of January 1st, the café is closed by order of the police.

Everybody knows that the Berliners have the immemorial custom of ending the old year and greeting the new in a most boisterous fashion, which often degenerates into intolerable rudeness. Just as at every other popular demonstration, the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and the Linden served as a magnet to draw the crowd together from the re-

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motest quarters of the city. Here, in the midnight hours of the last day of the year, there were the very wildest performances. Particularly prominent among the howling, surging masses here crowded upon one another, were half-grown louts of the most disagreeable variety, who had added to the joys of Sylvester-tide a slight intoxication, and who found a peculiar pleasure in annoying every decently dressed passer with jeers and abusive words—which served upon this occasion for wit—and sometimes with actual violence. Toward tall silk hats they had especial designs. For some incomprehensible reason, the harmless silk hat, universally worn by gentlemen of the wealthier classes, was all at once, upon Sylvester Evening, considered outlawed. No sooner did an unlucky man appear in a tall black hat, than a crowd of half-drunken vagabonds fell upon him, and with vigorous fists knocked it over his ears. While this rudeness was going on, there echoed from all sides a chorus of wishes for a Happy New Year!

Brawls came of it, and often bloody fights. The Sylvester nuisance lasted for decades before the police were able to root it out. It was increased, if possible, by savage Jew-baiting, and for some years the popular disorder had even a confessional character. The chief arena of this shocking license was just at Kranzler's corner, and also, as a matter of course, at the Café Bauer close by. There too it came to blows. The windows were smashed by stones, and all these scenes were thoroughly fitted, as one may see, to damage materially the good name of the respectable coffee-house. Undoubtedly, therefore, the police have met the wishes of the proprietor in ordering the café closed, in recent years, upon Sylvester Evening.

The civil authorities have shown great energy of late in posting an extraordinary number of officers upon the dangerous Friedrich-Strasse corner during that uproarious night. They have made various arrests, followed by the infliction of penalties, and as a consequence the Sylvester riot is practically suppressed. Nowadays, as the bells sound the first stroke of midnight, one hears nothing more than loud cries of "*Prosit Neujahr!*" and other harmless greetings which trouble nobody.

It is not much to our credit to be obliged to confess that these brutalities upon Sylvester Evening really represent the last popular festival of the Berliners. But even those who are in other respects jealous of police interference, do not regret that the strong arm of the law put an end to it.

Upon ordinary days, too, it cannot be denied that the police have taken from the nocturnal street scenes upon the Linden much that was characteristic. "Berlin by night," with all its peculiar excesses, was formerly more recognizable in Unter den Linden than anywhere else. Kalisch sang in his farce, written as late as 1849:

> "*Seht Ihr dort Unter den Linden*
> *Grisette und Commis?*
> *Sie wissen sich zu finden,*
> *Und leise flüstert sie:*
> *'Zu Hause will ich schreiten.'*
> *Der Jüngling flüstert sacht:*
> *'Ach, dürft ich Sie begleiten?'*
> *Das ist Berlin bei Nacht!*"

The word "Grisette," which Kalisch uses here, is only a discreet circumlocution for a less poetical species of the sex, which one used to meet by the hundred upon Unter den Linden and Friedrich-Strasse. These women are forbidden absolutely to enter those two streets, and the other main thoroughfares, and our police, concerning whose failure to apprehend the most dangerous criminals a good many uncomplimentary things have been said very lately, have been thoroughly successful in maintaining decency upon the streets—particularly upon Unter den Linden. The light-footed game has been scared off, and with it the hunters. This explains the quiet and sobriety of the beautiful street during the hours of the night.

A single noisy exception is the Friedrich-Strasse crossing. There, indeed, is a combination of all the types that characterize Berlin life. There are the fat news-women; there is the legless cripple who offers wax tapers for sale—and by the way, in spite of his terrible mutilation, he is one of the strongest men I have ever seen in my life, a veri-

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table giant when roused. There the most delicate flowers are sold by boys and girls who are already old in crime. Particularly well known among these is the tall lank rascal, who calls out in his hoarse voice to every passer, following him a couple of steps: "*Herr Baron, Koofen Se mir doch Veilchen ab! Bitte, Herr Jraf! Durchlauchtigster Fürst! Für Ihre Frau Majestätin!*" *

And if even this rapid elevation in rank does not allure the purchaser, he turns away with a muttered "*Ruppsack!*"† or some other amiable expression. The noble youth comes, for that matter, from a good family; he is the son of the Widow Quinche, who was executed for killing Professor Gregy; being a small boy at the time, he was sent out of the house to fetch liquor, while his mother was committing the murder. These boy and girl flower-sellers exhibit in most shameless fashion one of the least pleasant traits of the Berliners, the so-called *Unverfrorenheit.*‡

There too are the itinerant peddlers; the white-aproned venders of pastry and sausages. The pastry-man, whose basket contains fritters, Berlin pancakes, and other local specialties of doubtful quality, goes popularly by the name of "Kranzler"—after the proprietor of the famous Conditorei; while his colleague with the brightly polished brass chafing-dish, beneath which the bluish flame of alcohol keeps hot those sausages concerning whose origin and composition the wise man does not reflect, is called, by a like analogy, "Niquet"—after the best-known sausage firm of Berlin. And there one sees, finally, in little groups of two or three, upon the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and upon the promenade, those utterly despicable characters: young fellows from twenty to twenty-five years old, afraid of work, coquettishly fresh from the barber, with cravats in striking colors and big scarf-pins, their hands covered with real and imitation jewels; those extravagant caricatures of the prevailing fashion, of the most disgusting kind, who owe their existence and their elegance to the friendship of those feminine personages who have now been swept out of the Linden—to infamy doubled by idleness.

Unter den Linden, therefore, in its monumental public structures and private buildings, in its design and execution, its greatness and wretchedness, magnificence and depravity; in its history and architecture, and in its reality and symbolism, is the most faithful, the most complete image of the Prussian capital, characteristic in everything, and perhaps more significant and comprehensive in its many-sidedness than is the great street of any other metropolis.

* "Baron, won't you buy my violets! Please, Count! Most Serene Highness! Buy them for Her Majesty your wife!"

† "Ragamuffin!"

‡ Brass.

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# THE WRECKER.

*By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.*

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE REMITTANCE MAN.

SINGLETON CARTHEW, the father of Norris, was heavily built and feebly vitalized, sensitive as a musician, dull as a sheep, and conscientious as a dog. He took his position with seriousness, even with pomp; the long rooms, the silent servants, seemed in his eyes like the observances of some religion of which he was the mortal god. He had the stupid man's intolerance of stupidity in others; the vain man's exquisite alarm lest it should be detected in himself. And on both sides Norris irritated and offended him. He thought his son a fool, and he suspected that his son returned the compliment with interest. The history of their relation was simple; they met seldom, they quarrelled often. To his mother, a fiery, pungent, practical woman, already disappointed in her husband and her elder son, Norris was only a fresh disappointment.

Yet the lad's faults were no great matter; he was diffident, placable, passive, unambitious, unenterprising; life did not much attract him; he watched it like a curious and dull exhibition, not much amused, and not tempted in the least to take a part. He beheld his father ponderously grinding sand, his mother fierily breaking butterflies, his brother laboring at the pleasures of the Hawbuck with the ardor of a soldier in a doubtful battle; and the vital sceptic looked on wondering. They were careful and troubled about many things; for him there seemed not even one thing needful. He was born disenchanted, the world's promises awoke no echo in his bosom, the world's activities and the world's distinctions seemed to him equally without a base in fact. He liked the open air; he liked comradeship, it mattered not with whom, his comrades were only a remedy for solitude; and he had a taste for painted art. An array of fine pictures looked upon his childhood, and from these roods of jewelled canvas he received an indelible impression. The gallery at Stallbridge betokened generations of picture lovers; Norris was perhaps the first of his race to hold the pencil. The taste was genuine, it grew and strengthened with his growth; and yet he suffered it to be suppressed with scarce a struggle. Time came for him to go to Oxford, and he resisted faintly. He was stupid, he said; it was no good to put him through the mill; he wished to be a painter. The words fell on his father like a thunderbolt, and Norris made haste to give way. "It didn't really matter, don't you know?" said he. "And it seemed an awful shame to vex the old boy."

To Oxford he went obediently, hopelessly; and at Oxford became the hero of a certain circle. He was active and adroit; when he was in the humor, he

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excelled in many sports; and his singular melancholy detachment gave him a place apart. He set a fashion in his clique; envious undergraduates sought to parody his unaffected lack of zeal and fear; it was a kind of new Byronism more composed and dignified. "Nothing really mattered;" among other things, this formula embraced the dons; and though he always meant to be civil, the effect on the college authorities was one of startling rudeness. His indifference cut like insolence; and in some outbreak of his constitutional levity (the complement of his melancholy) he was "sent down" in the middle of the second year.

The event was new in the annals of the Carthews, and Singleton was prepared to make the most of it. It had been long his practice to prophesy for his second son a career of ruin and disgrace. There is an advantage in this artless parental habit. Doubtless the father is interested in his son; but doubtless also the prophet grows to be interested in his prophecies. If the one goes wrong, the others come true. Old Carthew drew from this source esoteric consolations; he dwelt at length on his own foresight; he produced variations hitherto unheard from the old theme "I told you so," coupled his son's name with the gallows and the hulks, and spoke of his small handful of college debts as though he must raise money on a mortgage to discharge them.

"I don't think that is fair, sir," said Norris. "I lived at college exactly as you told me. I am sorry I was sent down, and you have a perfect right to blame me for that; but you have no right to pitch into me about these debts."

The effect upon a stupid man not unjustly incensed need scarcely be described. For a while Singleton raved.

"I'll tell you what, father," said Norris at last, "I don't think this is going to do. I think you had better let me take to painting. It's the only thing I take a spark of interest in. I shall never be steady as long as I'm at anything else."

"When you stand here, sir, to the neck in disgrace," said the father, "I should have hoped you would have had more good taste than to repeat this levity."

The hint was taken; the levity was never more obtruded on the father's notice, and Norris was inexorably launched upon a backward voyage. He went abroad to study foreign languages, which he learned, at a very expensive rate; and a fresh crop of debts fell soon to be paid, with similar lamentations, which were in this case perfectly justified, and to which Norris paid no regard. He had been unfairly treated over the Oxford affair; and with a spice of malice very surprising in one so placable, and an obstinacy remarkable in one so weak, refused from that day forward to exercise the least captaincy on his expenses. He wasted what he would; he allowed his servants to despoil him at their pleasure; he sowed insolvency; and when the crop was ripe, notified his father with exasperating calm. His own capital was put in his hands, he was planted in the diplomatic service, and told he must depend upon himself.

He did so till he was twenty-five; by which time he had spent his money, laid in a handsome choice of debts, and acquired (like so many other melancholic and uninterested persons) a habit of gambling. An Austrian colonel—the same who afterwards hanged himself at Monte Carlo—gave him a lesson which lasted two-and-twenty hours, and left him wrecked and helpless. Old Singleton once more repurchased the honor of his name, this time at a fancy figure; and Norris was set afloat again on stern conditions. An allowance of three hundred pounds in the year was to be paid to him quarterly by a lawyer in Sydney, New South Wales. He was not to write. Should he fail on any quarter-day to be in Sydney, he was to be held for dead and the allowance tacitly withdrawn. Should he return to Europe, an advertisement publicly disowning him was to appear in every paper of repute.

It was one of his most annoying features as a son, that he was always polite, always just, and in whatever whirlwind of domestic anger, always calm. He expected trouble; when trouble came,

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he was unmoved: he might have said with Singleton *"I told you so;"* he was content with thinking *"just as I expected."* On the fall of these last thunderbolts, he bore himself like a person only distantly interested in the event; pocketed the money and the reproaches, obeyed orders punctually; took ship and came to Sydney. Some men are still lads at twenty-five; and so it was with Norris. Eighteen days after he landed, his quarter's allowance was all gone; and with the light-hearted hopefulness of strangers in what is called a new country, he began to besiege offices and apply for all manner of incongruous situations. Everywhere, and last of all from his lodgings, he was bowed out; and found himself reduced, in a very elegant suit of summer tweeds, to herd and camp with the degraded outcasts of the city.

In this strait, he had recourse to the lawyer who paid him his allowance.

"Try to remember that my time is valuable, Mr. Carthew," said the lawyer. "It is quite unnecessary you should enlarge on the peculiar position in which you stand. *Remittance men*, as we call them here, are not so rare in my experience; and in such cases I act upon a system. I make you a present of a sovereign; here it is. Every day you choose to call, my clerk will advance you a shilling; on Saturday, since my office is closed on Sunday, he will advance you half a crown. My conditions are these: that you do not come to me, but to my clerk; that you do not come here the worse of liquor; and you go away the moment you are paid and have signed a receipt. I wish you a good-morning."

"I have to thank you, I suppose," said Carthew. "My position is so wretched that I cannot even refuse this starvation allowance."

"Starvation!" said the lawyer, smiling. "No man will starve here on a shilling a day. I have had on my hands another young gentleman, who remained continuously intoxicated for six years on the same allowance." And he once more busied himself with his papers.

In the time that followed, the image of the smiling lawyer haunted Carthew's memory. "That three minutes' talk was all the education I ever had worth talking of," says he. "It was all life in a nut-shell. Confound it! I thought, have I got to the point of envying that ancient fossil?"

Every morning for the next two or three weeks, the stroke of ten found Norris, unkempt and haggard, at the lawyer's door. The long day and longer night he spent in the Domain, now on a bench, now on the grass under a Norfolk Island pine, the companion of perhaps the lowest class on earth, the Larrikins of Sydney. Morning after morning, the dawn behind the lighthouse recalled him from slumber; and he would stand and gaze upon the changing east, the fading lenses, the smokeless city, and the many-armed and many-masted harbor growing slowly clear under his eyes. His bed-fellows (so to call them) were less active; they lay sprawled upon the grass and benches, the dingy men, the frowsy women, prolonging their late repose; and Carthew wandered among the sleeping bodies alone, and cursed the incurable stupidity of his behaviour. Day brought a new society of nursery-maids and children, and fresh-dressed and (I am sorry to say) tight-laced maidens, and gay people in rich traps; upon the skirts of which Carthew and "the other blackguards"—his own bitter phrase—skulked, and chewed grass, and looked on. Day passed, the light died, the green and leafy precinct sparkled with lamps or lay in shadow, and the round of the night began again, the loitering women, the lurking men, the sudden outburst of screams, the sound of flying feet. "You mayn't believe it," says Carthew, "but I got to that pitch that I didn't care a hang. I have been wakened out of my sleep to hear a woman screaming, and I have only turned upon my other side. Yes, it's a queer place, where the dowagers and the kids walk all day, and at night you can hear people bawling for help as if it was the Forest of Bondy, with the lights of a great town all round, and parties spinning through in cabs from Government House and dinner with my lord!"

It was Norris's diversion, having

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none other, to scrape acquaintance, where, how, and with whom he could. Many a long dull talk he held upon the benches or the grass; many a strange waif he came to know; many strange things he heard, and saw some that were abominable. It was to one of these last that he owed his deliverance from the Domain. For some time the rain had been merciless; one night after another he had been obliged to squander fourpence on a bed and reduce his board to the remaining eightpence: and he sat one morning near the Macquarrie Street entrance, hungry, for he had gone without breakfast, and wet, as he had already been for several days, when the cries of an animal in distress attracted his attention. Some fifty yards away, in the extreme angle of the grass, a party of the chronically unemployed had got hold of a dog, whom they were torturing in a manner not to be described. The heart of Norris, which had grown indifferent to the cries of human anger or distress, woke at the appeal of the dumb creature. He ran amongst the Larrikins, scattered them, rescued the dog, and stood at bay. They were six in number, shambling gallowsbirds; but for once the proverb was right, cruelty was coupled with cowardice, and the wretches cursed him and made off. It chanced this act of prowess had not passed unwitnessed. On a bench near by there was seated a shopkeeper's assistant out of employ, a diminutive, cheerful, red-headed creature by the name of Hemstead. He was the last man to have interfered himself, for his discretion more than equalled his valor; but he made haste to congratulate Carthew, and to warn him he might not always be so fortunate.

"They're a dyngerous lot of people about this park. My word! it doesn't do to ply with them!" he observed, in that *rycy Austrylian* English, which (as it has received the imprimatur of Mr. Froude) we should all make haste to imitate.

"Why, I'm one of that lot myself," returned Carthew.

Hemstead laughed and remarked that he knew a gentleman when he saw one.

"For all that, I am simply one of the unemployed," said Carthew, seating himself beside his new acquaintance, as he had sat (since his experience began) beside so many dozen others.

"I'm out of a plyce myself," said Hemstead.

"You beat me all the way and back," said Carthew. "My trouble is that I have never been in one."

"I suppose you've no tryde?" asked Hemstead.

"I know how to spend money," replied Carthew, "and I really do know something of horses and something of the sea. But the unions head me off; if it weren't for them, I might have had a dozen berths."

"My word!" cried the sympathetic listener. "Ever try the mounted police?" he inquired.

"I did, and was bowled out," was the reply; "couldn't pass the doctors."

"Well, what do you think of the ryleways, then?" asked Hemstead.

"What do *you* think of them, if you come to that?" asked Carthew.

"O, *I* don't think of them; I don't go in for manual labor," said the little man, proudly. "But if a man don't mind that, he's pretty sure of a job there."

"By George, you tell me where to go!" cried Carthew, rising.

The heavy rains continued, the country was already overrun with floods; the railway system daily required more hands, daily the superintendent advertised; but "the unemployed" preferred the resources of charity and rapine, and a navvy, even an amateur navvy, commanded money in the market. The same night, after a tedious journey, and a change of trains to pass a landslip, Norris found himself in a muddy cutting behind South Clifton, attacking his first shift of manual labor.

For weeks the rain scarce relented. The whole front of the mountain slipped seaward from above, avalanches of clay, rock, and uprooted forest spewed over the cliffs, and fell upon the beach, or in the breakers. Houses were carried bodily away and smashed like nuts; others were menaced and deserted, the door locked, the chimney cold,

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the dwellers fled elsewhere for safety. Night and day the fire blazed in the encampment, night and day hot coffee was served to the overdriven toilers in the shift; night and day the engineer of the section made his round with words of encouragement, hearty and rough, and well suited to his men. Night and day, too, the telegraph clicked with disastrous news and anxious inquiry. Along the terraced line of rail, rare trains came creeping and signalling, and paused at the threatened corner, like living things conscious of peril. The commandant of the post would hastily review his labors, make (with a dry throat) the signal to advance; and the whole squad line the way, and look on in a choking silence, or burst into a brief cheer as the train cleared the point of danger and shot on, perhaps through the thin sunshine between squalls, perhaps with blinking lamps into the gathering, rainy twilight.

One such scene Carthew will remember till he dies. It blew great guns from the seaward; a huge surf bombarded, five hundred feet below him, the steep mountain's foot; close in was a vessel in distress, firing shots from a fowling-piece, if any help might come. So he saw and heard her the moment before the train appeared and paused, throwing up a Babylonian tower of smoke into the rain and oppressing men's hearts with the scream of her whistle. The engineer was there himself, he paled as he made the signal: the engine came at a foot's pace; but the whole bulk of mountain shook and seemed to nod seaward, and the watching navvies instinctively clutched at shrubs and trees: vain precautions, vain as the shots from the poor sailors. Once again fear was disappointed; the train passed unscathed; and Norris, drawing a long breath, remembered the laboring ship and glanced below. She was gone.

So the days and the nights passed: Homeric labor in Homeric circumstance. Carthew was sick with sleeplessness and coffee; his hands, softened by the wet, were cut to ribbons; yet he enjoyed a peace of mind and health of body hitherto unknown. Plenty of open air, plenty of physical exertion, a continual instancy of toil—here was what had been hitherto lacking in that misdirected life, and the true cure of vital scepticism. To get the train through: there was the recurrent problem; no time remained to ask if it were necessary. Carthew, the idler, the spendthrift, the drifting dilettante, was soon remarked, praised, and advanced. The engineer swore by him and pointed him out for an example. "I've a new chum, up here," Norris overheard him saying, "a young swell. He's worth any two in the squad." The words fell on the ears of the discarded son like music; and from that moment he not only found an interest, he took a pride, in his plebeian tasks.

The press of work was still at its highest when quarter-day approached. Norris was now raised to a position of some trust; at his discretion, trains were stopped or forwarded at the dangerous cornice near North Clifton; and he found in this responsibility both terror and delight. The thought of the seventy-five pounds that would soon await him at the lawyer's, and of his own obligation to be present every quarter-day in Sydney, filled him for a little with divided councils. Then he made up his mind, walked in a slack moment to the inn at Clifton, ordered a sheet of paper and a bottle of beer, and wrote, explaining that he held a good appointment which he would lose if he came to Sydney, and asking the lawyer to accept this letter as an evidence of his presence in the colony and retain the money till next quarter-day. The answer came in course of post, and was not merely favorable but cordial. "Although what you propose is contrary to the terms of my instructions," it ran, "I willingly accept the responsibility of granting your request. I should say I am agreeably disappointed in your behaviour. My experience has not led me to found much expectations on gentlemen in your position."

The rains abated, and the temporary labor was discharged; not Norris, to whom the engineer clung as to found money; not Norris, who found himself a ganger on the line in the regular staff of navvies. His camp was pitched in a

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gray wilderness of rock and forest, far from any house; as he sat with his mates about the evening fire, the trains passing on the track were their next and indeed their only neighbors, except the wild things of the wood. Lovely weather, light and monotonous employment, long hours of somnolent camp-fire talk, long sleepless nights, when he reviewed his foolish and fruitless career as he rose and walked in the moonlit forest, an occasional paper of which he would read all, the advertisements with as much relish as the text: such was the tenor of an existence which soon began to weary and harass him. He lacked and regretted the fatigue, the furious hurry, the suspense, the fires, the midnight coffee, the rude and mud-bespattered poetry of the first toilful weeks. In the quietness of his new surroundings, a voice summoned him from this exorbital part of life, and about the middle of October he threw up his situation and bade farewell to the camp of tents and the shoulder of Bald Mountain.

Clad in his rough clothes, with a bundle on his shoulder and his accumulated wages in his pocket, he landed in Sydney for the second time, and walked with pleasure and some bewilderment in the cheerful streets, like a man landed from a voyage. The sight of the people led him on. He forgot his necessary errands, he forgot to eat. He wandered in moving multitudes like a stick upon a river. Last he came to the Domain and strolled there, and remembered his shame and sufferings, and looked with poignant curiosity at his successors. Hemstead, not much shabbier and no less cheerful than before, he recognized and addressed like an old family friend.

"That was a good turn you did me," said he. "That railway was the making of me. I hope you've had luck yourself."

"My word, no!" replied the little man. "I just sit here and read the *Dead Bird*. It's the depression in tryde, you see. There's no positions goin' that a man like me would care to look at." And he showed Norris his certificates and written characters, one from a grocer in Wooloomooloo, one from an ironmonger, and a third from a billiard saloon. "Yes," he said, "I tried bein' a billiard marker. It's no account; these lyte hours are no use for a man's health. I won't be no man's slyve," he added firmly.

On the principle that he who is too proud to be a slave is usually not too modest to become a pensioner, Carthew gave him half a sovereign, and departed, being suddenly struck with hunger, in the direction of the Paris House. When he came to that quarter of the city, the barristers were trotting in the streets in wig and gown, and he stood to observe them with his bundle on his shoulder, and his mind full of curious recollections of the past.

"By George!" cried a voice, "it's Mr. Carthew!"

And turning about, he found himself face to face with a handsome, sunburnt youth, somewhat fatted, arrayed in the finest of fine raiment, and sporting about a sovereign's worth of flowers in his buttonhole. Norris had met him during his first days in Sydney at a farewell supper; had even escorted him on board a schooner full of cockroaches and black-leg sailors in which he was bound for six months among the islands; and had kept him ever since in entertained remembrance. Tom Hadden (known to the bulk of Sydney folk as *Tommy*) was heir to a considerable property, which a prophetic father had placed in the hands of rigorous trustees. The income supported Mr. Hadden in splendor for about three months out of twelve; the rest of the year he passed in retreat among the islands. He was now about a week returned from his eclipse, pervading Sydney in hansom cabs and airing the first bloom of six new suits of clothes; and yet the unaffected creature hailed Carthew in his working jeans and with the damning bundle on his shoulder, as he might have claimed acquaintance with a duke.

"Come and have a drink!" was his cheerful cry.

"I'm just going to have lunch at the Paris House," returned Carthew. "It's a long time since I have had a decent meal."

"Splendid scheme!" said Hadden. "I've only had breakfast half an hour ago; but we'll have a private room, and

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I'll manage to pick something. It'll brace me up. I was on an awful tear last night, and I've met no end of fellows this morning." To meet a fellow, and to stand and share a drink, were with Tom synonymous terms.

They were soon at table in the corner room upstairs, and paying due attention to the best fare in Sydney. The odd similarity of their positions drew them together, and they began soon to exchange confidences. Carthew related his privations in the Domain and his toils as a navvy; Hadden gave his experience as an amateur copra merchant in the South Seas, and drew a humorous picture of life in a coral island. Of the two plans of retirement, Carthew gathered that his own had been vastly the more lucrative; but Hadden's trading outfit had consisted largely of bottled stout and brown sherry for his own consumption.

"I had champagne too," said Hadden, "but I kept that in case of sickness, until I didn't seem to be going to be sick, and then I opened a pint every Sunday. Used to sleep all morning, then breakfast with my pint of fizz, and lie in a hammock and read "Hallam's Middle Ages." Have you read that? I always take something solid to the islands. There's no doubt I did the thing in rather a fine style; but if it was gone about a little cheaper, or there were two of us to bear the expense, it ought to pay hand over fist. I've got the influence, you see. I'm a chief now, and sit in the speak-house under my own strip of roof. I'd like to see them taboo *me!* They daren't try it; I've a strong party, I can tell you. Why, I've had upwards of thirty cowtops sitting in my front verandah eating tins of salmon."

"Cowtops?" asked Carthew, "what are they?"

"That's what Hallam would call feudal retainers," explained Hadden, not without vainglory. "They're My Followers. They belong to My Family. I tell you, they come expensive, though; you can't fill up all these retainers on tinned salmon for nothing; but whenever I could get it, I would give 'em squid. Squid's good for natives, but I don't care for it, do you?—or shark either. It's like the working classes at home. With copra at the price it is, they ought to be willing to bear their share of the loss; and so I've told them again and again. I think it's a man's duty to open their minds, and I try to, but you can't get political economy into them; it doesn't seem to reach their intelligence."

There was an expression still sticking in Carthew's memory, and he returned upon it with a smile. "Talking of political economy," said he, "you said if there were two of us to bear the expense, the profits would increase. How do you make out that?"

"I'll show you! I'll figure it out for you!" cried Hadden, and with a pencil on the back of the bill of fare, proceeded to perform miracles. He was a man, or let us rather say a lad, of unusual projective power. Give him the faintest hint of any speculation, and the figures flowed from him by the page. A lively imagination and a ready, though inaccurate, memory supplied his data; he delivered himself with an inimitable heat that made him seem the picture of pugnacity; lavished contradiction; had a form of words, with or without significance, for every form of criticism; and the looker-on alternately smiled at his simplicity and fervor, or was amazed by his unexpected shrewdness. He was a kind of Pinkerton in play. I have called Jim's the romance of business; this was its Arabian tale.

"Have you any idea what this would cost?" he asked, pausing at an item.

"Not I," said Carthew.

"Ten pounds ought to be ample," concluded the projector.

"O, nonsense!" cried Carthew. "Fifty at the very least."

"You told me yourself this moment you knew nothing about it!" cried Tommy. "How can I make a calculation, if you blow hot and cold? You don't seem able to be serious!"

But he consented to raise his estimate to twenty; and a little after, the calculation coming out with a deficit, cut it down again to five pound ten, with the remark, "I told you it was nonsense. This sort of thing has to be done strictly, or where's the use?"

Some of these processes struck Carthew as unsound; and he was at times

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altogether thrown out by the capricious startings of the prophet's mind. They were deep, for instance, in the prognostics of the copra market, when Tommy raised a face of inspiration.

"Or I'll tell you!" he broke out. "I'll tell you a piece of famous good business, and no capital required to mention. Let's each buy a medicine-chest — jalap, salts, pain-killer, iodide of potassium, copaiba, and that — safe domestic remedies and no fuss — and let's go to Broken Hill and doctor the miners. We could tramp up there with our groceries on our backs, and save railway fares. A pal of mine did it, after he was cleaned out over the Melbourne Cup, and it paid splendid. You charge a sov' for every prescription, and the only expense is, that the next time you meet the party you stand him a drink."

Carthew was still staring, when the projector had already resumed his island calculations. These plunges seemed to be gone into for exercise and by the way, like the curvets of a willing horse. Gradually the thing took shape; the glittering if baseless edifice arose; and the hare still ran on the mountains, but the soup was already served in silver plate. Carthew in a few days could command a hundred and fifty pounds; Hadden was ready with five hundred; why should they not recruit a fellow or two more, charter an old ship, and go cruising on their own account? Carthew was an experienced yachtsman; Hadden professed himself able to "work an approximate sight." Money was undoubtedly to be made, or why should so many vessels cruise about the islands? they, who worked their own ship, were sure of a still higher profit.

"And whatever else comes of it, you see," cried Hadden, "we get our keep for nothing. Come, buy some togs, that's the first thing you have to do, of course; and then we'll take a hansom and go to the *Currency Lass*."

"I'm going to stick to the togs I have," said Norris.

"Are you?" cried Hadden. "Well, I must say I admire you. You're a regular sage. It's what you call Pythagoreanism, isn't it? if I haven't forgotten my philosophy."

"Well, I call it economy," returned Carthew. "If we are going to try this thing on, I shall want every sixpence."

"You'll see if we're going to try it!" cried Tommy, rising radiant from table. "Only, mark you, Carthew, it must be all in your name. I have capital, you see; but you're all right. You can play *vacuus viator*, if the thing goes wrong."

"I thought we had just proved it was quite safe," said Carthew.

"There's nothing safe in business, my boy," replied the sage; "not even bookmaking."

The public-house and tea-garden called the *Currency Lass* represented a moderate fortune gained by its proprietor, Captain Bostock, during a long, active, and occasionally historic career among the islands. Anywhere from Tonga to the Admiralty Isles, he knew the ropes and could lie in the native dialect. He had seen the end of sandalwood, the end of oil, and the beginning of copra; and he was himself a commercial pioneer, the first that ever carried human teeth into the Gilberts. He was tried for his life in Fiji, in Sir Arthur Gordon's time, and if ever he prayed at all the name of Sir Arthur was certainly not forgotten. He was speared in seven places in New Ireland—the same time his mate was killed—the famous "outrage on the brig *Jolly Roger*;" but the treacherous savages made little by their wickedness, and Bostock, in spite of their teeth, got seventy-five head of volunteer labor on board, of whom not more than a dozen died of injuries. He had a hand, besides, in the amiable pleasantry which cost the life of Patteson; and when the sham bishop landed, prayed, and gave his benediction to the natives, Bostock, arrayed in a female chemise out of the trade-room, had stood at his right hand and boomed amens. This, when he was sure he was among good fellows, was his favorite yarn. "Two hundred head of labor for a hatful of amens," he used to name the tale; and its sequel, the death of the real bishop, struck him as a circumstance of extraordinary humor.

Many of these details were communicated in the hansom, to the surprise of Carthew.

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"Why do we want to visit this old ruffian?" he asked.

"You wait till you hear him," replied Tommy. "That man knows everything."

On descending from the hansom at the *Currency Lass*, Hadden was struck with the appearance of the cabman, a gross, salt-looking man, red-faced, blue-eyed, short-handed and short-winded, perhaps nearing forty.

"Surely I know you?" said he. "Have you driven me before?"

"Many's the time, Mr. Hadden," returned the driver. "The last time you was back from the islands, it was me that drove you to the races, sir."

"All right; jump down and have a drink, then," said Tom, and he turned and led the way into the garden.

Captain Bostock met the party; he was a slow, sour old man, with fishy eyes; greeted Tommy offhand, and (as was afterwards remembered) exchanged winks with the driver.

"A bottle of beer for the cabman there at that table," said Tom. "Whatever you please from shandygaff to champagne at this one here; and you sit down with us. Let me make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Carthew. I've come on business, Billy; I want to consult you as a friend; I'm going into the island trade upon my own account."

Doubtless the captain was a mine of counsel, but opportunity was denied him. He could not venture on a statement, he was scarce allowed to finish a phrase, before Hadden swept him from the field with a volley of protest and correction. That projector, his face blazing with inspiration, first laid before him at inordinate length a question, and as soon as he attempted to reply, leaped at his throat, called his facts in question, derided his policy, and at times thundered on him from the heights of moral indignation.

"I beg your pardon," he said once. "I am a gentleman, Mr. Carthew here is a gentleman, and we don't mean to do that class of business. Can't you see who you're talking to? Can't you talk sense? Can't you give us 'a dead bird' for a good trades-room?"

"No, I don't suppose I can," returned old Bostock; "not when I can't hear my own voice for two seconds together. It was gin and guns I did it with."

"Take your gin and guns to Putney!" cried Hadden. "It was the thing in your times, that's right enough; but you're old now, and the game's up. I'll tell you what's wanted nowadays, Bill Bostock," said he; and did, and took ten minutes to it.

Carthew could not refrain from smiling. He began to think less seriously of the scheme, Hadden appearing too irresponsible a guide; but, on the other hand, he enjoyed himself amazingly. It was far from being the same with Captain Bostock.

"You know a sight, don't you?" remarked that gentleman, bitterly, when Tommy paused.

"I know a sight more than you, if that's what you mean," retorted Tom. "It stands to reason I do. You're not a man of any education; you've been all your life at sea or in the islands; you don't suppose you can give points to a man like me?"

"Here's your health, Tommy," returned Bostock. "You'll make an A-one bake in the New Hebrides."

"That's what I call talking," cried Tom, not perhaps grasping the spirit of this doubtful compliment. "Now you give me your attention. We have the money and the enterprise, and I have the experience; what we want is a cheap, smart boat, a good captain, and an introduction to some house that will give us credit for the trade."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Captain Bostock. "I seen men like you baked and eaten, and complained of afterwards. Some was tough, and some hadn't no flaviour," he added, grimly.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Tom.

"I mean I don't care," said Bostock. "It ain't any of my interests. I haven't underwrote your life. Only I'm blest if I'm not sorry for the cannibal as tries to eat your head. And what I recommend is a cheap, smart coffin and a good undertaker. See if you can find a house to give you credit for a coffin! Look at your friend there; *he's* got some sense; he's laughing at you so as he can't stand."

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The exact degree of ill-feeling in Mr. Bostock's mind was difficult to gauge; perhaps there was not much, perhaps he regarded his remarks as a form of courtly badinage. But there is little doubt that Hadden resented them. He had even risen from his place, and the conference was on the point of breaking up, when a new voice joined suddenly in the conversation.

The cabman sat with his back turned upon the party, smoking a meerschaum pipe. Not a word of Tommy's eloquence had missed him, and he now faced suddenly about with these amazing words:

"Excuse me, gentlemen; if you'll buy me the ship I want, I'll get you the trade on credit."

There was a pause.

"Well, what do *you* mean?" gasped Tommy.

"Better tell 'em who I am, Billy," said the cabman.

"Think it safe, Joe?" inquired Mr. Bostock.

"I'll take my risk of it," returned the cabman.

"Gentlemen," said Bostock, rising solemnly, "let me make you acquainted with Captain Wicks, of the *Grace Darling*."

"Yes, gentlemen, that is what I am," said the cabman. "You know I've been in trouble; and I don't deny but what I struck the blow, and where was I to get evidence of my provocation? So I turned to and took a cab, and I've driven one for three year now and nobody the wiser."

"I beg your pardon," said Carthew, joining almost for the first time; "I am a new chum. What was the charge?"

"Murder," said Captain Wicks, "and I don't deny but what I struck the blow. And there's no sense in my trying to deny I was afraid to go to trial, or why would I be here? But it's a fact it was flat mutiny. Ask Billy here. He knows how it was."

Carthew breathed long; he had a strange, half-pleasurable sense of wading deeper in the tide of life. "Well?" said he, "you were going on to say?"

"I was going on to say this," said the captain, sturdily. "I've overheard what Mr. Hadden has been saying, and I think he talks good sense. I like some of his ideas first chop. He's sound on trade-rooms; he's all there on the trade-room; and I see that he and I would pull together. Then you're both gentlemen, and I like that," observed Captain Wicks. "And then I'll tell you I'm tired of this cabbing cruise, and I want to get to work again. Now here's my offer. I've a little money I can stake up—all of a hundred anyway. Then my old firm will give me trade, and jump at the chance; they never lost by me; they know what I'm worth as supercargo. And last of all, you want a good captain to sail your ship for you. Well, here I am. I've sailed schooners for ten years. Ask Billy if I can handle a schooner."

"No man better," said Billy.

"And as for my character as a shipmate," concluded Wicks, "go and ask my old firm."

"But look here!" cried Hadden. "How do you mean to manage? You can wisk round in a hansom, and no questions asked. But if you try to come on a quarter-deck, my boy, you'll get nabbed."

"I'll have to keep back till the last," replied Wicks, "and take another name."

"But how about clearing? what other name?" asked Tommy, a little bewildered.

"I don't know yet," returned the captain, with a grin. "I'll see what the name is on my new certificate, and that'll be good enough for me. If I can't get one to buy, though I never heard of such a thing, there's old Kirkup; he's turned some sort of farmer down Bondi way; he'll hire me his.

"You seemed to speak as if you had a ship in view," said Carthew.

"So I have, too," said Captain Wicks, "and a beauty. Schooner yacht *Dream;* got lines you never saw the beat of; and a witch to go. She passed me once off Thursday Island, doing two knots to my one and laying a point and a half better; and the *Grace Darling* was a ship that I was proud of. I took and tore my hair. The *Dream*'s been *my* dream ever since. That was in her old days, when she carried a blue ens'n.

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Grant Sanderson was the party as owned her; he was rich and mad, and got a fever at last somewhere about the Fly River, and took and died. The captain brought the body back to Sydney, and paid off. Well, it turned out Grant Sanderson had left any quantity of wills and any quantity of widows, and no fellow could make out which was the genuine article. All the widows brought lawsuits against all the rest, and every will had a firm of lawyers on the quarterdeck as long as your arm. They tell me it was one of the biggest turns-to that ever was seen, bar Tichborne; the Lord Chamberlain himself was floored, and so was the Lord Chancellor; and all that time the *Dream* lay rotting up by Glebe Point. Well, it's done now; they've picked out a widow and a will; tossed up for it, as like as not; and the *Dream*'s for sale. She'll go cheap; she's had a long turn-to at rotting."

"What size is she?"

"Well, big enough. We don't want her bigger. A hundred and ninety, going two hundred," replied the captain. "She's fully big for us three; it would be all the better if we had another hand, though it's a pity too, when you can pick up natives for half nothing. Then we must have a cook. I can fix raw sailor-men, but there's no going to sea with a new-chum cook. I can lay hands on the man we want for that: a Highway boy, an old shipmate of mine, of the name of Amalu. Cooks first rate, and it's always better to have a native; he ain't fly, you can turn him to as you please, and he don't know enough to stand out for his rights."

From the moment that Captain Wicks joined in the conversation, Carthew recovered interest and confidence; the man (whatever he might have done) was plainly good-natured, and plainly capable; if he thought well of the enterprise, offered to contribute money, brought experience, and could thus solve at a word the problem of the trade, Carthew was content to go ahead. As for Hadden, his cup was full; he and Bostock forgave each other in champagne; toast followed toast; it was proposed and carried amid acclamation to change the name of the schooner (when she should be bought) to the *Currency Lass;* and the *Currency Lass Island Trading Company* was practically founded before dusk.

Three days later, Carthew stood before the lawyer, still in his jean suit, received his hundred and fifty pounds, and proceeded rather timidly to ask for more indulgence.

"I have a chance to get on in the world," he said. "By to-morrow evening I expect to be part owner of a ship."

"Dangerous property, Mr. Carthew," said the lawyer.

"Not if the partners work her themselves and stand to go down along with her," was the reply.

"I conceive it possible you might make something of it that way," returned the other. "But are you a seaman? I thought you had been in the diplomatic service."

"I am an old yachtsman," said Norris. "And I must do the best I can. A fellow can't live in New South Wales upon diplomacy. But the point I wish to prepare you for is this. It will be impossible I should present myself here next quarter-day; we expect to make a six months' cruise of it among the islands."

"Sorry, Mr. Carthew: I can't hear of that," replied the lawyer.

"I mean upon the same conditions as the last," said Carthew.

"The conditions are exactly opposite," said the lawyer. "Last time I had reason to know you were in the colony; and even then I stretched a point. This time, by your own confession, you are contemplating a breach of the agreement; and I give you warning if you carry it out and I receive proof of it (for I will agree to regard this conversation as confidential), I shall have no choice but to do my duty. Be here on quarter-day, or your allowance ceases."

"This is very hard and, I think, rather silly," returned Carthew.

"It is not of my doing. I have my instructions," said the lawyer.

"And you so read these instructions, that I am to be prohibited from making an honest livelihood?" asked Carthew.

"Let us be frank," said the lawyer. "I find nothing in these instructions about an honest livelihood. I have no

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

The Domain, Sydney.—"My word, no!" replied the little man. "I just sit here and read the 'Dead Bird.'"—Page 603.

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reason to suppose my clients care anything about that. I have reason to suppose only one thing—that they mean you shall stay in this colony, and to guess another, Mr. Carthew. And to guess another."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Norris.

"I mean that I imagine, on very strong grounds, that your family desire to see no more of you," said the lawyer. "O, they may be very wrong; but that is the impression conveyed, that is what I suppose I am paid to bring about, and I have no choice but to try and earn my hire."

"I would scorn to deceive you," said Norris, with a slight flush; "you have guessed rightly. My family refuse to see me; but I am not going to England; I am going to the islands. How does that affect the islands?"

"Ah, but I don't know that you are going to the islands," said the lawyer, looking down, and spearing the blotting-paper with a pencil.

"I beg your pardon. I have the pleasure of informing you," said Norris.

"I am afraid, Mr. Carthew, that I cannot regard that communication as official," was the slow reply.

"I am not accustomed to have my word doubted!" cried Norris.

"Hush! I allow no one to raise his voice in my office," said the lawyer. "And for that matter—you seem to be a young gentleman of sense—consider what I know of you. You are a discarded son; your family pays money to be shut of you. What have you done? I don't know. But do you not see how foolish I should be, if I exposed my business reputation on the safeguard of the honor of a gentleman of whom I know just so much and no more? This interview is very disagreeable. Why prolong it? Write home, get my instructions changed, and I will change my behaviour. Not otherwise."

"I am very fond of three hundred a year," said Norris, "but I cannot pay the price required. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"You must please yourself," said the lawyer. "Fail to be here next quarter-day, and the thing stops. But I warn you, and I mean the warning in a friendly spirit. Three months later you will be here begging, and I shall have no choice but to show you in the street."

"I wish you a good-evening," said Norris.

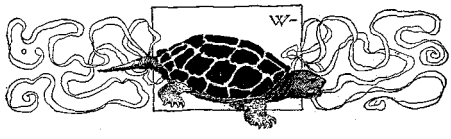
"The same to you, Mr. Carthew," retorted the lawyer, and rang for his clerk.

So it befell that Norris, during what remained to him of arduous days in Sydney, saw not again the face of his legal adviser; and he was already at sea, and land was out of sight, when Hadden brought him a Sydney paper, over which he had been dozing in the shadow of the galley, and showed him an advertisement.

"Mr. Norris Carthew is earnestly entreated to call without delay at the office of Mr. ——, where important intelligence awaits him."

"It must manage to wait for me six months," said Norris, lightly enough, but yet conscious of a pang of curiosity.

(To be continued.)



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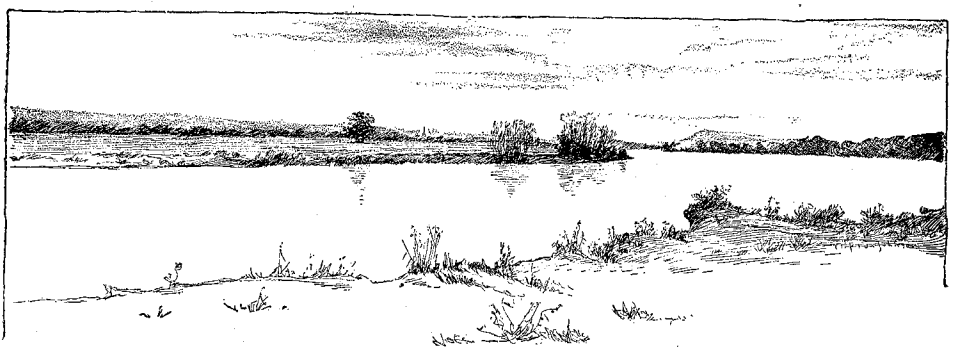
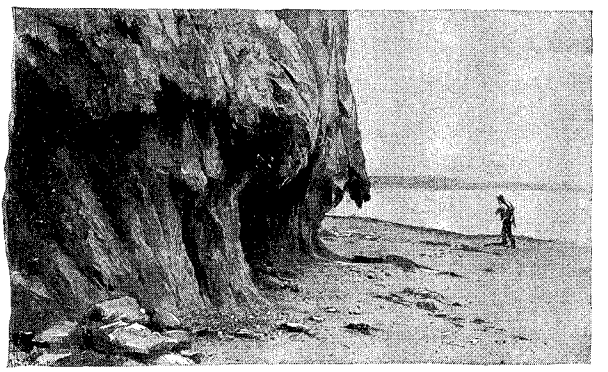


# SEA AND LAND.

*By N. S. Shaler.*

ON the greater part of the earth's surface men may dwell unconscious of the fact that the earth is a vast laboratory which is day by day accomplishing great constructive work, which in the process of the years and ages brings about revolutions in the forms of land and sea as well as the nature of their climates, and thus alters all the conditions of life. Those who live near active volcanoes, or in lands which are frequently shaken by earthquakes, now and then have evidence brought to them which shows that this globe is a work-shop wherein much is done; but in most lands the order of nature is so quiet, and its processes so familiar, that the whole appears merely commonplace. It is otherwise, however, with those who dwell in the peculiar realm where the great reservoir of the waters comes in contact with the land: on the ocean's shore the processes of change are so marked, man's combat with them so continued, that all mariners; and even those who reside near the sea, acquire a far more vivid impression of the earth's activities.



The Ovens, North Side of Mount Desert, Me.

Showing the action of waves and ice on a cliff of volcanic rock, the texture of which is tolerably compact, and which owes its form to glacial action. At high tide the sea lies against the base of the cliff; a part of the wearing is due to ice action.

All those who would find an easy way to a conception of the facts of geologic science should take up their inquiry on the coast-line: if they understand the processes which are there in operation —they are indeed easily understood— they will gain a clue to nearly all the great truths of geology. The portion of the earth's machinery that may there be seen in operation, or may be readily inferred from that which is visible, is of the utmost importance in the development of this sphere. It is only necessary clearly to see what is going on upon this part of the land and ocean, and then to conceive the conditions arising from the accumulation of these effects through the ages of the past, to bring before the mind that picture of the slow yet majestic progress of the earth's history which it is the peculiar privilege of the geologist to win from his studies.

In selecting a portion of the shore for his first lessons in geology the observer will do well to take some care in his choice; the field should, if possible,

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afford cliffs of bed-rocks of varied hardness and stretches of sandy and pebbly beaches; in these conditions he will be able to see the important differences in the action of the sea arising from its diverse circumstances of contact with the shore. It is best that the waters should be rich in the life of marine plants and animals, and the land forested to the margin; for the relation of the earth's work to living creatures is likewise important to his inquiry. Fortunately the shores of this sort are abundantly provided for the student's use. The eastern coast of the United States, from the mouth of the Hudson River to Labrador, the western border of the continent, from San Francisco to Behring's Strait, the northern coast of Britain, from Scarborough on the coast around by the chalk downs on the south, as well as the northern shores of the European continent, afford ideal fields for this class of studies. It is only when the student has become well versed in the great array of actions which he may observe within a few miles journey in any of these fields, that he will have occasion to undertake special journeys to see peculiar aspects of the coast-line, such as are afforded by the coral reefs of Florida, or the singular effects produced where active volcanoes build their cones along the shore or up from the depths of the ocean. Interesting as these special features are, they are only incidental elements in marine work, concerning rather the professional geologist than the amateur.

Arriving on a shore such as we have advised the observer to select, he is likely to be at first confounded by the multitude of the facts which this line of interacting land and water exhibits. These facts are, as is the case with all the phenomena of nature, much entangled with each other; all united in the common features which she always presents to the untrained eye. It is well for the student to remember, as a protection against discouragement, that this blended aspect of the work which is done on the earth, is what appears to all beginners in inquiry. All science indeed has come to exist through the patient labors of students who have slowly done the work of unravelling the tangled web of interlaced actions, some part of which in turn each faithful inquirer must with the teacher's aid repeat. It is not to be expected that each individual seeker for truth shall go through all the laborious processes of thought which have made the science he seeks to acquire; it is the part of his guide to show him the road through the wilderness, to keep him from the blind paths which lead to no profit; but, if he would acquire the strength which can come from his personal activity, he must patiently tread the way himself.

At the outset this guide may well ask the novice to have in mind certain large truths of geology which may serve as a background upon which he may frame the special conceptions which will come to him from his shore-line studies. He may be assured that all these general conceptions will be more or less verified by the work which he is to do. The first of these concerns the contrast between the essential conditions of the two great divisions of the earth's surface, the land of the continents and islands, and the water-covered areas of the sea-floors. All the land above the level of the oceans which is somewhat unreasonably called dry, for it is everywhere flowed over and leached through by water, is subjected to continual wearing by the action of the elements. Every rain-drop as it falls and strikes ground unprotected by vegetation takes away a little of the earth. The streams take much, every spring sends its tribute of mud, sand, or dissolved rocky matter to the sea, and the ocean itself, by its unending assault upon the shores, is wearing away the land along all coasts save where the coral reefs build effective walls against the waves. All this water of rain-drop, stream, or spring, is sent from the sea through the air for the direct downward attack on the emerged fields of the earth, so that the battle the oceans unendingly wage is so set that it assaults the opposing land in two directions: on the sea face it assails by the surges, and in the interior by the rain, the flowing water, and the glaciers. The result is that the lands are constantly wearing away, while the sea-floor is taking the sediments which the waters have given to it and building them into new deposits.

The effect of this action, if it were not

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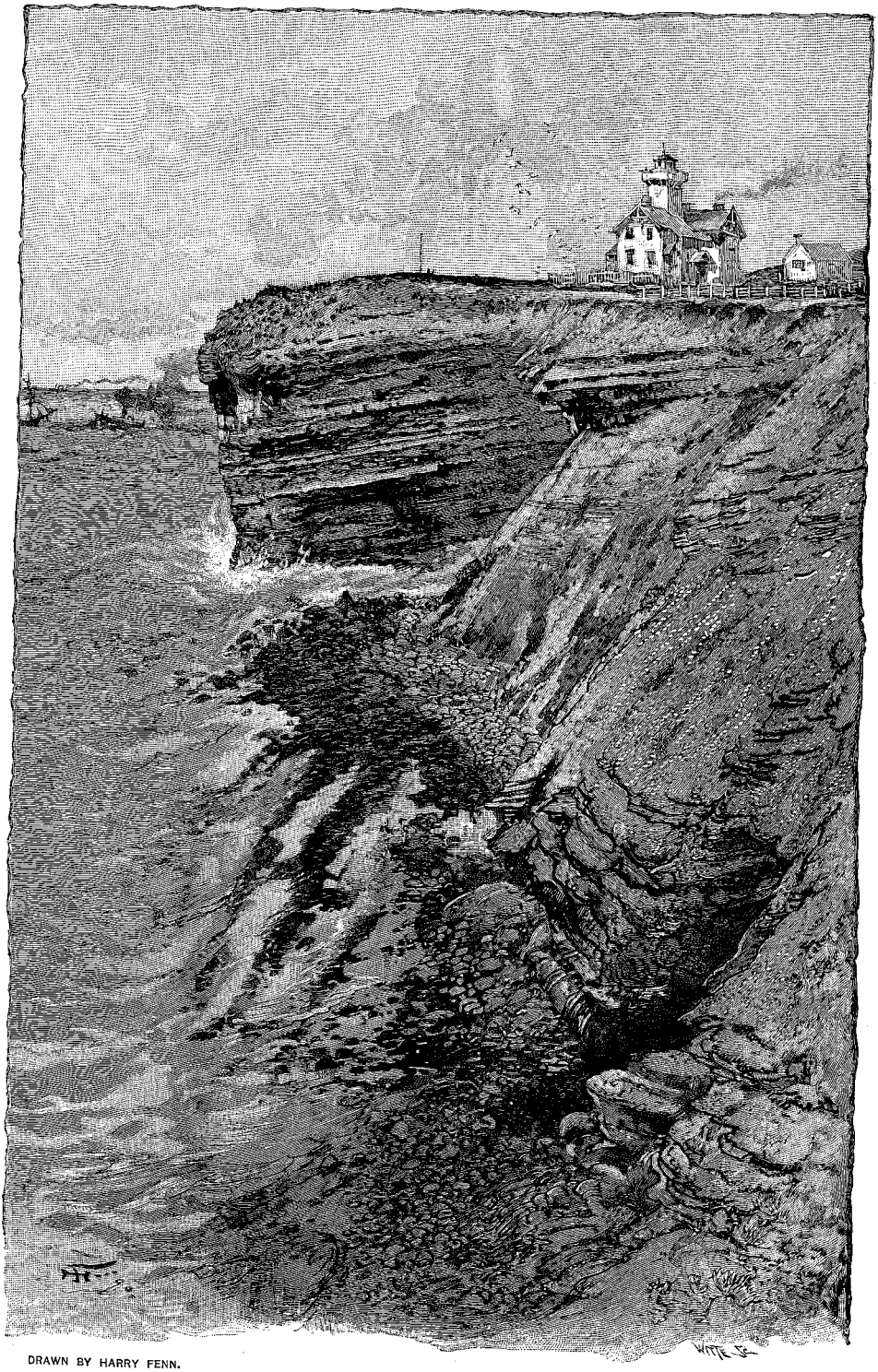

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

Point Finnin, Cal.

ENGRAVED BY WITTE.

The view shows the effect of the sea on a shore composed of stratified rock of moderate hardness which dips toward the ocean. The harder fragments of the strata form a shingled beach, the fragments of which in times of storm are driven against the base of the cliff.

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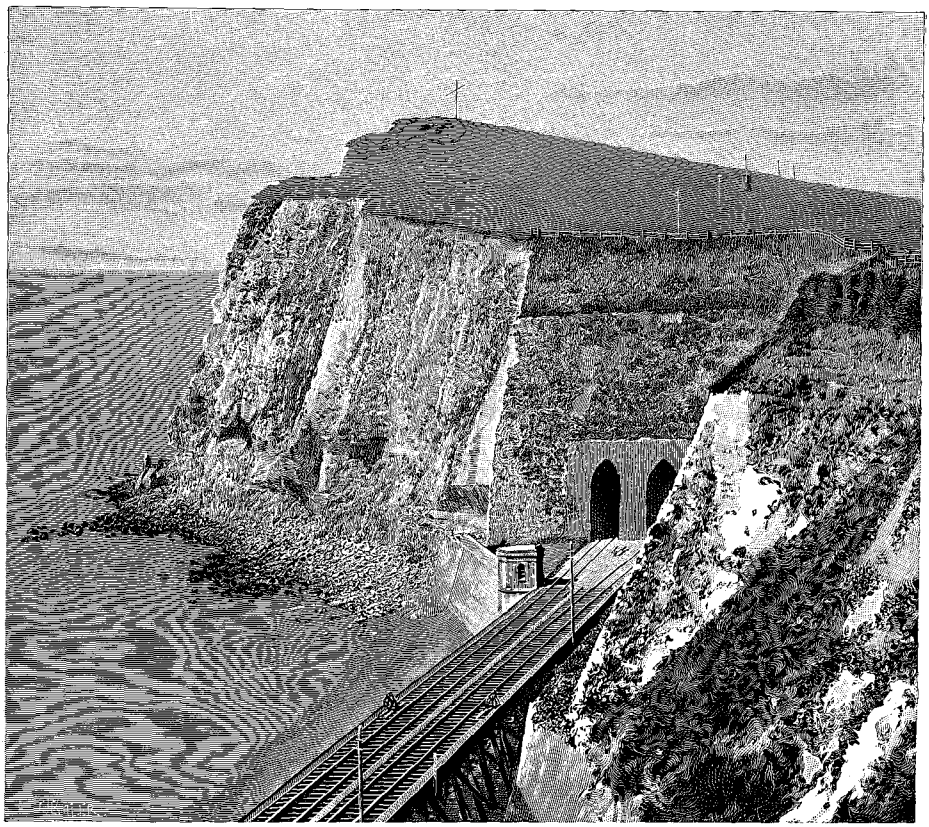

Shakespeare Cliff, near Dover, England.

Showing the effect of heavy waves on rather soft rocks. The steep beach at the base of the cliff is composed of fragments of flint originally scattered through the mass of chalk which forms the headland. In times of heavy storm the sea enters the slight caves which appear in the lower portion of the precipice. Recently fallen masses are shown at the extremity of the headland.

qualified by other conditions, would be that in time the dry parts of the earth would utterly disappear and the seas be in good part filled with the waste they had won from them; but there are compensations to this action: the lands are constantly growing upward from the action of those forces which elevate mountain-chains, probably also the whole of the vast ridge which constitutes the body of each continent is also characterized by a massive upward growth; at the same time the ocean basins seem to be ever deepening by the downsinking of their floors. The result of these beautiful compensating movements is, that although the contest between land and sea is the most ancient, far extended, and unbroken of all the many combats which make up the life of this sphere, neither side is ever victorious or is ever likely to prevail. It is indeed only in a metaphoric way that it can be called a battle at all, for the results of the interaction are profitable to the interests of sea and land alike. On the land the continued wearing has the most important result, that the soils on which all its organic life depends are ever renewed by the destructive processes of erosion. If any considerable time went by without the old soils being swept away, the effete earthy matter would become unfit for the nurture of plants, and plant and animal life alike would fail of support. This waste, in part dissolved in water, nourishes the marine life, and in part in the form of mud is contributed to the strata which in time are to be lifted into the air with the upward growth of the continent from whence it came. Here as elsewhere modern sci-

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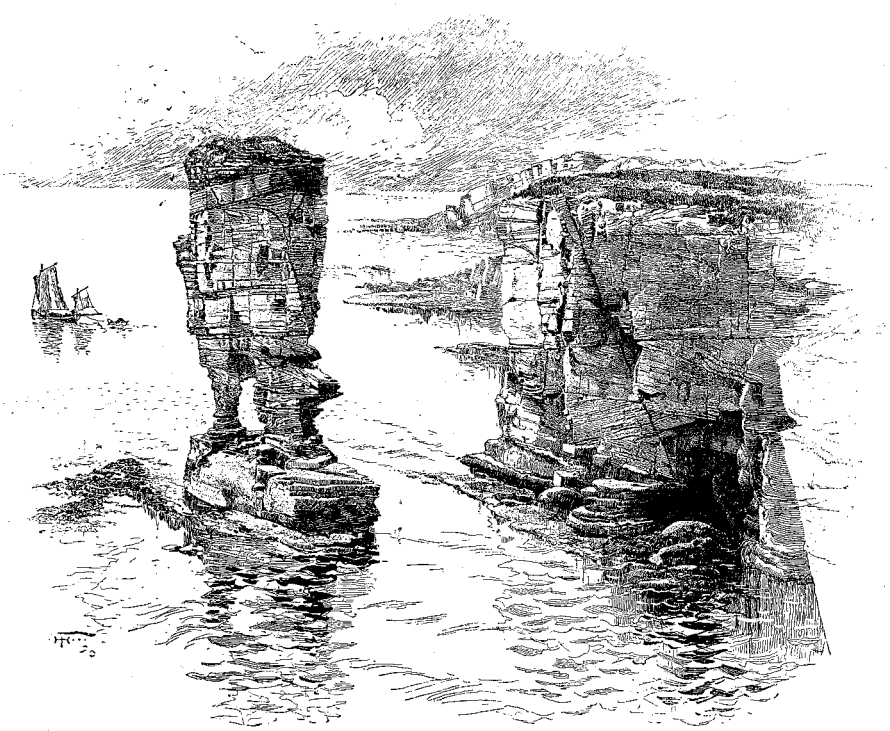
ence has shown that the strife of this world is only apparent; the result, considered in a large way, is always for the profit of the whole.

With such a broad preliminary survey in mind, the observer may well begin his detailed studies of the shore at some point where the sea and land meet in a steep rocky cliff which descends abruptly from its crest into the sea at its foot. It is easiest to inspect such a bit of shore at a time when the sea is quite still; for then it may be approached in a boat. On the northern coast of the Atlantic, from New York northward, these rocky faces of the shore are generally more or less rounded by the action of the moving sheet of ice which lay upon them during the last glacial period. We are very likely to find the upper portion of the steep, that which is above the level where the waves do their work, still bearing here and there the scratches which so plainly tell of the ice time. Occasionally, when the water at the base of the cliff is deep, this glaciated surface, if the rock be firm set, is preserved even within the belt where the surges impinge upon it. This fact tells us that the sea has under certain conditions little effect on a shore of this nature. This is made the clearer by the presence on the surface of the stone of a mass of marine animals and plants, algæ, sea anemones, etc., which, firmly adhering to the stones, can resist the blow of the waves. If in times of storm we crawl to the verge of such a cliff we may see the waves surging violently against its base, but we observe that they do not strike an effective blow, but merely swash up and down. As we shall shortly see, their action is impotent as compared to what it is when the cliffs do not descend into deep water, but have something like a beach at their base.

The fact is that the ocean waves, when they beat against a rock-bound shore where the firm cliffs descend into deep



Yesnabie Castle, Orkney.

The view shows a good specimen of a pinnacled rock which has been separated from the cliff by the long-continued action of waves and ice. It should be noted that all the débris of the rock between the pinnacle and the shore has been broken up and carried away. The main cliff as well as the detached mass shows distinct joints, and also bedding planes. The latter exhibit in a remarkable manner the phenomena of cross bedding. This shows that they were formed upon or near an ancient shore-line.

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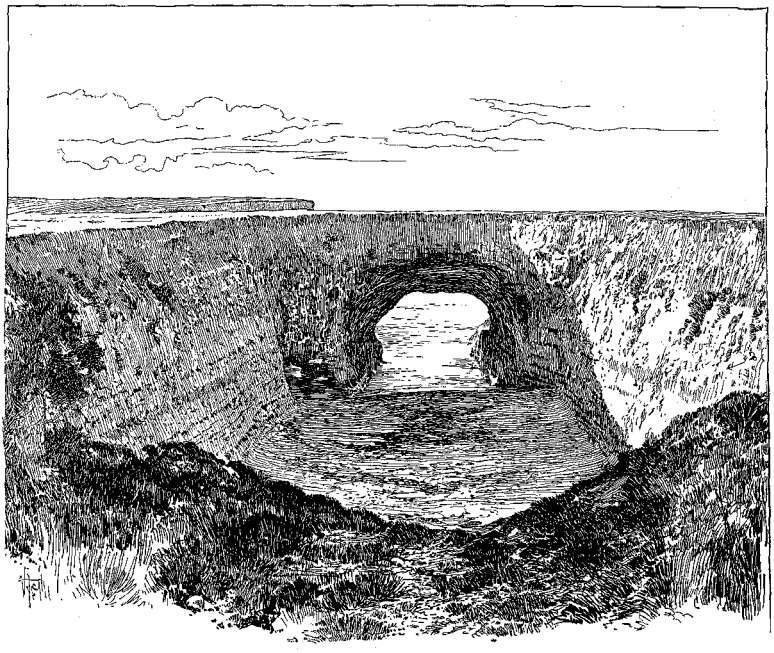
water, have very little destructive power. When they strike the shore they may apply a pressure of from one to three tons per square foot of surface against which they run, but this can only break away the masses of stone which have been loosened by the action of frost or the other processes of decay. On a shore which has recently been overridden by the glacial ice, the weaker kinds of rock have been pretty generally worn away, and it is only slowly that they yield to the sea's assault. Yet, now and then masses tumble from the top of the cliff, so that here and there, even on the steepest shores, we find where the débris from the precipices has been sufficient to make a beach-like accumulation such as is shown in the illustration (page 613). As soon as this mass of débris comes near enough to the surface to be much affected by the dragging action of the waves as they surge against the steep, the stones are arranged by the waves so that they assume more distinctly the beach form. In this state of the shore the surges are at last able to do their effective work. We may observe them rolling in from the deep in the form of broad folds of the ocean's surface; when the advancing margin of each wave arrives at the shallower water at the outer part of the inclined plane of débris, the friction of the bottom opposes the forward movement, and causes the front of the surf swiftly to rise into the form of a wall; the upper part of the mass of the water being less retarded than that at the base, shoots violently forward, and near the shore tumbles over in the manner of the familiar breakers or surf.

When the waves break at the foot of cliffs they then strike vastly more effective blows than when they splash against them, as they do when they roll through deep water to their base. Rushing over the shallow bottom in times of heavy storms, they hurl the loose stones, even if they weigh a ton or more, forward against the base of the cliff. The blow these wave-swayed stones can strike is very great; it is sometimes almost as effective as that



Natural Bridge, Santa Cruz, West Indies.

Remnant of a sea cave; the inland portion of the arch has fallen in and the space has been widened by the waves which roll in beneath the bridge. The horizontal strata are of limestone, and are thus easily dissolved by the waves. The material is much jointed, and so the pebbles on the beach are very small.

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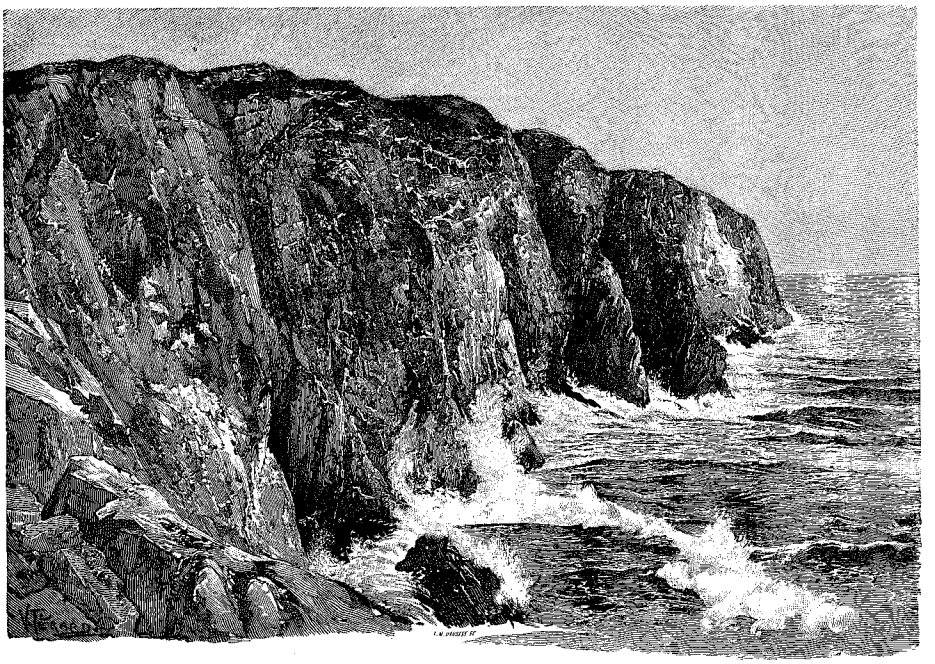

Barra Head, Outer Hebrides.

Showing the action of the sea on massive but somewhat jointed rock, the base of which lies at no great depth beneath the surface of the sea. The effect of dykes is shown in the deep recesses in the middle distance. A large fragment which has fallen from the undermined cliff is seen in the foreground.

which is delivered by a shot from an ancient battery against a besieged wall. If the student will watch the action of storm-waves upon a coast where they have the effect we are describing, he will note that, both to eyes and ears, the effects are very different from what he observed in the part of the shore where the cliffs descended into deep water. Against the steep cliffs there were no combing breakers, and the waves gave forth only a muffled roar as they struck the steep; here, however, they rush up the stony beach in a confused white mass of water, air, and stones. As the mass strikes the base of the cliff we hear the roar of the waters, and the keen ear can detect also the crash of the stones as they strike against the base of the cliff.

If after the storm has ceased the observer will, at a time of low tide, visit this strand which he could before see only from a distance, he will be able to examine the result of the wave-work. At the base of the cliff where the surges have beaten, he will generally find that the rocks have been rudely cut out by the blows which they have received, so that the upper part of the cliff somewhat overhangs its base; he may note where great masses of the stone deprived of support have slipped away from their bed places, and fallen to the base. Some of these have been too large for the waves to toss about, and they remain as angular fragments somewhat rounded, it may be on the side toward the sea, by the battering they have received from the pebbles which have been hurled against them. Other and smaller pieces of the bed-rocks which have fallen from the overhanging cliff have been worn against the base until they have had their sharp corners beaten off; yet others have been ground into spheres by the pounding they have received, looking like the stone cannon-balls which in early times served in siege-guns. Putting these facts together so that their whole meaning is plain, the student perceives that in a single very great storm the face of the cliff may be worn back to the average distance of some inches, and that the retreat of the upper part goes on

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more steadfastly, but in an inevitable way, as the stones of the overhanging precipice are loosened by frost and decay.

We can often trace the distance to which the sea has cut back from the place where it was left at the last change in the level of the land by the broad, rocky shelf leading off to the edge of the deeper water. Sometimes, as in the coast of Yorkshire just south of Whitby, this extends as a flat table of stone at about the line of low tide, to a distance of a mile or more from the base of the cliffs. On this Yorkshire coast the cliffs rise in places to the height of six or eight hundred feet, and are so steep that it is impossible to climb them. Shipwrecked mariners and persons who have been imprisoned against their base by the swift rising tide have to be rescued, if they are saved at all, by means of baskets or ladders lowered from the summit of the escarpment. A similar, though less extensive, wave-worn shelf extends along the southern shore of the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, for the distance of more than one hundred miles. There as elsewhere ships are apt to strike against the margin of the wave-shelf and to go to pieces or fall away and sink in the deep water which borders the ledge. The great distance to the shore, and the wild tumble of waters which a great storm produces on the rocky table, make shipwreck in these conditions peculiarly hopeless for the mariner. Shores of this nature are always formed where the open sea is bordered by hard rocks and has remained for a long geologic time at the same elevation with reference to the assault of the waves. Where a rocky shore does not exhibit these features we may be sure that the position of the coast has been recently changed, that the land has been either lowered or uplifted.

It is a feature deserving attention that these wave-benches rarely retain on their surfaces any considerable part of the débris which has been removed from the cliffs: here and there, scattered over their surfaces, we find bits which have been fastened in the crevices of the bench, but except where fresh fragments are supplied by the fall of the cliffs, the wide surface is usually as clean as a floor. This feature is peculiarly well shown on the great Yorkshire wave-terrace, but is noticeable in all similar structure. It is in a word evident that all the matter torn from the receding cliffs is in some way removed to a distance from the place where it falls; a little consideration and a few observations on the ground will show us the manner and the measure of its removal. Let us first notice that nearly all the detritus at the foot of the cliffs is of a pebbly nature; in general it consists of quite large stones which have been very much rounded. It is evident that a large part of the rock which has been worn from those stones was taken away in the form of powder or sand. We can often, in the case of granite pebbles, see that the surfaces have been crushed by the blows they have received. We readily apprehend the fact that in the mill of the surf at the base of these rocky precipices, the fate of the rocks is to be ground into a very fine grist, which is easily borne away to a distance by the strong currents which exist in times of storm.

If the waves rolled directly in at right angles to the face of the cliffs, and the wind blew in the same direction, the only current which would exist on the shore would arise from the reflux of the water and the undertow or current which sets out along the bottom of the sea from a beach on to which the waves are rolling. These movements of the water can however convey the detritus to only a little distance from the coast-line. In fact, however, the waves rarely come squarely down upon the coast, but strike it a little obliquely, and the wind generally blows in the same direction in which the waves run. The result is that there is almost always a strong current made by the water which the waves heave and that which the wind blows against the shores, which sets as a river in one or the other direction along the coast. Moreover, the tidal currents more or less combining with these actions, add to the stream. Those who are familiar with the shore and have seen a number of shipwrecks, know that the wreckage and the bodies of the drowned usually do not come ashore just abreast of the stranded vessel, but drift in one direction, often to the distance of miles from

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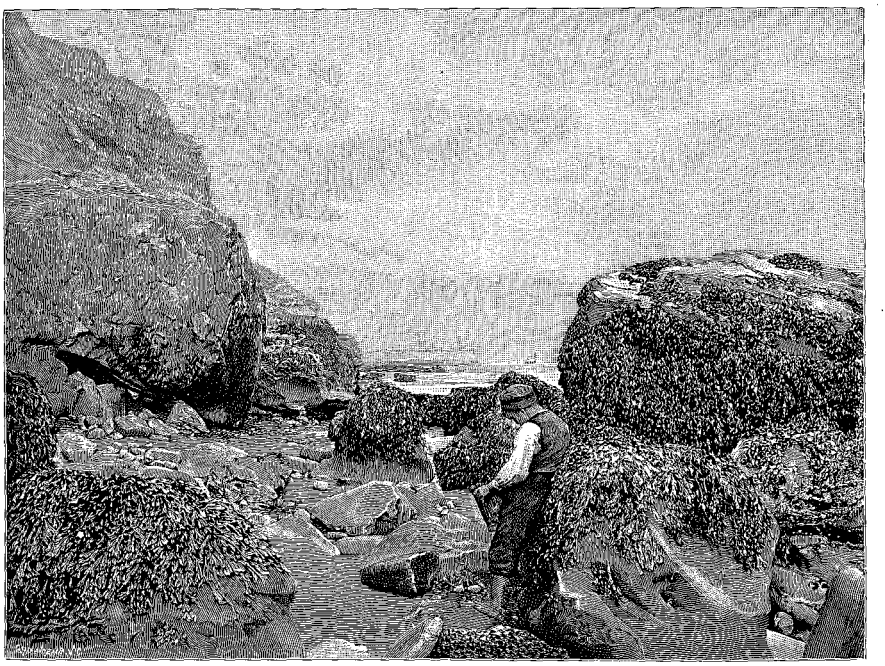

Seashore View.

Showing the position of the mantle of sea-weed which protects the rocks from the action of frost and, in a measure, from the assaults of the waves. Note that the smaller fragments which may be tossed about are destitute of the covering. The lower portion of the stone in the foreground against which the boy is leaning shows the scouring action of the waves which they effect by means of the sand which they impel.

the place of the disaster. Those who have escaped by swimming or floating on spars to the shore, have had an even more impressive experience with this swift storm-born river of the coast.

These shore currents are strong enough to sweep away a part of the detritus formed along the shore, even materials as coarse as small pebbles may be borne along by it to the deeper re-entrant angles, where it is accumulated in the beaches which we are in time to study. The coarser pebbles, which are too heavy to be borne along by these currents, journey in the grasp of the waves more slowly, but ever as certainly, to the beaches. The process by which they travel is this: each wave, as it sweeps up and down the slope next the cliff, in most cases runs a little obliquely to the face of the shore, so that with the movement the fragment journeys a little way from the point where it first became rounded into a pebble. With each backward move of the retreating splash it is drawn away from the sea-margin to return with the next surge. With every successive advance and retreat it may journey onward for the distance of a few feet, and so, wearing at every stroke of the wave it moves on. A large part of these rolling stones wear out before they attain the greater beaches.

Before we follow the waste from the point where it is made into pebbles and sand to the part of the shore where we have characteristic beaches, we must return to the cliff section to consider many interesting details of the work which is done there by the waves, tides, and the many other elements of activity which operate in this singular part of the great laboratory of nature. All who are familiar with the rock-bound coasts which are much worn by the waves, have noticed the fact that the coast is very irregularly worn; rarely indeed is the escarpment of the cliff anywhere near a straight line: it is generally deeply indented by sharply re-entering little bays, and not infrequently presents cavern-like openings which penetrate a considerable distance into the cliff. By carefully noticing the con-

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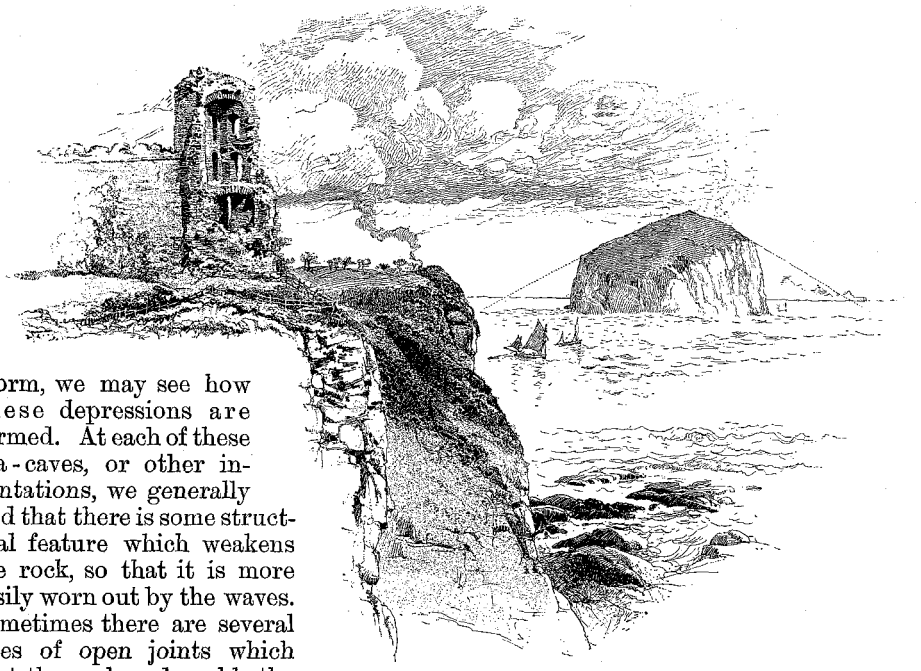
ditions exhibited by the face of the precipice at the level where the waves attack it, or if occasion favors, by examining what takes place in times of storm, we may see how these depressions are formed. At each of these sea-caves, or other indentations, we generally find that there is some structural feature which weakens the rock, so that it is more easily worn out by the waves. Sometimes there are several lines of open joints which part the rock and enable the surges to lift the fragments from their bedding places. Again, where the strata have been turned on edge, there may be here and there soft beds which yield readily to the battering action of the stones which the waves hurl against them; or in other cases, the rock may be riven by dykes and veins, that is, by fissures which have been filled with lava, or materials deposited by the action of water. These deposits may be, indeed most often are, softer than the stone in which they are laid, and may thus afford weaknesses which are searched out by the sea and developed into rifts and caverns.



Tantallon Castle and Bass Rock.

View showing the result of erosion on the shores of a rocky island of considerable height. The dotted lines indicate the original greater extension of the isle. The beach in the foreground is, in fact, a rocky shelf, the remnant of the cliff which once extended much further out to sea.

As soon as any weak spot on the face of the cliff has been worked back a little way so that the hard bits of stone may gather in it, every wave sends these fragments with energy sufficient to wear the place yet further back into the land. The effect of the boundary walls is to keep the rolling stones in a position to do effective work, and as they are tossed about by the waves, new bits find their way into the pocket as fast as old ones are worn out. In this way, these cutting tools are much better supplied in these recesses than along the general face of the cliff, and thus the waves do more effective work here than elsewhere. As the sea cuts only for a little ways up on the face of the steep, the excavation, if the rock be tolerably firm, often has at first the form of a cavern with a wide portal. As the chamber widens this opening commonly becomes unable to support its roof, which falls into ruins and is ground up by the waves. The greater part of the permanent caverns which are formed in this general manner are excavated in trap-dykes. These sometimes extend back from the sea-face to a distance of one or two hundred feet or more. Most commonly the floor of the chamber rises pretty rapidly as we penetrate from the light of day. In fact, a considerable inclination toward the water is necessary to keep the min-

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ing machinery by which the excavation is made in good working order; unless the slope is considerable, the inrushing waves will heap large stones in such quantities against the inner end of the opening that the surges cannot move the whole mass, and the bed-rock will be preserved from the blows of the bowlders which then expend their force on each other.

The result of this steep slope of the cavern floor is, that if the sea-cliff be low, the extremity of the cavern finally attains the surface, and gives the conditions which produce what in New England is called a "spouting horn." The waves, in time of heavy storm, rush up the crevice with a speed accelerated by the narrowing of the opening in its inner parts, and send a mass of foam high into the air. Another condition which produces an interesting group of spouting caves is found when the cavern has the top of the portal low, and a considerable space within which has no communication with the outer air except by the opening into which the wave sweeps. Rushing into the cavity, the billow energetically compresses the air until the motion of its water is arrested; this air then expanding, blows the water backward toward the sea, discharging a good part of it like the smoke from a cannon. This group of spouting caverns is less noted than the spouting horns, for the reason that, though they are the more common, it is rarely possible to see them when the waves are high. It is only when some sharp headland gives a coign of vantage whence we can look down upon a long stretch of shore, that these peculiar features of wave-action can be well observed.

Another group of shore features sufficiently frequent to deserve notice are the coast arches and natural bridges. On our New England shore these features are uncommon, for the reason that the rocks on the coast are generally too hard and too much jointed to favor the formation and preservation of these beautiful structures; but on the shorelands of northern Britain and at many points along the Mediterranean Sea, these singular rock forms abound. A stone soft enough to be easily assailed by the waves, yet coherent enough to hold together where the joints or natural lines of weakness run in several directions, affords the best conditions for this kind of marine sculpture.

On such methods the sea, searching out the paths of least resistance, will often produce very beautiful effects, simulating the noblest results of architecture. On the Atlantic coast the best of this class of hardy product of sea and rock are found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "La Roche Percée," or the pierced rock, a steep-faced isle near the mouth of Gaspé Harbor, is perhaps the noblest arch of the eastern American coast. Many beautiful fantastic arches and natural tunnels, though never of great size, are found along the shores where coral reefs have been lifted a little way above the sea and exposed to the cutting action of the waves and the solvent work of the streams which flow from the land. A very beautiful small example of these coral reef islands is found on the western shore of the northern part of Biscayne Bay, Fla., where a little river escapes from the Everglades through the elevated barrier reef beneath a rock arch.

Yet another picturesque group of shore structures, sufficiently common to have received a name in the vernacular, are the steep detached masses of stone known as pulpit rocks. This name is commonly given to any pinnacled stones parted from the shore by a space of water no wider than could have been bridged by the voice of a sturdy old-fashioned pound-text, and which afford a good place for the imagined preacher. On other shores these islets are often so high that the conditions would not admit of the term pulpit-rock: in such cases the isolated mass usually receives some other name with clerical associations. The memories of monks and friars are often thus preserved. At only one place on our American shore do I know of any of those natural monuments which have been associated with the religious orders; this is the Old Friar, on the northwestern shore of the beautiful island of Campobello, a bit of British ground which forms the seaward wall of Eastport Harbor, Me. Even where the pleasanter religious analogies



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do not lead to the names of these striking pictures of the rocky shores, the solemn spirit of the seafaring people who have given them their designations, seems to lead them to choose the appellations from the other side of their faith. The Devil and his realm come in for more than a fair share of the titles by which these notable points are designated. His Majesty's thumb, nose, and other conspicuous bodily parts, these are all commemorated. These men of the sea appear to have found in their association with it more solemnizing influences than come to their brethren of the inland country who dwell amid milder conditions.

The circumstances which lead to the formation of these curious detachments of rock from the parent cliff are substantially as follows: the shore precipice being rent by numerous crevices or joints, it here and there happens that these lines of weakness lie in such positions that they intersect each other. As the excavation is pushed into the land, working as we have seen the waves do more efficiently in these recesses than on the open shore, the intervening mass of the cliff does not recede so rapidly, and so is left as an outlying mass around which the sea washes at low tide. The observer will note that in general these pulpit-rocks have a prow-like projection turned toward the shore. This form is due to the fact that the joints or other lines along which the waves work, intersect each other so as to form the wedge-shaped mass which in time becomes detached. One of the most ordinary causes of the peculiar wearing which we have to note here arises from the crossing of dykes, or fissures filled with hardened lava, which, like that thrown out by volcanoes, was once molten. These dyke-stones are often composed of very fissured stone which the waves easily disrupt and bear away: it often happens indeed that the material resembles a mass of billets of wood heaped closely together, as in the case of the Giant's Causeway of northern Ireland. When frost acts with vigor, as it does along most of the shores where the pulpit-rock structure occurs, its effect is greatly to aid the surges in rending away these dyke-stones, while it may have very little influence on the more compact parts of the cliff.

The action of freezing and of frozen water along all cliff shores in high latitudes is very great. In such regions indeed the coast line has a very different aspect from what it has in latitudes where water always remains fluid. In the act of freezing water expands about one-ninth of its mass. Thus on our northern shores, when the tide recedes for a considerable distance from the cliffs, the water exposed in the crevices often congeals to the distance of some inches from the face of the rock. Expanding in the opening, it produces an effect like the wedges which the quarryman uses in his art. Every cranny is sought out by the fluid; many fissures which are not evident to the eye are thus forced open, and so the fragments of the stone which the greater storms have rent from the cliff are brought to a size where the lesser waves can toss them about. In this way the frosted shores are able to present steeper cliffs than those which are not thus affected, and when all the work has to be done by the action of the waves with such slight assistance as the slow chemical decay of the rocks may afford.

While the expanding action of the frost is doubtless most efficient in wearing back the face of rock-cliffs, the effect of the ice which gathers along the shore is probably of yet more importance. In all times of comparative calm, when the temperature is low enough rapidly to freeze the water next the shore, the ice gathers in extensive fields and often becomes heaped up by the drifting of these areas until it has a thickness of ten feet or more. When the tide is low the stones become fixed in the mass, and by the current, when in this position, are driven as rasping engines against the base of the cliff. In this way the ice-imprisoned stones continue the work which the winds have begun and accomplish a great deal of abrasion. The most important influence of the ice-fields, however, is to clear away from the shore the excess of detritus which the waves may have accumulated there. The reader may often observe points where this mass of stones is so great that the waves are fended from the cliff which they are as-

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sailing, except where the tide lifts the surface of the sea to its greatest height. Thus it may be, for a few hours in the twenty-four, they may strike against the base of the ocean cliff. A single heavy and enduring frost may so bind this detritus into the ice-field that the tide, aided by a strong wind from off the shore, can drift it all away to be dropped on the bottom of the deep sea possibly miles from the coast-line. Nearly all the rocky shore of the Atlantic coast, that is as far south as New York, beyond which point to the southward there are no hard rocks facing the sea, is kept, by this peculiar action of the ice-floes, in good shape to be assaulted by the surges.

The realm of nature exhibits a conflict of marvellously related operations; scarce any of her agents are able to act with perfect freedom; we therefore may not be surprised to find that the work of frost and ice is much qualified by other actions. We note among these conflicting conditions the effect of the coast-line sea-weeds on the effect of frost. From a point a little below high tide to the border of deep water the rocky shore is usually covered with a dense growth of these lowly plants. The growth is generally so thick that we cannot discern any part of the rock. When the tide has a great rise and fall, as in the part of the shore about the eastern coast of Maine and New Brunswick, a journey along the shore at low water will give the student one of the most startling impressions which his studies can afford him. The steep cliffs are hung with a sombre arras of funeral hue made up of those pendant fronds which cover the rocks to a depth of a foot or more. Observing these plants when they are floating in the water, we perceive that they are buoyed up by numerous air-bladders which develop in their obscure leaf-like foliage. These air-bladders, as well as the air entangled in the mass of the matted stems which cover the rock, serve in a measure to keep out the frost when the shore is bared at the retreat of the tide. The coating acts as an excellent non-conductor, and by it our shores in high latitudes are in a large measure protected from the destruction produced by the expansion of freezing water in the rock crevices.

In a somewhat similar, but, on the whole, less effective way, protection against frost action is afforded by the coating of animal life which abounds on the rocks of the sea-shore. The barnacles are the commonest of these dwellers of the surges which have by various contrivances managed to withstand the rude blow of the waves and win a profitable place amid this field of dangers; but the numerous shells termed limpets, and a host of other delicate but exquisitely adjusted creatures, maintain a foothold there. The fact is that the fiercely contending waters of a rocky coast-line afford a singularly favorable place for animals to find food. Every stroke of the waves rends away bits of sea-weed from the rocks and grinds the fragments into bits which may be seized on by the expectant mouths. The winds drift vast quantities of organic matter from the deeper sea, which receives like treatment from the mill of the surf. The result is that the water next the shore is a rich soup or broth capable of nourishing a vast amount of animal life. On sandy shores there is no foothold for such creatures; if they were placed there the first wave would cast them into the mill, but on the firm set rocks they can, by various most ingenious devices, manage to make avail of this chance for subsistence. One may judge how well-spread is this table of the shore by taking a glass of water from the turmoil of the surf: we see that it is crowded with the débris of animals and plants, all of which is good nutrition for these marine creatures.

To win security against the waves, and thus to be able to get safety and feed at this richly furnished board, the shore animals have for ages been most assiduously contriving ways of securing themselves to the rock. Thus the barnacles, whose remote ancestors were free-swimming creatures somewhat like the shrimps, began by adhering by their head-parts to floating timber or rocks not much exposed to the waves, and gradually, by one change after another, all apparently designed to the one end, have come to a nearly perfect reconciliation with the condi-

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tions which surround them. Their original form is no longer recognizable, for they are now cased in a cone formed of stony plates, and only these parts fairly anchored to the rock on which they rest. Their net-like fringe of arms can, whenever for a moment the sea is still, sweep the water about them, and when the surge is about to strike, withdrawing in their shells, which by their shape part the wave, they are perfectly protected. So, too, the limpets have converted the ordinary snail-like shell into a stout buckler, which when lifted as the wave withdraws, admits the sea-water with its nutriment. As the water closes down on it the edge of the shield comes upon the surface of the rock and is held there by the short muscle which forms a large part of the animal's body. Animals and plants pay with infinite toil and pains for their chance to secure food in places where they are fairly protected against organic enemies. The surf line is by its conditions the best provisioned part of the sea; it is free from creatures which can prey upon its inhabitants, and to gain a place in it it is worth while for any creature to make many sacrifices.

While the effect of this organic life, both animal and vegetable, is mainly protective, by fending off the frost, and to a certain extent diminishing chemical decay, there are certain animals which themselves assail the rocks and, in a measure, hasten their destruction. A whole group of shell-fish related to our common mytilus, the sea-muscles of the vernacular, are known as lithodomes or rock-house makers. They, in some way not yet well known, but probably by the rasping action of their shells, cut out little chambers in soft rock which sometimes attain a depth of several inches. Where these creatures are numerous they honeycomb the stone and make it so frail that the waves can break it up. Certain of our echini, or sea-urchins, have in yet greater measure this ability to bore into the rocks: they can by the movement of their frail-looking spines tunnel downward in materials as hard as granite; as their bodies are larger than the lithodomi, they bore much greater holes. These chambers are often as much as two inches in diameter with a depth of a foot or more, and afford one of the most remarkable evidences of the effort which organic forms make to avail themselves of the profit which the shore conditions afford. So far as has been observed, this habit of rock-boring on the part of the sea-urchins is not known among our American species, though it is common among their kindred on the shores of Europe.

Hitherto we have been considering the action of the ocean waves and currents on shores where the harder kinds of rock meet the sea. Although this is the commoner condition of the coast in its cliff-bordered sections, there are many steeps formed by the frailer rocks, such as are afforded by the glacial deposits of northern countries or the incoherent strata of the newer geological formations, when the bits of such beds have not been bound together in the firm way in which we find them in most old deposits. Along the coast of the Atlantic, from the mouth of the Hudson to Greenland, particularly in the southern portion of this shoreland, are hundreds of miles of steeps where the sea beats directly against these yielding materials; operating on these cliffs the sea-waves do not have much difficulty in breaking down the strata; at every stroke they give way along the face of the cliff, and the frail overhanging mass quickly drops down to the shore. There are of course no sea-caverns, no penetrating chasms, or other irregularities which indicate the slow and difficult siege of the sea against the stony walls of the hard battlemented shores. Such coast-lines are usually straight and present little that is picturesque, except, as at Gay Head, Mass., and at Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, the soft strata are of varied colors and perhaps tilted and folded in complicated ways; in such cases the cliffs may have a marvellous beauty of hue to redeem their lack of variety in contour.

The only difficulty the waves have in making a rapid conquest of these soft cliffs arises from the task of clearing the waste accumulation of débris which comes to them from the yielding rock. Except where the beds contain large numbers of great bowlders, as is often the case with glacial deposits, there is no

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such difficulty as arises from the need of grinding up the rock into bits which the currents can carry away, for it comes to the waves in a comminuted form. The burthen of this work of destruction falls upon the currents, and the speed with which the cliff is worn away depends upon their ability to remove the fallen material from the point where the waves have delivered it to the sea. It is rare indeed that these currents can in their work keep pace with that of the waves: in large measure this débris remains just to the seaward of the shore-line, and is only slowly removed to a distance, to the neighboring beaches or to the deeper parts of the water: in this position next the shore, it so far shallows the water that all the greater waves break at a distance from the face of the cliff and only the lighter splash waves attain its base. Gradually the undertow of the breaker drags the débris to seaward, and the varying currents produced by the tides and storms remove it from the precipitous shores to the pocket beaches, where, as we shall see hereafter, it is ground to powder. The result of these causes is one of the many beautiful adjustments of activities which the study of the shore brings to our attention. The waves excavate only what the currents can take away; if at any time they cut out more débris than is removed, their energy is diminished by the shoaling of the water next the shelf; if the currents clear away more of the waste, the surges are for a time free to act and deliver more sand and gravel to the sea. Thus the works of excavation and carriage become accurately balanced with each other.

It is on these soft-rock shores, where strong currents operate, that we find the swiftest conquests of the sea over the land. On the hard-rock cliffs the erosion rarely forces the cliffs inward at a greater average rate than a fraction of an inch a year, while on gravelly or sandy shores the rate often exceeds a yard per annum. Thus, on the coast of Cape Cod, near Chatham, the shore is retreating into the land at the rate of at least a foot each year. On the southern shore of Martha's Vineyard, the recession of cliffs which are about one hundred feet high, has been, on an average of forty years, about three feet, and on the southern face of Nantucket, near Surfside, the retreat of the escarpment has been as much as six feet in a single year. Although composed of somewhat harder materials, the Island of Heligoland, in the north of Germany, near the mouth of the Elbe, exhibits a similarly rapid process of destruction; though within the historic period it was a tolerably extensive land, it has shrunk before the surges of the sea until it has an area of only one or two square miles; it seems doomed to complete effacement within another century. So, too, the Goodwin Sands, now only a dangerous shoal at the eastern end of the English Channel, probably was in the early Christian centuries an island of soft rock which the sea wore away until its waves closed over the place where it had been. If the historic period of North America were as great as that of Europe, we should doubtless have many instances of such vanished lands. As it is, we can see that many capes and isles on the northeastern shore of this continent are impending on destruction. No Man's Land, a lonely island of glacial drift on the Massachusetts shore, south of Martha's Vineyard, is rapidly wasting before the attack of the stormy sea to which it is exposed; it seems likely that in less than a century this shred of land will have disappeared. The same is the case with Sable Island, near the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the remnant of a mass of débris left by the last glacial period, probably a portion of a frontal moraine, is rapidly giving way before the waves and currents which are carrying its sands to the neighboring deep sea. In fact, all such islands are liable to very rapid destruction, for the reason that the waves find less difficulty in removing the débris than they do on the continental shores. Around an island of inconsiderable size the débris is readily borne away by the strong currents, and is quickly cast into deep water, so that it does not, for any considerable time, obstruct the work of the waves. On the long continental strands, however, the waste from yielding cliffs does not so easily escape from the shore; the greater part of it is forced to creep

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along the coast-line until it passes from the district of cliffs, and finds its way into the pocket beaches.

Before leaving the zone of the coast where the sea is working the cliff backward into land, we must not fail to consider the action of the tides on such a shore. We have already noted some incidental effects of these singular movements of the ocean waters; we must now look upon their larger manifestations, and consider how they affect the processes of the shore. As is well known to the reader, the tidal movement is due to the attraction of the sun and moon upon the mass of the earth; in fact, every star in space pulls upon the earth; but the moon, because of its nearness, and the sun, because of its magnitude, and as compared to the fixed stars its relative propinquity to our sphere, pull with enough energy to raise the sea above its prevailing level. The attractions of these bodies tend to divert the whole mass of the earth, and if it were completely fluid in its depths, as geologists once supposed, the sea and the land would alike rise in a low tidal-wave, and we should notice no movement of the oceans. Because of certain features in this pulling action of sun and moon, there are two tides corresponding to each of the attracting bodies. If the earth were uniformly covered by a very deep ocean, one of these tides would be approximately under the sun or satellite, and the other on the opposite side of the earth. Owing, however, to the irregular form of the lands, these tidal waves have to chase around the earth, rushing up the narrow spaces between the lands, and so fall behind their due place. Moreover, because the solar and lunar tides are sometimes in the same place and sometimes far apart from each other, these two waves now and then conjoin their volume and again oppose each other. The result is that the tides, though they have a certain regularity, are, as regards their rise and fall, rather irregular phenomena. Furthermore, they are more or less affected by the action of the wind; a heavy storm blowing off the shore will cause the tide to retreat farther, and advance less far than when the wind is blowing violently toward the shore. These varying conditions much affect the action of the tidal waves on most coast-lines.

The form of every coast to which the tides find access very greatly affects the way in which they operate upon it. In the open sea the rise and fall of the tide is slight, probably not exceeding a foot or fifteen inches. If the shores of the continents were straight shore walls parallel to each other, with the sea very deep at their bases, the tidal swing would be no greater than it is in the middle of the great Southern Ocean; but, as we know, the coast abounds in re-entrant and salient angles, deep bays, and strong promontories, and in this complication of paths which they open to the waters the tide is curiously affected. Wherever an ocean or bay opens a wide mouth to the entering tide and narrows its shores at the head of the re-entrant, the swift-running broad wave moving inward, usually at the rate of several hundred miles an hour, is compressed in the narrowing channel and forced to rise to a greater height than in the open sea. Thus in the North Atlantic, the shores of which converge toward the North Pole, the tide rolling up from the Southern Sea is constrained to rise to several times the height it had in the more open water. So, too, when a bay is more broad-mouthed and tapers to a sharp head, as is the case in the Bay of Fundy or the mouth of the Severn, the tidal wave is yet further constrained and forced up, it may be, to an elevation of fifty feet or more above the lowest level of the sea. Every considerable variation in the form of the shore has its effect upon the rise of the tide. Thus in passing north from Cape Florida to the St. Lawrence, the well-trained student of the tides would be able to determine in a general way the shape of the shore by the rise and fall of the sea.

It is easy to conceive how the average of the tidal currents depends, in the most intimate way, upon the altitude the wave attains in the diurnal movement. When, as on the coast of Florida, the rise and fall is probably not on the average much more than one foot, we may have but feeble movements created by the tidal swing; in the region about

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the Bay of Fundy, where the rise is fifty feet or more, the streams have a swiftness and energy comparable to those exhibited by the greater cataracts. The capacity of the tidal currents, like that of all streams, their power to scour and convey sediments, depends immediately on the speed with which they move. When, as on the eastern coast of Maine, they often flow at the rate of six or eight miles an hour, a speed nowhere attained by the waters of the Mississippi, they strip all the shores on which they impinge of all their fine detritus which may have accumulated there, and thus expose the rock to the effective action of the waves.

For the reason that these tidal currents are most energetic when they are confined as in a wedge-shaped bay, they exert their maximum influence not on the open coast, but in the recesses of the shore. The waves of the ocean tend to force the detritus they have torn from the exposed part of the shore into every neighboring bay, thus in time destroying all the inlets and bringing the shore to a uniformity of outline; but where the sun and moon pull the waters about and send them whirling into the bays and harbors, the currents which are thereby produced scour out the sand, clay, and pebbles which the waves have imported into these recesses and remove them again into the open sea.

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# IN EGYPT.

*By Benj. Paul Blood.*

EGYPT, my dream! Low in the burning noon
Beside the River, while the lotos lolls,
And sheds her torpor on the flood that rolls
The mystery from the Mountains of the Moon,
I lay me where at last I choose to lie—
Where men first said, "Build for eternity!"

Remains—remains! What is it that shall last,
Since these are wasting that were set so sure?
"We crumble; but thy fancies shall endure!"
They mock me from deep vistas of the past:
"Words vain as deeds! Fresh cohorts in the van
Shall turn the Stagirite as the Corsican."

Not less, I dream: dream of a higher light,
And larger framing of the picture here,
Wherein these waters to their fountains veer
Through pastures strange, and valleys out of sight,—
Dream of a purpose, and a something done,
A record kept, a goal that shall be won.

There is a Flower that blooms from all Decay;
There is a proverb from all lessons learned
Of self-same currents evermore returned,
And morrows ever but as yesterday;
And years shall breathe an effluence of our theme
Through all thy haunted dust, Egypt, my dream!

GIZEH, 1887.

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# PARIS THEATRES AND CONCERTS.

## IV. THEATRE-GOING HABITS AND CUSTOMS; THE CAFÉ CHANTANT; SYMPHONY CONCERTS; MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

*By William F. Apthorp.*

THE French love for the theatre can hardly be over-estimated. They love it for its own sake, for what they see and hear there. Even in Paris, it is only the more thoughtless votaries of pleasure, the busy idlers of the "*high-life*" (pronounced "igg-leaff") who look upon the theatre merely as one of the many environments in which social business is to be conducted. The sort of unreasoning, automatic attraction toward the theatre, the love for its very atmosphere, and the daily recurring homesickness for its thronged auditorium and deoxidated air, that one finds in almost all classes in Italy, are not characteristic of the average Frenchman, nor even the average Parisian. Leaving the "*high-lifeurs*" aside, you will find that, when the Paris idler goes to the theatre, or to a concert, he does so with the perfectly fixed intent of enjoying himself in a definite and predetermined way; he is careful to know beforehand just what he is to see, or hear, and makes up his mind that the entertainment will be to his liking before he buys his ticket. Once at the theatre, his absorption in what goes on on the stage is complete, and his disappointment correspondingly acute if the performance does not please him. Then, when boredom has fastened upon him—the thing in life he most abhors—he becomes a most unpleasant person to act to. The traditional cool apathy of a Boston audience does not begin to be the wet blanket to an actor's fire that the unconcealed boredom of a Paris house is. Loud expressions of disapproval have gone out of fashion, and are rather frowned down, but the uneasy restlessness of a house face to face with a dull play is communicative, and more eloquent of discontent than hisses and catcalls. And the Parisian seldom, if ever, takes refuge in that favorite resource of the American, when he finds himself bored: leaving the theatre before the play is over, and going home. He likes his dramatic or musical pleasure in large doses, partly as a matter of taste, and partly also for reasons of economy; for an evening out means a saving of firewood and lamp-oil at home. His thirst for pleasure is such that nothing is more terrible to him than a spoiled evening; he has come for pleasure, and sits on, hoping against hope, until the thing ends. If, on the other hand, he does really enjoy himself, his expressions of delight are of the frankest; he hugs himself for joy, his face beams satisfaction, his whole person is a-quiver with pleasure. Except at some of the *théâtres de quartier*, frequented mainly by the working and lower middle classes, he is not, as a rule, an uproarious applauder. When you see in Paris a man applauding frenetically and with good staying-power, you may safely conclude that he has some private ulterior reason for so doing, and that he is, upon the whole, something of a "Roman."* The Parisian usually applauds with little, sharp ejaculations of "*Bravo!*" or "*Bien! bien! très bien!*" and a varied assortment of "*Ah's*" and "*Oh's*," thrown out at the very moment that anything pleases him particularly. One of the things that first strike the stranger at concerts in Paris is the half-suppressed gust of "*O-o-o-o-hh!*" that passes over the audience, right in the midst of the music; at first it seems an irksome interruption, but when you are used to it you find it very communicative of enthusiasm.

Theatrical habits and customs in Paris are often very different—to the uninitiated stranger perplexingly different—from our ways of doing things here in America. At almost all theatres and regularly-established concerts there is a difference in price between the *billet*

*See chapter "De viris illustribus urbis Romæ" in Berlioz's "A travers chants."

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*pris en location* and the *billet pris au bureau*. These terms are purely technical, and, like several others in common use on play-bills and posters, calculated to bother the beginner in French not a little. You may be tolerably well up in your Fasquelle or Ollendorff, and it may still be some time before you succeed in fixing in your mind that *présentement* means "now," and *incessamment* "very soon;" that *location* has nothing to do with the word so much abused in the United States, but comes from *louer*, to hire, and means "hiring." Practically, all tickets are bought *au bureau*, at the box-office, unless perchance you buy them of a speculator; but technically, a *billet pris en location* is one that is bought before the day (or evening) of the performance, and costs from one to five francs more—according to the grade of the theatre—than the *billet pris au bureau*, which you buy, as we should say, "at the door." Wholly printed tickets on card-board are almost unknown. No matter at what hour you present yourself at the box-office, nor how long the *queue* in waiting may be, you have to wait for the functionary in charge to fill out a printed blank in writing.

Once armed with your ticket, you find the door of the theatre guarded by one or two soldiers in full uniform—not *sergents de ville*, or policemen, but privates or non-commissioned officers in the regiment that happens to be detailed on sentry duty for that day. After struggling your way up to the narrow entrance, you may find the arm of one of these sons of Mars suddenly and firmly thrust out across the doorway, keeping you and the rest of the crowd back, until the batch of pleasure-seekers immediately ahead of you have passed the *contrôle*. This *contrôle* is an imposing, not to say majestic, institution; only I have never been quite able to see what useful end it accomplishes. In the vestibule, opposite the door, you find a sort of raised counter, like an overgrown student's writing-table, behind which are seated three solemn individuals in evening dress—or perhaps I should rather say full dress, for the English idea of associating the dress-coat exclusively with the evening does not obtain on the Continent.

They look like Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus. Rhadamanthus, who sits in the middle, silently stretches out his hand for your ticket, which he forthwith gives either to Minos or Æacus, according as the number of your seat is odd or even. Whichever of the two judges it may happen to be, tears off a corner of the ticket, and returning it to you with an urbane suavity that has nothing of the Rhadamanthine sternness in it, points out the corridor you are to take.

This little comedy over, you fall incontinently into the clutches of the *ouvreuse*, or box-opener. Parisians, not to speak of strangers, look upon the *ouvreuse*, as they do upon the *concierge* of apartment-houses, in the light of a national calamity. The press has tried its best for years to abolish, or in some way modify, her. Personally speaking, I do not consider the *ouvreuse* an unmixed blessing, and she is certainly an occasional stimulus to profanity. But she is not an unmitigated nuisance, either; she has her good side. All theatres have a *vestiaire*, or cloak-room; but we all know what a struggling business it is to reclaim one's belongings from that repository at the end of the play. Instead of going to the *vestiaire*, you can give your overcoat and umbrella to the *ouvreuse*, who, being but one of an army, has personally a limited domain to govern, and correspondingly few coats to look after. She will take your things and return them to you, in your seat, just before the last act. Then you have to hold them in your lap for the rest of the time; but this is better than having to fight for them at the *vestiaire*. The *ouvreuse* shows you to your seat, sees that you have a play-bill, and—here is where her unpleasant side comes in—will do her best to make you take a *petit banc*, or footstool. Of course she expects a fee for all this, and, with a person of her experience in ways and means, expecting and getting are one and the same thing. Even in summer, when you have no overwear to confide to her charge, when you sternly resist her blandishments in the *petit banc* matter, and all she does for you is to hand you a play-bill or programme—on which latter the legend: "*Ce pro-*

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*gramme doit être distribué gratuitement,*" may, very likely, be plainly printed—she still expects a fee. But the fee she looks for will neither make you nor break you; and when a few fees have made you favorably known to her—to do this, they must not be too large—you begin to find her rather a convenience than otherwise.

If all this business of making good your right to a seat after buying a ticket is a little more complicated than with us, the process of getting to your place when you are invited by a friend, or have your *entrées* (free admission), is simplicity itself. A good instance of this was my own experience at the Théâtre-Français. One afternoon, I was told by M. Claretie's secretary that my application, seconded by M. Francisque Sarcey, was granted, and that I had my *entrées* to the theatre for two months. No ticket, pass, or other credentials were given me, but I was told that "it would be all right." On presenting myself at the *contrôle*, the first evening, I found that my name had been given to none of the three presiding functionaries, and that they had been told nothing about my right to enter; but, on my saying that I had my *entrées*, I was immediately invited to pass on to the swinging door leading to the orchestra stalls. Here I found the *placeur*, or seater, who did have my name down on his list, and forthwith offered me the choice of several seats in the first four rows. Afterward the *placeur* knew me by sight, and did not refer to his list again. Precisely the same thing happens at every theatre in Paris, when you are invited by a friend to a seat in the stalls or balcony, or to his own private box, except that, unless your host happens to be a member of the acting troupe, no list is referred to. You tell the *contrôle* and the *placeur*, or *ouvreuse*, that you are invited to such and such a seat, or box, and you are immediately shown to it. Even if you arrive before your host, who has the ticket, or is known to own the box, it is just the same; your word is taken for it that you belong there. Such a system is made possible only by there being no "general admissions" sold to the better parts of Paris theatres; every right you have to enter, either by purchase or invitation, is a right to a perfectly definite seat (except in the case of free *entrées*), and that seat is yours unless someone else can show a superior claim to it.

At most theatres a certain number of the best seats in the stalls are reserved for critics and other authorized deadheads until the play begins; then the list of such as are still unclaimed is sent by the *placeur* to the *bureau*, and they are sold to the first comer. In this way the general public may often have a better chance at a good seat, at a theatre that is not doing a very thriving business, by taking tickets *au bureau* than by taking them *en location;* by waiting until the last moment, one may get an unoccupied critic's seat.

The Paris critic's power over public opinion may be no greater than that of his crafts-brother in New York or any other American city; but his power within the walls of a theatre is well-nigh limitless. The oftener he deigns to come to a theatre and occupy, with a friend, two of the best seats that can be found, the better the management likes it. He is looked for, not only on opening nights, but at any time during the run of a play. He is treated with the utmost deference, as a power to be propitiated, and all sorts of attentions are lavished upon him. The theatres in Paris—at all events the principal ones—have no "pull" whatever on the business office of a newspaper; no theatrical manager can hold the possible withdrawal of his advertisement *in terrorem* over an editor, as can be done here. Theatrical announcements go into the Paris papers as news, and not as advertisements, and are, as a rule, of the very briefest and most summary description. The dramatic or musical critic is absolutely unmuzzled; he can write what he pleases, and as he pleases, and the managers have no redress except indictment for libel, or else the duel.

On taking your seat at a theatre or orchestral concert in Paris, you notice that, roughly speaking, every man in the house, whether in the stalls, the balcony, or the boxes, wears his hat until the performance begins. The English wear their hats in clubs, which I believe the French, as a rule, do not. On going into a shop or business office

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the German takes his hat off and lays it down somewhere, the Frenchman merely touches it politely, the Englishman does nothing about it. But neither the Englishman nor the German wears his hat in a theatre. A Frenchman is very careful to take off his hat in church, or in a gambling saloon; but at the theatre he keeps it firmly on his head until the curtain goes up. As soon as the act-drop falls at the end of an act, every man in the stalls claps his hat upon his head, stands up, turns his back upon the stage, raises his opera-glass to his eyes, and scans the ladies in the balcony and boxes with leisurely interest. After this he may stroll out into the *foyer*, or make calls in the boxes, or drop into the café next door for a *mazagran* * or a glass of beer. There is always a café next door to a theatre, which looks to the entr'actes for a good deal of its business. The Parisian is by no means averse to long entr'actes; much as he loves the drama, there is no pleasure in life that cannot be heightened for him by being interspersed with social chit-chat and a glass or two of something good. He takes an evening's enjoyment in the most generous acceptation of the term, and, unlike the Bostonian theatre-goer, is in no hurry to get home. When the Madison Square Theatre in New York adopted its double stage, by which the entr'actes were reduced to a minute or two each, a Frenchman in the audience exclaimed indignantly that such a thing would never be tolerated in Paris.

Full dress is not very common at Paris theatres; that cult for the dress-coat that is almost universal in England does not exist in France, except in anglomaniac *high-life* circles. As I have already hinted, the Frenchman in general looks upon the dress-coat as an essentially gala garment, and not especially associated with the evening. He is rather averse to wearing it on ordinary occasions; not from the feeling that prevails largely in the United States, that the dress-coat has a taint of snobbishness, and is a reminder of constitutionally unrecognized class distinctions; for he looks upon it, on the contrary, as the great social leveller which makes all classes, at least externally, equal, but because it is associated in his mind with a certain degree of festivity, and also with the trouble of dressing. Nestor Roqueplan held it in especial abhorrence, and you could pay him no subtler nor more welcome compliment than by coming to one of his famous dinners in a sacque-coat. It is only at the Opéra, and on Tuesday evenings at the Français, that you see a preponderance of dress-coats in the audience. But, per contra, every public performer —singer, pianist, violinist, or lecturer— appears in full dress even at morning and afternoon entertainments.

The ill ventilation of Paris theatres has often been enlarged upon; it, like the uncomfortable seating, is indeed a thing of horror! One might almost take these two items as sufficient proof of the intense love the French have for the theatre; on the principle of what a Frenchman once said of the English, that they must be fonder of smoking than any other people, judging from the terrible inconvenience to which they are willing to put themselves in order to "enjoy" a cigar. Anyone who knows the Cimmerian gloom, desolation, and discomfort of a London smoking-room can appreciate this. The Frenchman's lamb-like toleration of superheated foul air in theatres is not wholly easy to account for. He is largely an out-of-door liver; his rooms at home are not overheated as ours are, for the Parisian *calorifère*, or furnace, only takes the sheer shaving edge off the cold, and he is proverbially economical of fuel. He is very sensitive to intense summer heat, but, although he has a wholesome respect for draughts, he has little objection to cold, or to sudden changes of temperature. Between the acts he will come out of a stewing theatre into the cold, damp night air without his overcoat, and will sit smoking his cigarette in the café at 55° Fahrenheit, with perfect contentment. In general, his every-day life is passed in rather better air than that of the average American. Yet, at the theatre, he is content to breathe a Malebolgean atmosphere, such as would insure the speedy bankruptcy of a theatre in the United States. The heat and bad air in Paris theatres come, no doubt,

* Black coffee served in a goblet.

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mainly from an imperfect system of ventilation; but they come also in great measure from the terrible overcrowding of the house. Every possible inch of space is made available to increase the seating capacity of the *salle*. The orchestra stalls are sometimes capacious and comfortable enough, but the boxes are ludicrously small; a box for six is a tight fit for four, at most theatres. The cramping discomfort of the seats in the boxes is almost unimaginable by anyone who has not sat in them.

The means of lighting the stage, and the machinery for shifting scenery, are exceedingly primitive, according to our notions, and it is only the wonderful carefulness and unintermittency of French supervision that makes the houses even tolerably safe from fire. The Government requires the constant presence behind the scenes of two or more *pompiers*, or firemen, according to the size of the house, and the unremitting inspection of these Argus-eyed officials, makes up for much carelessness in construction and arrangement. I have seen a fish-tail gas-jet, wholly unguarded by a wire globe, burning at full blast, so near a piece of scenery that a sudden draught would inevitably have brought the flame into contact with the canvas; but no harm came from it, for the *pompier's* eye was on it. I doubt whether any theatre in Paris has its stage completely lighted by electricity alone; certainly such a perfect system of electric lighting as is to be found at the new Tremont Theatre in Boston is utterly unknown there. The very description of it, given to a noted Paris stage-manager by an American, was received with evident incredulity. It takes half as many men again to shift scenery as it does in our newer theatres.

It would be an incomplete account, indeed, of Paris theatres and concerts that omitted all mention of the *café chantant*. This peculiar form of entertainment is by no means peculiar to Paris; it flourishes all over the continent of Europe; in England its place is taken by the music hall, and with us, in America, to a certain extent, by the variety show and dime museum. But it probably attains its greatest perfection in Paris; it is a sort of entertainment exceedingly popular in the French capital, although Parisians, as a rule, do not seem to be particularly proud of it. I have never been quite able to make up my mind as to what class of audience its delights especially appealed to. It takes a pretty long sojourn in a foreign country to develop a quick eye for social distinctions. The only glowing encomiums on the *café chantant* I have ever heard, have come from Englishmen or Americans, for every Frenchman I have ever spoken with on the subject has pronounced the thing to be "*simplement lugubre*" — "simply dismal." I suppose strangers keep up their spirits at these entertainments by imagining that they are getting an authentic whiff of the essence of Paris life; but if all Paris life were like this, Paris would be a very city of tombs, a perfect Aceldama for cheerfulness. And yet the *café chantant* is, in its way, a sample of one characteristic side of Paris life; the proportion of strangers in the audience is, upon the whole, small. Leaving out of consideration the various winter establishments of this sort in almost every part of the city, let me confine myself to the three summer places that open every year as soon as the warm spring weather permits, in the Champs-Élysées, and add much to the nocturnal splendors of that wonderful avenue. Leaving the Place de la Concorde behind you see two of these flaming gardens, back to back, on your right: the Café des Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar d'Été; opposite them, on your left, stands the Pavillon de l'Horloge. These three are the principal *cafés chantants* in Paris, and a description of one will do for all. The chief attraction at each one is always some famous comic singer; thus last summer the Alcazar had the renowned Paulus, who "created" (as the French say) "*Revenant de la revue*," better known here as the "Boulanger March." At the Ambassadeurs sang Kam-Hill (a fantastic stage-spelling of Camille, his real name), whose chief distinction is that he sings in a scarlet dress-coat; while at the Pavillon de l'Horloge, over the way, Yvette Guilbert sang nightly. Paulus is an old stager, and no little

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of a celebrity; he is an artist in "*diction*," every syllable he speaks or sings stands out with beautiful distinctness, and he has a certain native *vis comica*, although it seems to me that this last power of his has been somewhat overrated. The songs he sings are innocent enough, and their comic essence seems nicely adapted to the wants of all-but-feeble-minded. How anyone in his senses can be provoked to laugh by them passes my understanding; still they do not make you absolutely melancholy. With Kam-Hill the case is different; more than five minutes of him would go near to make a man look sad — even without the death of a dear friend; ten minutes plunge you into a black gloom, and after a quarter of an hour you think of suicide. Paulus is at least droll, and like a true artist, emphasizes the fun of what he sings, such as it is; but Kam-Hill tries to be funny himself, regardless of the humorous quality of his songs, and fails most dismally. In short, Kam-Hill is to me the most incomprehensible popular fad I have ever come across.

Yvette Guilbert, at the Pavillon de l'Horloge, stands alone. You might take your children to hear Paulus or Kam-Hill without more serious results to them than softening of the brain; but the songs Yvette Guilbert sings have a frank, outspoken purulence that surpasses anything of the sort I have ever heard in public. She is eminently a *chanteuse fin-de-siècle*, which term means anything you please that is corrupt. But she is an artist, for all that, and to my mind far more talented than either Paulus or Kam-Hill. She hardly ever makes a gesture, or movement, and has little or no play of facial expression; she is not in the least droll. The enormous effect she produces comes from perfect distinctness of utterance, and an astonishing skill in vocal inflection. I have never seen anything like it; it is, in its way, the perfection of highly finished art. There is absolutely no apparent effort, and the most irresistible pungent result. No doubt this is partly due to personal charm of rather an ophidian sort, and to there being nothing in her face, bearing, or presence that corresponds in the least to the terrible coarseness and depravity of the things she sings; for has not Schopenhauer said that the prime essence of the comic is incongruity? Paulus, Kam-Hill, and Yvette Guilbert are the three recognized *di majores* of the comic song. Almost every night during the season, which lasts, as an eminent Archbishop once said, from Easter to the Grand-Prix, they repair, after the performance is over, to evening parties in *high-life*, financial, or even official, circles, and there sing over again the songs they have just sung on the Champs-Élysées.

The *café chantant* itself is a garden, enclosed by iron railings and shrubbery, and lighted by garlands and festoons of gas-jets in milk-glass globes; at one end is a stage, with proscenium arch and curtain. In front of it sits the orchestra. Then come rows of fixed seats, a little shelf running along the back of each row to hold the cups and glasses of the people sitting in the row next behind it. A reserved seat ticket gives you the right to one *consommation*—a cup of coffee or chocolate, a glass of anything you please, from beer to champagne, a portion of brandied cherries, or a tiny ice. To get a really good seat, during the season, you must take your tickets *en location*, for the place is almost always crowded. At the back of the garden is the café and restaurant. The entertainment consists of comic songs—each singer singing off his or her batch of songs in succession, and not appearing again — of juggling, learned dogs, and acrobatic tumbling. The star goes on near the end of the performance. How any living soul can go a second time is a matter of wonder.

But there can be but little doubt that the ever-increasing popularity of the *café chantant* has done much to displace the at one time flourishing orchestral concerts of the very lightest sort of music —such as, for instance, the old Concert-Musard, near the Palais de l'Industrie, where the Jardin de Paris now is—and has even seriously cut into the business of some of the smaller vaudeville theatres. It has exerted a very similar influence, in its competition with the more legitimate light comic drama and light musical entertainments, to that exerted by Offenbach *opêra-bouffe* during the Second Empire and a decade or so later,

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in its triumphant competition with the lighter forms of *opéra-comique*. The tendency in both cases has been a downward one, and one might think that the *café chantant* had, by this time, pretty nearly reached bottom. Certainly, with Yvette Guilbert, it already borders dangerously on the legally indictable. Still, in so far as music is concerned, if the *café chantant* has, little by little, drawn away part of the Paris public from the old, and now almost extinct, concerts of dance-music, quick-steps, and light overtures, another, and by no means inconsiderable, part has been drawn upward from these entertainments by the symphony concerts of Colonne and Lamoureux.

These Sunday afternoon symphony concerts at the Châtelet and the Cirque d'Été are very well attended indeed, and, as far as I could make out, by every class in the community. The programmes at these concerts show one thing unmistakably: the prevailing deference paid in France to popular taste. At the Châtelet and Cirque d'Été you only semi-occasionally see an instance of that purely art-for-art's-sake spirit which has long been conspicuous in musical doings in New York, and perhaps still more so in Boston. You very seldom find a composition on the programme which bears internal evidence of having been selected simply and solely because it was intrinsically worth playing, without any regard to its pleasing the audience or not. Such attempts at forcing a fine work upon the public are common enough with us; but they are unspeakably rare in Paris. Of course, no end of things by native composers are brought out, with no very flattering outlook upon popular success; but here another element comes into play. National pride, the encouragement of national production, perhaps personal friendship for the composer, may have been at work, and, upon the whole, heaven knows what anxious soliciting, wire-pulling and outside pressure. But an important foreign work is hardly ever brought out, unless there seems to be a fair chance of its pleasing the public. The result is that the programmes have a singular flavor of provincialism and lack of enterprise. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn are played continually; their works have belonged to the regular repertory for years, and are, with the possible exception of Mendelssohn, extremely popular. During the last few years, Schumann has been added to the list, and even Niels Gade is beginning to find an opening. But these men are classic, their success is already assured. The fact still remains that, in Paris, the artistic capital of the world, you may go to the symphony concerts pertinaciously through a whole season, without getting therefrom the faintest notion of what is doing in the rest of the musical world. Very little by Raff, Dvořák, Goldmark, or Grieg has been given in Paris; only one symphony by Brahms (the No. 2, in D) has ever been played there. Wagner is the only foreign composer since Schumann who has gained any real foothold at all, and he may certainly be said to reign supreme with the public to-day. I do not think that he has touched the highest point in his French popularity yet.

The repeated, *soi-disant* political, opposition to his works, and their ever-growing artistic success, culminating in the production of "Lohengrin" at the Académie de Musique, last September, are indicative of much, especially when taken together with other signs of the times. One can sometimes learn more from being in Paris for a month than from reading about the doings there for years. Frenchmen do not invariably write exactly as they talk, any more than other people do; many French musicians do not even write at all, and, if you would get at their true feelings, you must talk with them. Those of us who have read much French musical criticism of late years, and the books by French composers that have appeared from time to time, have had to wade through a good deal of glowing rapture about "*notre jeune école militante.*" To believe reports, Paris was swarming with geniuses, with gifted pioneers in all sorts of brand new directions. Now, what conversation I had last winter with French musicians in Paris, even with very "advanced" ones, went far toward confirming one impression I had already got from a certain reading between the lines, and putting apparently trifling this's and thats to-

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gether; namely, that what the *jeune école militante*, together with some of its elder brethren, had principally been doing for the last ten or fifteen years, really amounted to whistling louder and louder to keep its own courage up. A prominent composer, with whom I had an hour's chat, spoke of the present condition of musical production in France in terms almost of despair. I do not think that a single composer now in France has much faith in any of the others, nor do I think that many have a very unshaken faith in themselves. And, as all of them, to a man, have one common cherished dream, that of writing something for the Opéra, and having it successfully produced there, Wagner is the man they are most terribly afraid of. As long as he was confined to the concert room, matters were not so desperate; but only let the success of "Lohengrin" be repeated at the Opéra with another work by Wagner, and the present French composers will have to look to their laurels; they know it, too, perfectly well.

The inveteracy of the French instinct for opera-writing is curious to study; nothing that has been done in France during the last half-century or so has really modified it; it is as strong as ever. No doubt this passion for writing operas has its practical, as well as its purely artistic, basis. A successful opera brings in more money to a composer than double its bulk in music of any other sort. But this is not, of itself, sufficient to explain the ruling passion; it is distinctly a national artistic instinct. Musical education in France is of the most thorough description; ever since Berlioz, French musicians have made extended studies in German instrumental music, and have done more and more in the way of instrumental composition. But the French composer still looks upon whatever orchestral or chamber music he may write as something written *ad interim*, to keep him before the public, and fill up the time until the day shall come when he can find an opening for himself at the Opéra-Comique or the Académie de Musique. His whole heart is not in his work until then. He seldom devotes himself to the largest form of orchestral composition, to writing full-grown symphonies, but prefers shorter genre pieces that can be more quickly written, and sooner brought out. The prospect of immediate performance is almost indispensable to him. The story Berlioz tells of himself in his "Mémoires," that he did not write a symphony, the theme of which came to him in a dream, because he had not money enough to bring it out when written, may be apocryphal, but it is eminently characteristic, not only of Berlioz, but of the French composer in general. Many a young composer who graduated from the Conservatoire with the stoutest educational equipment and the brightest outlook upon the future, has taken "temporarily" to writing opéra-bouffe when he found it necessary to keep the wolf from the door; and, the Opéra persistently refusing to give him an opening, has changed "temporarily" into "permanently," and kept on writing opéra-bouffe. Charles Lecocq took a prize in fugue at the Conservatoire, Audran one in composition at Niedermeyer's school, and their case is not an uncommon one, except in so far as their success is concerned.

It is the dearth of large and serious orchestral works by French composers that gives the programmes at the Châtelet and the Cirque d'Été such a curiously undignified, not to say frivolous, aspect. I heard one musician characterize them as "*des vrais programmes de café concert*"—as sheer musical variety shows. This is, unquestionably, going too far; but, although I went to comparatively few of these concerts last winter, I studied their programmes assiduously, week in, week out, and I failed to discover the slightest artistic *raison d'être* in any of them. They showed merely a certain number of, often admirable, compositions thrown together pell-mell, without regard for similarity of musical aim, logical sequence, or contrast.

At the Conservatoire matters are different. The Conservatoire, as its name implies, and ought to imply, is nothing if not conservative, and jealously guards its own dignity. The French composer of to-day, unless he be one of the old guard, with an established, world-wide reputation, finds that getting a compo-

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sition performed at the Conservatoire concerts is the next hardest thing to getting an opera accepted at the Académie de Musique. The Conservatoire gives programmes worthy of the name, programmes that the seriously-minded music-lover is really attracted to go and hear, well-balanced, artistically constructed, and interesting.

Both the Conservatoire and the two other concert establishments show, in the matter of performance, what an enormous power tradition exercises in France, and how dependent upon it French musicians are. There is little adaptability in the French character and in the French mind; they are, as a nation, singularly incapable of understanding or adopting an exotic point of view. Excepting an utterly superb and unsurpassable performance of the "Eroica" symphony at the Conservatoire, the German music I heard given in Paris was played, often with the most exquisite technical perfection, but almost always with, so to speak, something of a foreign accent. In the classic repertory they have, especially at the Conservatoire, pretty sound traditions to go by; traditions derived for the most part from Habeneck, who, although French by education, was much in touch with German musicians. Still there was, even here, a certain foreign flavor to the playing; both the conductors and the players seemed to take Mozart and Beethoven with a rather academic seriousness. The wonderful first theme in Mozart's G minor symphony, that beautiful "smile through tears," was played like clock-work; the finale in Beethoven's eighth symphony, the most over-brimming, rollicking piece of humor in all music, was played with all the grim earnestness befitting an exercise in counterpoint. The "Scene by the Brook-side," in the "Pastoral," was played with a certain delicate sensibility, very winning in its way, but utterly at variance with the German *Gemüth*. But, when the French conductor is brought face to face with a German work, with no traditions to fall back upon, there is a terrible chance of his going wrong. The topsy-turvying of the *tempi* and general bedevilment of the native force and accent of the music that M. Lamoureux wrought in Gade's C minor symphony, would have made a Leipziger stare. On the other hand, both he and M. Colonne seemed to me to do better with Wagner than most German conductors do who have not been under the master's immediate personal influence. Their inbred Gallic love for artistic measure guards them against the exaggerations of Wagner's "expressive" style of performance which are too common in Germany.

Musical criticism is not very strongly represented in Paris just now. There are two critics admirably equipped by education and culture, and possessed of no little critical acumen—Victor Wilder, of the *Gil-Blas*, and J. Weber, of the *Temps*. Wilder especially is a man of ideas, a thinker of rare force, and both men are to be spoken of with the sincerest respect. Still, even they do not do half what they might, and what the rest do is not worth considering seriously. The whole matter was put into a nut-shell by an eminent composer with whom I had a chat one day. "We have no musical criticism worth mentioning nowadays. There are Wilder and Weber, both of them strong men enough, but Wilder hardly ever writes. You may look through the *Gil-Blas* for months together without finding a word from his pen. As for Weber, he writes mainly about the music of savages. You can find nothing worth reading about what is actually going on in the musical world here, unless a man like Massenet happens to bring out a new opera—which is not often."

But with dramatic criticism it is another matter. Here we enter upon immensely interesting ground. The French art-instinct which leads the whole people, with one common accord, to value logical coherence and perfect clearness of expression above all other elements in art, is mirrored in French art-criticism in several striking ways — most strikingly of all, perhaps, in French dramatic criticism, with which I have especially to do now. In the last, analysis, every characteristic point in French criticism which differentiates it from English, American, or German criticism in the domain of æsthetics, can be traced to the influence of these

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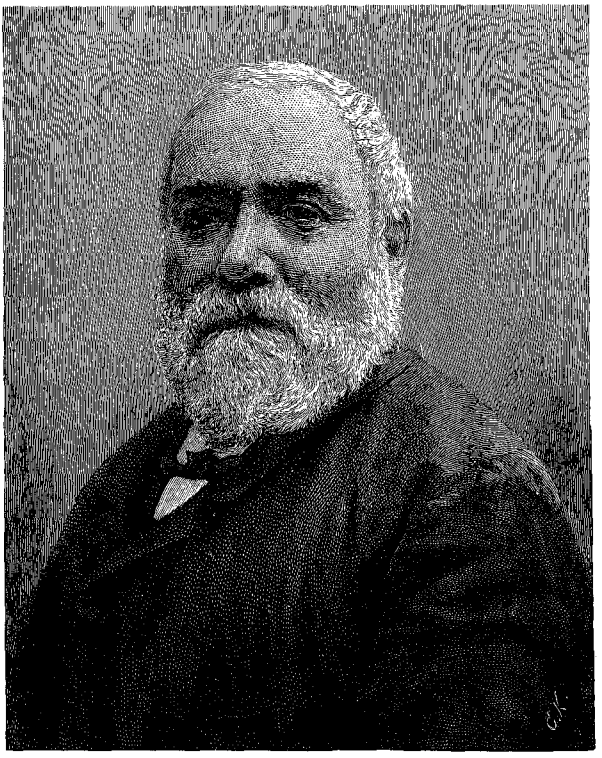
two strongly marked national traits: the love for logic, and the love for clearness.

The point that first strikes the



M. Francisque Sarcey.

thoughtful Anglo-Saxon reader of French criticism on the drama is its essentially democratic spirit. That claim to belong to a rather exclusive intellectual aristocracy, which is tacitly made by almost every German critic who takes himself seriously, is well-nigh unknown in France, where the very last thing the critic would be understood to imply is that he stands as the mouthpiece of, or is immediately addressing, an especially cultured class. French criticism, on the contrary, is very explicit in attaching a vast degree of importance to the ideas, the tastes, and intellectual habits of the average man, of the public at large. No doubt, the French, like the English or German critic, feels himself, in his heart of hearts, to be a superior person—that is unavoidable; but the only claim to superiority he ostensibly makes is based upon his more highly trained perspicacity, and his literary power of putting his ideas into a nut-shell. He is, as a rule, exceedingly cautious about assuming that he looks at things from a higher or more comprehensive point of view than the mass of his readers. He writes generally with a genial bonhomie, as if sure at the outset that his readers will agree with him. It is only when the French critic stands forth as the champion of a new school, of new and not generally accepted ideas, that he finds himself driven by the very force of circumstances into a more or less isolated intellectual stronghold, from which he addresses his public as from consciously higher ground. And it is, in general, only at the hands of critics in this peculiar and, according to French ideas, rather anomalous position that the art-enjoying public at large come in for that sort of half-contemptuous magisterial rating which, in Ger-



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many, England, or America, the average theatre-goer looks for, almost as a matter of course, from any critic of distinction. Indeed, it is quite characteristic of French ideas that the position of the critic who has to "talk down to" his audience is an anomalous one; and, as for the critic who would in any way talk over the heads of his public, he would be regarded simply as a solecism.

Undoubtedly, this democratic spirit in French dramatic criticism has one decidedly wholesome effect; it puts all intellectual snobbishness ruthlessly out of doors. When a French critic says he enjoys a composition or a play, you may be pretty sure that he really does enjoy it; it would not occur to him to pose before his readers as a man of superior taste and culture by simulating an admiration for—say a Shakespeare tragedy. To be sure, he does not find it necessary to write himself down an untutored savage in face of a work which the consensus of ages has pronounced great, but which he individually finds tedious. Now and then he may push frankness to the point of not concealing his ennui; but he generally has a set of polite conventional phrases ready for such cases, and glosses over the difficulty by a few quasi-perfunctory allusions to "the overwhelming work of the sublime master," much as he would in an after-dinner speech, or a funeral oration. He knows well enough that expressions of this sort are perfectly transparent, and that nobody will be fooled by them. He knows that, if the work bored him, it probably bored most of the rest of the audience too, and he thus has small fear of being called upon to listen to it again very soon. So he is not tempted to add that little extra-touch of severity to his article to which critics sometimes have recourse in self-defence against works which they personally do not like. It is not often that even a French critic has the complete frankness, in face of a great work, to write, as M. Sarcey did of a scene in "Hamlet," when that play was brought out at the Français, with Mounet-Sully as *Hamlet*: "I am a Frenchman, and especially French in this, that I find it impossible to be amused by what bores me!" Such a confession as this would seem to us to have a certain tinge of something very like undue levity.

And this brings me to a point which I cannot very well steer round, little as I feel like laying too much stress upon it. This democratic attitude of the French critic, this putting himself instinctively upon the same level with the mass of his readers, admirable as it is in its freedom from intellectual snobbishness, has still the disadvantage of bringing with it a certain levity of tone, a setting aside and ignoring of very high ideals. No doubt there are vast differences between critics. It is noticeable especially, that the champions of the *naturaliste* and the present *symboliste* movements have, as a rule, all the serious earnestness that belongs to a young and still militant school. Naturally, this might be accounted for differently, according to one's literary sympathies. The *naturalistes* might claim that all the really earnest men belonged to their party, while their opponents might retort that the *naturaliste* sympathizers were forced into this rather grim and un-Gallic seriousness merely by the peculiarity of their position. But, leaving the *naturalistes* aside, I must say that I have been constantly struck with a certain something, in almost all the dramatic criticism I have read in Paris—and I have read a good deal—to which I can give no other name than levity.

By far the most striking example of what I mean is M. Francisque Sarcey, the distinguished dramatic critic of the *Temps*. I would not be understood to bring forward M. Sarcey as a wholly fair example of the French critic, for he is admittedly an extremist, and extreme cases make shipwreck of the law. But, quite apart from his great ability and prestige, M. Sarcey is especially interesting on account of this very extremism of his; for he is an extremist just in those directions in which the French mind is most characteristically different from the Anglo-Saxon; he is ultra-Gallic. A more democratic critic of distinction probably never wrote, even in France; no one ever had a stronger faith in the average man. One even hesitates to sum up his literary and artistic point of view briefly, for fear of being inaccurate—so improbable and

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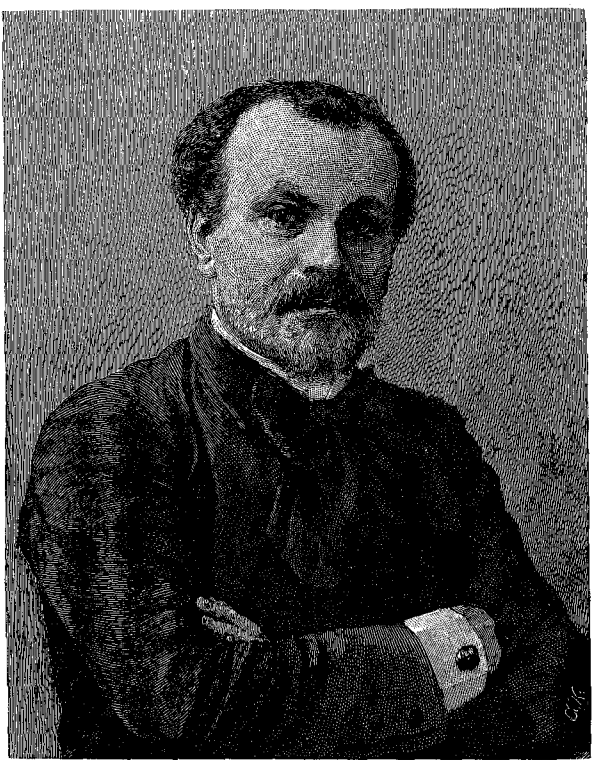
hard to believe in does it look, when set forth baldly in a categorical sentence. M. Sarcey's first principle of dramatic æsthetics may be thus stated: the chief aim of the stage is to amuse the public. His first criterion of the excellence of a play is the degree in which the public like it. If a play fails to amuse, it fails all over; if the public stay away, it is damned. One looks through the annals of dramatic criticism almost in vain, to find another man of M. Sarcey's position who possessed, and was proud of possessing, so little individuality of judgment. I once heard a distinguished French actor say: "*Mais c'est tout Paris qui fait le feuilleton de M. Sarcey.*"—"Why! all Paris writes M. Sarcey's articles." He listens to a play as with finger and thumb upon the audience's pulse; his criticism is a diagnosis of the audience's feelings. Like Mr. Pickwick, he shouts with the crowd, and, if there are two opposing crowds, he shouts with the biggest. It is only in the matter of dramatic and histrionic ways and means that he holds definite opinions of inflexible rigidity. He is a thorough believer in all stage conventionalities, no matter how artificial; he would have all unconventional character sternly tabooed from the drama. He says: "What we want in the drama is not truth, but logic." He would have a dramatic character all of a piece, the action of a play as plainly coherent as the three members of a syllogism; nothing exasperates him more than the unexpected, the unprepared. You constantly see in his criticisms on new plays: "But this took us by surprise; we had not been prepared for it, and consequently it did not move us. The author should have paved the way for it beforehand." The action of a drama should work up steadily to its *nodus*, which must be untied in "*la scène à faire*"—the "scene to be written," or "grand scene." This favorite expression of his has become a by-word in



M. Jules Lemaître.

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Paris. Last winter a wag, while crossing one of the bridges with him, pointed to the frozen river, and said: "*Regardez, M. Sarcey; voilà la Seine à faire!*" He was enthusiastic, a couple

M. Henri Fouquier.

of years ago, over *Hamlet's* interview with the *Queen*. 'Twas the *scène à faire*, and his only regret was that it did not unravel the whole plot. For the accessories of the stage, scenery and costume, he has a supreme contempt; the modern *naturalistic* drama is his pet abomination. The harshest criticism he can make on anything is: "It is not theatrical." Some years ago, he wrote of a certain scene in one of Molière's comedies: "Some people will exclaim here, 'What an insight into human character Molière had!' But I exclaim, on the other hand, 'What an admirable dramatic workman (*homme de théâtre*) Molière was!' His insight into human character has nothing to do with the matter. The scene takes hold of you, not because it is true, but because it adheres to the laws of effective dramatic construction." He has gone into the wildest raptures over the elder Dumas's "Tour de Nesle," a piece of what we should call pure Bowery drama. Nowhere can one find a more naïve levity of æsthetic point of view! It is the perfection of *bourgeoisie!*

But M. Sarcey exercises the greatest force in French dramatic criticism today. Even his most determined opponent, M. Émile Zola, admitted this, and with a very good grace, when he wrote some years ago: "Think of the days of Jules Janin's kingship, of him who had been crowned prince of criticism. He reigned by the grace of his wit. He was read for his charm, for the pretty things he knew how to embroider upon the trivial canvas of new vaudevilles and melodramas. Théophile Gautier, too, reigned as a writer of exceptional literary faculty, as one who wrote marvellous pages about some idiotic piece of buffoonery. When Théophile Gautier died, M. Paul de Saint-Victor, another very skilful melodist, who plays on his style as on a flute, thought that he was going to inherit his high situation. He saw himself already a prince, with a people of readers at his feet. But not at all. His readers left him to set off the prodigious fireworks of his sentences alone, and preferred M. Sarcey to him. He is the one who has become king.

"Note that M. Sarcey has not the least grace. His hand is singularly heavy. He crushes, when he means to stroke you. . . . He writes his feuilletons helter-skelter, as a priest hurries through a mass, saying what he has to say, and no more. For fifteen years that he has plied this trade of dramatic critic, he has had feuilletons in his penholder, he has but to let them flow out. Not the faintest care for style, not a flower. . . . Well! M. Sarcey's great power is perfectly explicable. He owes his position to two things: he always says what he thinks, and he represents at a theatre the mean intelligence of the public. . . . M. Sarcey has in his favor the frankness of his expression. He says what he feels. What he feels is often curious. But his criticism, nevertheless, assumes a tone of frankness about which no one can deceive himself. You think, 'Here is a man with a conviction.' And this gives him an enormous force, for, little by little, his readers, seeing him so conscientious, place confidence in him; they know he

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will not lie, and they end by accepting him as a sure guide."

Indeed, his frankness is at times startling; I know nothing like it in American journalism of the reputable sort. American newspaper criticism has the name of being rather personal now and then; but I don't think any New York or Boston critic of high reputation has ever pushed frankness to the point of saying of a noted actor, as M. Sarcey once did, that "his snub-nose and wide-split mouth did not fit him for the part;" or again, "We all admit Mme X——'s talent; but her talent has the gift of exasperating me, so I will say no more about her."

But M. Sarcey's frank directness and his always having something to say, are only the first elements in his power as a critic; they give his articles a brightness and vivacity which catch the attention, and make them good reading. Yet his true power as a critic is based upon another quality — upon his incomparable perspicacity, a perspicacity partly inborn, no doubt, but whetted to needle sharpness by an unquenchable enthusiasm for his subject, and an unusually extended experience. Never was critic possessed of a keener or clearer insight into the practical means by which the dramatic results he liked were to be accomplished or fallen short of. It may be difficult or impossible to accept his point of view, but one cannot help being struck with admiration by the completeness and clearness of his critical vision from that point of view. He always knows just where the shoe pinches, or where it fits to a nicety, as far as he himself, or the public with whom he identifies himself, is concerned. And what admirable journalism his writing is! His packing, the amount of matter he knows how to get into an article, is astonishing. No less wonderful is the amount of elbow-room he finds in the somewhat narrow confines of what they call in Paris the *rez-de-chaussée* of two pages. He writes as easily and chattily, with all sorts of diversions from his main theme, as if he were to have the whole paper to himself.

Yet, with all M. Sarcey's power and influence as a critic, with all his wonderful perspicacity and faculty of stating things clearly, one cannot study him long, especially one cannot be long in Paris and talk with other devotees of the drama, without discovering his Achilles-heel. It is not his extremism, his being more orthodox than the Pope, more Gallic than the French themselves; his weakness lies distinctly in his æsthetic point of view. He sins at the base, as the French say. His power is of a sort to be exercised successfully only over those of his own kind; he is really strong only in his own party. In controversy he is peculiarly weak; as a propagandist of his own ideas, he is almost null. His logical arsenal seems, at first sight, to be exceedingly well stocked with weapons, both defensive and offensive, and his skill in using them is indubitable. But, upon closer examination, one finds that all these cunningly devised and variously constructed instruments of defence and attack have the common defect of immobility; all his shields cover him from attack from one quarter only; all his ordnance is cemented fast into his bulwarks, and is all immovably aimed at a single point. He has no pivot-guns to rake the horizon. To drop the simile, and come down to plain English, all the arguments he has at command wherewith to demolish or convince a controversial antagonist reduce themselves, in the last analysis, to this simple statement: "If you do so and so, people will like it," or to its converse: "If you do otherwise, they will not." His opponent has only to reply: "And what of it?" to leave him utterly disarmed and helpless. He can only point to the large mass of the public, *le gros public*, and say: "They think as I do!"

And it must be admitted that M. Sarcey does stand pretty much alone among prominent critics in Paris. I have even found that the most cultivated habitual theatre-goers, and the most distinguished actors with whom I have talked on the subject, incline rather to smile at many of his conclusions, and absolutely refuse to accept his extreme point of view. He is looked upon, in the end, rather as the exponent of the general feeling of the *gros public* — for the *gros public* is not supposed, even by democratic French



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critics, to be much troubled with "views," except of the ready-made, traditional sort —than as a dramatic authority upon whom one can pin one's faith.

Yet, disavow his extreme conclusions as people may, I must own that I have been not a little surprised—perhaps I should rather say interested than surprised—to find how much Sarceyism there is in French dramatic criticism in general. Leaving aside the confessed *naturalistes*, it may be said that M. Sarcey stands apart from his fellow-critics rather than in opposition to them; it is, in the end, his extremism that separates him from them, more than anything else. For he undeniably does strike the characteristic key-note of French dramatic taste and feeling; only he forces the note. In his writings you find a continual exposition of the real French point of view, reduced, so to say, *ad absurdum*. Look where you will in French dramatic criticism to-day—always excepting the *naturalistes*—and similar mental traits meet your eye at almost every turning. Nowhere have I found what I have ventured to call his artistic levity to be quite absent. And by levity I do not in the least mean absence of earnest purpose. Levity may be a poor word for what I mean, but it is the only one I can find. What I characterize as levity is a prevailing tendency to ignore, or undervalue, the higher and deeper intellectual side of an author's work, the profoundness, truth, and originality of his thought, the vividness and truthfulness of his portrayal of character, and to prefer to all these elements facile clearness of exposition, and an immediate attack upon the mere nervous excitability of the listener; a willingness to accept any trite absurdity, if it is only dramatic and exciting in its essence and expression; a tacit desire to thrust *all* the work upon the author's shoulders, reducing him to the necessity of absolutely storming the citadel of his audience's understanding and sympathy, and utterly refusing to make any intellectual effort to meet him half-way. Here is, to my mind, the most salient and also the most fundamental difference between the characteristic French and Anglo-Saxon points of view in dramatic criticism. It is not for nothing that the word "theatrical" in English is almost always used to imply something unworthy, whereas the French word "*théâtral*" carries with it no such implication. We deplore what is theatrical on our serious stage; M. Sarcey and his kind refuse to admit the viability of the drama if it is not theatrical to begin with.

The two writers on the Paris press in whom I have found this element of levity reduced to a minimum are M. Henri Fouquier, of the *Figaro*, and M. Jules Lemaître, of the *Journal des Débats*. M. Fouquier can hardly be called a dramatic critic by profession; he is a *député*, and what he contributes to the press is, for the most part, on political or sociological subjects. But he is an ardent and experienced theatre-goer, an intimate friend of M. Sarcey's, at whose hospitable Tuesday and Thursday *déjeuners* he is often to be seen, and a man of exceedingly high general and special culture. When a new play of especial importance is brought out, he generally writes the criticism on it for the *Figaro*. Exactly what his influence is in the Paris dramatic world I could hardly make out. My attention was first called to him as a dramatic critic by a distinguished actor, who pointed him out as "the finest intelligence in dramatic matters that we now have on the Paris press." Afterward I met him several times at M. Sarcey's; but the shots of repartee that fly thick and fast across that breakfast-table of the gods leave little room for talking on "subjects," a thing, moreover, which the socially-minded Parisian particularly abhors in good company. Upon the whole, it is the hardest thing in the world to get French men of letters, artists or musicians, to talk shop, unless you pin them down in a *tête-à-tête*. You can hardly get them to admit that they are really doing anything, or especially interested in anything; and yet they are, as a rule, the hardest workers, the most engrossed in their chosen department of activity, I have ever met. You stroll down the boulevard at five in the afternoon, and find one of them sitting placidly in front of a café, the picture of easy leisureliness, puffing a cigar behind a little table on which is a *bock*, or a glass of absinthe or other *apéritif*, and you ask him what he has been doing lately.

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"Oh, nothing much; now and then I take a little turn at the mill, but I haven't anything particular in hand now." You may be perfectly sure that that man has been hard and steadily at work since early in the morning, and is thoroughly fagged out now. But he will chat with you as much as you please. To return to M. Fouquier. The few dramatic articles by him I read last winter showed a wonderful keenness of perception, a security of mental balance, and a power of thought that were very remarkable. He is one of the writers with whom you do not merely agree, or disagree, but you feel all the while that he can teach you something. Much the same may be said of M. Lemaître, of the *Débats*, whose influence upon the public is steadily growing. He has already made his mark as a thinker on dramatic subjects, and, although he may seem at times to be rather addicted to intellectual hair-splitting, his point of view is, in the main, a generously large and comprehensive one. He does not move in a rut. Neither he nor M. Fouquier are partisans of any particular school; M. Sarcey is the only champion left of ultra-traditionalism, and the *naturaliste* and *symboliste* schools have, as yet, no important spokesman on the Paris press.

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# FRANCE ADORÉE.

*By Ida M. Tarbell.*

SCOTT GORHAM was standing at the angle made by the union of the rue de l'École de Médecine and the rue Racine, watching a common enough Parisian street scene. There was a bakery at the juncture of the streets. From it a working-woman had just come. She wore a straight black skirt. Heavy shoes were on her feet. About her shoulders was drawn a knit shawl, the ends of which were knotted at her waist. Her head was bare, showing a mass of glossy black hair braided and coiled at the back. On her left arm the woman carried a square willow basket, in which one could see a bunch of the little red radishes with which, in their season, all Paris gives relish to its meals, and beside them a plump head of white cauliflower. In her right hand was a stick of bread at least three feet in length, brown and crisp it looked, too. Before she had reached the middle of the street a sly gamin had made a raid on the radishes, and at the moment when Scott's attention had been attracted the woman was pouring forth a volley of French execratives, and belaboring the marauder furiously with the bread which was to furnish the family dinner. Scott had seen such things a hundred times before in Paris, but he was a healthy fellow who kept his interests, and he still experienced a piquant surprise at seeing bread used for all purposes where a club is *apropos*. He was turning away with an amused twinkle still in his eye, when Bertha Lang greeted him.

"Ah, Scott! just the person I have been wanting to see all day!"

"Well met, then; I was going to look you up after dinner. What is this I hear about your going back to Illinois? What am I going to do, I want to know, my only chum gone? What takes you off?"

"It all depends on you whether I go or not; that is what I want to see you about."

The girl spoke earnestly, and with a trace of embarrassment in her voice. For a moment her friend felt a quaver of horror. Could it be that Bertha, the jolliest, most matter-of-fact girl in the world, was going to be sentimental? over him too? Could she have so far forgotten herself as to allow a personal feeling to get the uppermost? She, who was devoted to art? He looked at her, her trim, resolute figure, her clear, un-

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wavering eye, her firm lips with the half mocking curl; *no*, it could not be, and he pulled himself together.

"Come in, then, and dine with me, and tell me how in the world your going home depends on me. I may as well tell you at once that you will not go, if it does." The young man took her arm, piloting her toward the Duval near by.

"I'll go in and tell my story while you dine, but no dinner, thank you." The two found a seat in a corner. It was only six o'clock, and the place had not begun to fill up. Everything was favorable for a *tête-à-tête*.

"Fire ahead, Bertha. I see by your face that you won't be good for anything until this mystery is off your mind. What is it?"

"It will sound queer, I expect, Scott. But—I—I—want you to look after my grave in Père Lachaise."

Scott sat bolt upright. "Take care of *your* grave in Père Lachaise? Certainly this is extraordinary. You don't mean to say that you have been following Bernhardt, and erecting a tomb while alive on which to lay your laurels?"

"Oh, no—no, Scott. Please, don't guy me. It is not my tomb, of course. It's —a—a grave I look after." There was a half-defiant, half-pathetic look on her face.

"You see, Scott, I dislike to tell you. We have been such cynics together, and so cold-blooded while so congenial, that I expect you will not like me so well for my bit of sentiment. My trip each week to Père Lachaise was a thing quite foreign to the side of myself which I showed you. I thought it would bore you, and that you might drop me if you knew I harbored sentiments."

Scott did not reply for a moment. Was this the girl from whom he had so carefully concealed his weakness for the blind beggar at St. Sulpice, whom he had never had courage to tell of the lame cat he housed in his fifth story studio? He had thought her true, honest, awfully bright and jolly. Did she use her heart, after all? He felt a rush of fondness at the revelation, almost a joy.

"Well, I won't say, Bertha, that I like you any the less *yet;* sentiment, however, is the last thing I had expected from you. Will you be good enough to tell me what this extraordinary grave contains? Is it the bones of a lover?" There was a suspicion of jealousy in the tone. Bertha did not detect it, but Scott did, and he felt again that quaver of horror. Was he going to so far forget himself as to entertain a personal feeling? He who was devoted to art?

The reply was indignant. "No, of course not. You know I do not enjoy such questions. Let me tell you the story from the beginning, perhaps then you will have more patience with me."

"Very well, Bertha."

The girl sat for some moments in silence before she began.

At last, with a little rallying sigh, she said, "You remember when I came here, a year ago, that you were surprised that I had enough French to get around alone, do you not?"

"Yes."

"And you remember perhaps that I told you that I had been talking every day for a few weeks with a Frenchman at home."

"Yes, but what in the world has that to do with——?"

"The grave? Be patient. It has everything. I'll tell you the story."

Dr. Gustus, whom you know, is a good friend of mine, speaks French. When I told him my plan for studying here he asked about my knowledge of the language. I was confident that I had enough for practical use, for I read fluently, and had been told at school that my accent was good. I attempted to prove to the doctor that I was equipped for the start by telling him volubly of the last picnic. I shall never forget the slow-growing disgust on his face. When he could not endure it any longer he groaned, "Execrable, Bertha, execrable."

"Honestly, doctor?"

"Honestly, Bertha. No one can understand that jargon. Forgive my brutal frankness. We must do something."

"But what? I have only six weeks. I cannot relearn my French in that time. Besides, who is there to give me lessons? You are too busy."

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"Yes, I am too busy. But there is Bonnet."

Bonnet, I remembered, was the town dyer. I had an indistinct recollection of taking old gowns there to be dyed or pressed. I remember, too, that Monsieur had always talked French with a black-eyed little woman who kept the counter in his shop, and now that I came to think of it, I remembered that I had never understood what he said. But could he give lessons? The doctor said:

"He has an excellent pronunciation, is an intelligent fellow. You do not want lessons. You want daily practice. If he and Madame will let you sit with them an hour or so after their day's work is done, you can, if you are a skilful director, get the most practical kind of instruction. Go try at any rate."

So it was that I went to M. Bonnet's one May night to arrange, if possible, for daily practice in French.

I remember well the impression the place made on me. It was a large wooden house, two stories in height, with a peaked roof. Across the front was a porch divided into two parts by a low fence running across its width. Before the first half of the porch was a flight of steps on which hung the sign, C. Bonnet, French Dyer and Cleaner. The windows in this part of the house were very large. Evidently here Monsieur had his shop.

The space occupied by steps before the first half of the porch was before the second half fenced in and devoted to flowers. Such masses of them! dahlias, lilies, roses! Vines covered the porch. There was no gate in this fence. A little gate in the paling which separated the two divisions let one into the bower the vines made. Evidently here was the dwelling-place of Monsieur. I liked the idea. It savored of a desire to separate work and leisure. I mounted the steps and tried the little gate. A head was thrust from the shop door and a resolute voice said:

"Pleez, Mademoiselle, my peezness eez here."

I entered the shop door. There was no mistake about the "peezness" being there. It was a small, dark room with a high desk and a low counter. One wall was lined with shelves heaped with packages in brown paper wrappings. Gowns, mantles, trousers, vests, all sorts of garments, hung upon the walls or were spread over the scant furniture. There was a little woman behind the counter. Her eyes were sharp, but her lips curved sweetly. At the desk stood a Frenchman with a bald head, a full white face, a drooping mustache, a fine nose, and brown eyes. Just now he was scowling slightly at the individual who had been so bold as to attempt to enter his private house on business.

It did not take long to explain my errand. My desire to talk French did not interest M. Bonnet. My request to come daily did not meet with response. It was only when I mentioned that I was going to Paris that Monsieur gave attention.

"You go to Paree, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You ztay long time?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Ah, ze buteeful zetee! I love her, Mademoiselle, I love her. Come to me. I talk wiz you. I speekz ze English az well az I can't, but I not love eet; but ze French—I love eet. I talk wiz you all ze evenings teel you know ze language. When you pee at Paree, everepodee unnerztan you."

The preliminaries were soon arranged. I was to go each evening, was to question them freely, was to talk with them on all sorts of subjects. They in turn were to correct me and suggest subjects for our talks. All this for a trifling fee.

So I began, and after that we spoke only in French. They were a common enough looking couple as I found them on their porch on my evening visits, Monsieur in a big rustic arm-chair which he had sufficient embonpoint to fill comfortably, Madame on a foot-stool in the doorway. Monsieur never wore a coat unless the evening was unusually cold, and his feet never had patience enough for a heavier dress than slippers. His shirt was a loose flannel, open at the neck. But for all this carelessness of dress there was an air of dignity and self-respect about him which indicated a man of respectable life and brains. He did not smile often

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at new-comers, for he greeted everything at first with suspicion. But when he knew one and had faith in his intentions his smiles were sunny and frequent. There was much drollery about him. He loved to tell a story, to describe a humorous situation, to laugh at my mistakes. He had quick sympathies and would fire at wrong-doing and melt before suffering.

Monsieur Bonnet prided himself on his plain speaking. I shall never forget how when Madame, a tender little body who loved to flatter, would say, "Mademoiselle speaks very well, *n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?*" Monsieur, with a lifting of eyebrows, a shrug of depreciation, and a turn of the head, would say, "Mademoiselle has much to learn yet, very much." His contempt for stupidity was enormous; especially was he disdainful of his neighbors, stolid dragging fellows who worked ten and twelve hours a day, slept eight hours, and ate and drank the rest of the time. "*Bêtes*, Mademoiselle, they do not read the journals."

Usually when I entered in the evening he was absorbed in his newspaper. It often took him some minutes to drag himself away. It was the only affectation that I ever detected about him. He wanted to be thought a student. Besides his journals his reading was confined to two books, both of which he had brought from France, Perrault's "Fairy Tales" and Lemercier's "Augustin." He knew both by heart, but would read them over and over as if perfectly new. Of the tales his favorite was "Le petit Poucet." The idea of a boy no bigger than his thumb had never ceased to tickle his fancy. He would measure the little fellow's height on a stick and then try the effect on the floor or table. He would argue whether or not he could have entered the door of Madame's bird-cage, or could have slept inside the clock case. He would delight in pointing out places where Tom Thumb could hide in his room. I think he always experienced a disappointment when he considered that it was quite unlikely that he could have passed through the keyhole. He would debate the question seriously, but always end by saying:

"It would be impossible, Mademoiselle."

We read "Mère Michel" together. With absorbed interest M. Bonnet followed the adventures of that famous cat. At the manœuvres of the wicked Lustucru he fairly gnashed his teeth, but lest I be completely discouraged on the seeming victory of the villain, he would assure me,

"Have courage, Mademoiselle. He gets his pay. He gets his pay."

Madame made a pleasant complement to Monsieur in size, in gentleness, and in sweet courtesies. She busied herself, sitting on her stool in the doorway, with the patches of a crazy quilt, embroidering in wools straggling conventional designs, deformed beasts, grotesque birds, ragged flowers. The quilt came to have uncanny interest for me. It seemed like a relic of another age, so dingy were its patches, so faded its wools, so crude its patterns; I never could rid myself of a desire to figure out its relation to Egyptian decoration, to Aztec pottery. She did not talk much, never when Monsieur talked, but she heard everything, and had a trick of nodding her head to indicate her opinion of the matter in hand. She had a pretty way, too, of glancing suddenly at you, with a smile on lips and in eyes so sweet, so gentle, so appreciative, that I never lost an impulse to kiss her for it.

I have said that M. Bonnet was suspicious. All the neighborhood came under the vane of this suspicion. There was a little Alsatian maid near by whose mother came in one night to tell us she was going to send her daughter back to Alsace to marry there. The plan kindled a warm interest in my heart. Scarcely had she gone when M. Bonnet performed his chilling gesture and declared:

"She will not go to Alsace. She speaks not the French. A Frenchman wants no wife who speaks not his language, if she has not money. She will not go."

And I was compelled to let his logic go unanswered. Every romance I spun, every illusion I cherished of their world, he shattered with eyebrows, lips, and shoulders. One day, after a particu-

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larly severe arraignment by him of the wiles of the butcher, I said :

"Surely, Monsieur, there are honest people in the world?"

"No, no, Mademoiselle, all the world cheats. All the world fills his own pocket."

"But you are honest, Monsieur?"

"No, no, Mademoiselle. I'm not honest. I must live. When everybody cheats, I cheat too."

Everybody who came within his range was quickly analyzed. A bouncing young woman in a gay summer gown passed one evening. "*Mardi Gras. Le Carnaval,*" he cried. His only name for a sulky neighbor was *Madame Vinaigre.* An impertinent little miss near by he called *Le Diable,* and the child's delight in having a foreign name so tickled M. Bonnet's touch of malice that he never failed to call her by it. A seedy lawyer who came often to have his clothes dyed or cleaned, they called *L'avocat fripé.* It was not his poverty, I discovered, which made them ridicule him. It was his ragged morals they detested. He had deceived them once by representing a coat which he had brought to be dyed, to be for his father, who he said was very old, and whom he, a man with a large family and a small business, supported. Afterward the lawyer wore the coat himself. He always put an extra price on the lawyer's work to punish him for his deceit. American traits were, many of them, odious to M. Bonnet. Particularly did he dislike the practice many of his neighbors had of trying to get everything which they saw other people have.

A French friend had sent Madame a package of seeds of a particularly attractive flower. Its riotous way of flowering, its delicious pervading odor, its foreign air, brought it many admirers from the passers-by. One and all wanted slips. Many a fine lady would offer in exchange anything she had in her garden.

When Madame was out of hearing Bonnet would break out, satirically :

"Yes, I see, I see. The American trades, trades, trades. He wants all that everybody has. He wants all in the botanical garden. I do not want all that everybody has. It is too common. The American is so busy in getting the things his neighbor has, that he has not time to look at what he has himself. He does not know the color of his own flower. He wants mine because I have it. He will not get it."

Under his imperativeness, his suspicion, his malice, there was a warm and tender heart. He never showed it if he could help it, but sweetness will leak out. Madame, to whom he gave such positive orders, he would address in asides of rarest gentleness. Louise was her name. How tenderly he pronounced it! with a half glance of admiration and confidence. There was a wretched half-foolish fellow who passed every night. I never knew Bonnet to fail to give him a friendly call, to throw him a bit of fruit or a cake.

One day, I remember, Monsieur received a letter from a nephew in France. He read it to me. It told all the news of Champagne, where Monsieur had lived in boyhood: how old Martin, his former playmate, was now in a government position at Havre; how little Marguerite had grown a fine young woman; how André, so long the village milk vender, was dead at last. He sent them many kind messages from friends, and promised them his picture soon, taken in his military cap; said he had been too lazy to have it taken before this. How they laughed at the idea that their brilliant Pierre could be lazy!

They gave the letter to me to read aloud, and cautioned me repeatedly, *Pas cassez les mots, Mademoiselle, pas cassez les mots, doucement, doucement.* Such precious French must not be broken! When the letter was finished M. Bonnet told me long stories of this nephew, how kind he was, how rich he was growing. At last he grew quiet. Finally he arose, wiping his eyes and saying, with the appealing pathos of the Frenchman and the child, "Ah, Mademoiselle, sometimes I weep when I have a letter from France." Then he went into the little kitchen and put the letter carefully aside with his money and his accounts.

That evening I had Béranger's "Le Retour dans la Patrie" to repeat. A strange emotion crept into my stammering accents:

*France adorée!*
*Douce contrée!*

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I said it without the mellow flow, but tears were in our eyes.

*Après vingt ans, enfin je te revois :*
*De mon village*
*Je vois la plage,*
*Je vois fumer la cime de mes toits ;*
*Combien mon âme est attendrie !*
*Là furent mes premières amours ;*
*Là ma mère m'attend toujours ;*
*Salut à ma patrie !*

The long silence which followed was broken by Monsieur's testy *Allumez la lampe, Madame, allumez la lampe.*

And before the lamp had come he was telling at the top of his voice, with gesture and laugh of the American who had visited them that day and asked for *des yeux fraiches*, and how, after much questioning, they discovered that he wanted *des œufs frais.*

But the deepest passion of M. Bonnet's life I discovered by accident. We were bending over my letter one evening, when the town bells broke out noisily. It was the weekly prayer-meeting night. On the block beyond the shop stood a German Catholic church. Of all the bells of the town it possessed the one with the clearest, the richest tone. I had never been so near it before, and paused in amazement, exclaiming, enthusiastically :

"Listen, Monsieur, how deep, how sweet!"

But M. Bonnet! He had dropped my letter. His ears were stopped. In an instant he pressed both hands to his heart in a tragic gesture.

"That bell, Mademoiselle! You not know its story? It breaks my heart! Ah, France, la belle France!"

"Mademoiselle!" His eyes glowed with anger. His face was magnificent in its stern passion. His head took the superb poise of noble indignation.

"Mademoiselle, that bell! It is—it is a—a French cannon! Listen. When the people built the church they were very poor, they had no money to buy a bell. The curé wrote the great Bismarck, 'We have no money for a bell, will not the good Emperor send us one?' The Emperor had his city full of cannon that he had stolen from Paris, from France, Mademoiselle, from my country. He sent a cannon to the church. A French cannon. The Germans were very much pleased. All the people go—to—see it."

His words were slow. His head dropped in humiliation. His voice shook. Madame Bonnet sat shaking her head slowly in memory of the time so bitter to them.

With an effort he resumed.

"The persons who come to my shop say, 'Monsieur, have you not seen the cannon?' I say, no, no, never, I hate that cannon, I hate it! I do, Mademoiselle, I hate it!"

Passion, misery, bitterness were in his clenched fist, his white face, his tense lips, his quivering form now half raised from his chair.

He sank back and went on, "*Eh bien*, Mademoiselle, the cannon makes the bell. I close my ears when it rings. It hurts me. It is France, Mademoiselle, crying for Alsace-Lorraine. La belle France crying that the Germans rob her so. A friend had told me how at Paris, in a grand park, are the figures of the French cities. One of these is Strasbourg. It is the child of France, is Strasbourg, Mademoiselle ; but the Germans have her now all the days and the Frenchman keeps on the statue the veil of black and the flower of sorrow. Here come the soldiers who love Strasbourg and lay wreaths. Here comes the poor peasant from Alsace-Lorraine and weeps to see his city in a veil of black.

But, Mademoiselle, the day comes when France will have her own. When the German will hang his head and the Frenchman will speak his own tongue in Alsace-Lorraine ; then, Mademoiselle, the veil of black will come from off the statue of Strasbourg ; then the bell will stop its cry ; then I will go to see it ; then I will kiss it, Mademoiselle, I will kiss it!"

Monsieur stopped, sobbing with emotion, and Madame, her work fallen idly in her lap, her eyes fixed sadly on her husband, slowly shook her head.

One evening, about two weeks before I was to sail, I found the porch empty. Bonnet was in the little salon, propped up in a big chair. His face was pale, his form drooping in a dejection startling in its contrast to his usual aggres-

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sive attitude. To my "Why, why, Monsieur, what is the trouble?" he replied,

"I am sick, Mademoiselle."

"But what is the matter?"

"The douleur of the heart, Mademoiselle; I am good for nothing, Bonnet is worn out. Ah, ugh! ugh!" as a sudden motion caused him an unexpected pang.

By a little questioning I found that his trouble was rheumatism of the heart. He had suffered a great deal in the past with the rheumatism, and once before, he told me, it had gone to his heart.

"Have you had a doctor?" I asked, in some concern. He was on the defensive at once.

"No, Mademoiselle, no. The doctor is not necessary. He comes. He looks at me. He says 'Ah, ah! Yes!' and he writes on a paper. I pay him one dollar for saying 'Ah, ah, yes' and writing on a paper. I take the paper to the apothecary and pay him fifty cents for the medicine. No, Mademoiselle, I buy my own medicine."

"But do you know what to buy, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, I buy the 'Hozteet.' It is good medicine. I have taken it. My brother who died has taken it. '*Dites*, Louise,' he called, 'show Mademoiselle the Hozteet.'"

Madame brought out a large black bottle in the old log cabin style I remembered well from childhood—Hostetter's Bitters.

"Monsieur," I said with some hesitation. (He and Madame were too exclusive to tolerate much unsolicited advice.) "Permit me to urge a doctor. In a serious case, don't you think it unsafe to trust to yourself?" I said no more, lest I overdo the matter.

The next night and the next Bonnet was no better. He sent for a physician. He took medicine, but his pain was terrible. The poor fellow was growing thin. He was convinced that he would die. The fourth night, when I called he shook his head forlornly at my inquiries.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, Bonnet die. *Eh bien*, I have had much fun in my life. I have had many sorrows. The good God is welcome to me. All the world will forget me. I am not afraid to die. But, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle—" his voice broke into a sobbing cry—"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, I want to see my country first, to see only the shore of France, to feel only once her air. I cannot die without one little look at la belle France. I love her so, Mademoiselle, I have thought to see her again. I have saved the money, but now it is too late. I'll not see her. No."

I tried to cheer him. Assured him he would soon be better, and then that he could go to his beloved country. But there was no comfort for his sorrow. At last I left him and hurried to the doctor, to find if there was any immediate danger in the case.

"He is a very sick man, Bertha," the doctor said; "I am afraid he cannot weather it. Any sudden shock might kill him."

I could not sleep that night. Poor Bonnet's broken cry, "I want to see my country," filled my heart. Why should he not see France, or at least try? Perhaps the effect might help him. Before morning my head was filled with the idea. At the earliest possible hour I went to the doctor with the proposition that he urge Bonnet to try the voyage, and that he and Madame go with me the next week.

At first the doctor was emphatically opposed to the plan.

"He *might* live to see France, Bertha, but more likely he would die before he reached New York."

"But he will die here anyway, you say, and in this misery of longing. Why not let him die with the hope of France in his heart?"

"Would he go?"

"I do not know. If we both advise it I think he might."

"Well, well. It is a wild venture to send a patient with rheumatism of the heart on such a journey, but I'll think of it."

He did think of it, and before he had finished his call at Bonnet's that day, he suggested to the sick man a change of air.

When I made my visit afterward, Monsieur told me what the doctor advised, and said, wearily, "I'm too sick, Mademoiselle."

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"No, no, Monsieur," I said. "You are going to get well. Be hopeful. Why not have a change? Why not go to France with me next week? I'll make your arrangements. It will cure you; and then, think of it! you will see your own country again."

I tried to speak carelessly, as if the idea had just occurred to me, but in spite of myself I felt excitement in my voice, and feared lest I might communicate my feeling to Bonnet.

He shook his head. "Impossible, Mademoiselle, impossible!"

I did not press the matter, but left the suggestion to work. The next day I was sent for to go at once to M. Bonnet's. He was as usual propped up in his big chair, but with quite a new look on his face. He was better, he said. The pain had left him entirely. Was I in earnest about my suggestion that they go to France with me? Could I make the arrangements? Would I try? His questions were rapid. He searched my face eagerly. My response was quite satisfactory to him, and he called Madame.

"Yes," she said. "I go if Monsieur wishes it."

And so ten days before my departure I found myself arranging for their passage. No person could have been more tractable than Monsieur became under the thought of seeing France again. Only once did he try to assert his authority. I suggested a first-class cabin for them. The price horrified his thrifty soul. He refused and declared, "We go by the steerage, Mademoiselle. It is not bad going. We will come back by the second-class."

"Monsieur," I said, "you must not go that way. It will kill you."

"No, Mademoiselle, no. It will not hurt me. I have known many disagreeable things. It is good enough."

But though he said it positively, I missed the tone of finality with which he had been accustomed to assert himself. There was a greater desire in Monsieur's heart than exercising the mastery. I improved my slender chance, and we compromised on a second-class cabin. In all other particulars he made no objection, but looked on quietly from his position in his chair. He talked almost none and slept a great deal. Neither did he arouse himself during the trip to New York, nor in our settling on the vessel. This docility astonished me, but to Madame it was an incomprehensible mystery. She watched him constantly. Often I found her shaking her head as she gazed at him dozing peacefully.

"Monsieur will soon be well," I assured her, but she only sighed. "He is very sick, Mademoiselle," she would say. "He has never been so still before."

His gentleness was a more alarming symptom to her than the suffering of the days before. It happened that the second-class on our steamer was not crowded, and that there was a particularly pleasant class of passengers. They vied with each other in their attentions to Bonnet. Every morning, when I crossed the bridge I found that someone had carried him on deck and had wrapped him snugly in his blankets. Here his meals were served. Here he remained whenever the weather admitted. His chair was always placed near the rail, where he could look toward the bow. Rarely did he turn to the right or left. He was looking toward France. After the first five days out he began frequently to ask: "How long is it, Mademoiselle?" and I would tell him all the gossip about our runs, repeating what the stewards, the waiters, or some ship authority had said, and I would show him the little chart on which I marked each day our latitude and longitude, and traced our course. He was always deeply interested in this. Indeed, it was the only subject about which he cared to talk. He would smile at the games played, listen to the songs sung, thank people sweetly for their attentions, but he was happier alone and quite silent. At first this indifference did not cause me any alarm, but toward the end of the voyage I became nervous about it. I expected a gradual return to his old vivacity. It did not come. Oh, for only one sarcastic remark, one chilling of some small enthusiasm, one contemptuous characterization of somebody's foibles!

The voyage was almost over. Land had been promised for the next day.

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I kept any definite time from Bonnet, dreading lest he become anxious or excited. When we awoke in the morning the shore of France stretched to east and west, veiled in purplish light. Before Monsieur had awakened we were in sight of Havre. The morning was soft and sunny. The shores swam in tender light. The walls, the roofs, the towers, and the shipping were traced faintly on the sky. Then it was that M. Bonnet was brought up.

He had not thought of our being so near, and when the people at the rail made way for him and he saw before him that perfect sight, he stared for a moment in bewilderment, then he turned to his wife.

"*Dites, Madame,*" he said imperiously; "*nous sommes arrivés?*"

"Yes, Monsieur," I said trying to speak lightly. "Here we are at last."

He raised himself from his chair, pushing from him impatiently the willing hands stretched out to help him, and stood straight and strong by the rail, his arms folded on his breast. There was an awful white passion of love and longing on his face. People fell back to look at him. It was only a moment that he stood there like a stone man; it seemed an hour. Then the storm broke. He stretched his arms out as if he would gather the fair shore to him——

"*France, ma France, encore je te revois!*" he cried aloud.

His arms fell to his side, his head to his breast. A convulsion wrung him and he tottered. We caught him and laid him in his chair. For an instant his face was distorted with agony. The pain passed and peace succeeded.

"*France adorée,*" he muttered, "*France a-do-rée.*"

Monsieur Bonnet was dead.

There was silence for some minutes at the little table in the corner of the Duval. Scott broke it.

"And Madame, Bertha?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, Madame. We buried Monsieur at Père Lachaise, no other cemetery would satisfy Madame. It was the one of which her husband had talked when he told her of Paris. He had known its narrow streets, its queer monuments, its famous citizens by heart. Madame used half of her little savings to buy him a permanent resting-place there. She stayed with me two months, every day she sat for hours, silent and stony, by the grave. She was dying here, and I urged her to return. Her relatives were all in America, she could carry on the old business there. The change I thought would arouse her. But she objected.

"I cannot go, Mademoiselle."

"But why, Madame?"

"The grave, Mademoiselle. Who will care for it?"

"I will, Madame."

"But you will come to America too, Mademoiselle, and poor Bonnet will be alone."

"I will not go until I have found a friend whom I trust, to care for the grave, Madame."

"Then I will go, Mademoiselle."

I went with her to Havre, and watched her out of sight.

I have kept my promise. I shall keep it now. I am not going home until I have a guardian for Monsieur's grave. Have I found one, Scott?"

"Yes, Bertha."

"And you are not bored by my story?"

"No, Bertha."

And as they prepared to leave the Duval, Bertha noticed that her friend put her mantle about her with a gentleness that she had never noticed before in him, and when he took her arm to pilot her across the street it was a tender touch quite new. Could it be that Scott had a vein of sentiment, too?

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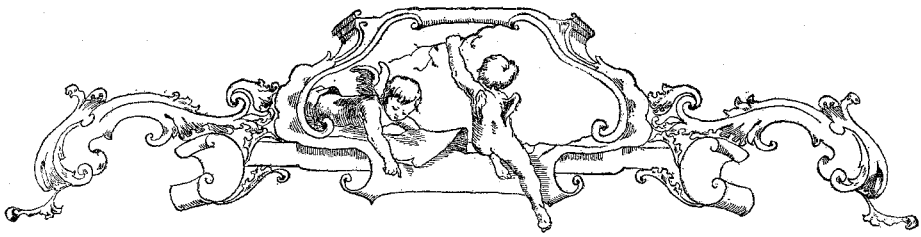

# HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE FIRST NEWS MESSAGE BY TELEGRAPH.

*By John W. Kirk.*

The number of "first" messages by electric telegraph which have been recorded, is large enough to have caused discussion, at one time or another, throughout the past forty years. They range from the first signals given by an electro-magnet in the laboratory of Professor Joseph Henry, at Albany, to the message "What hath God wrought," which marked the formal completion of the line between Washington and Baltimore on May 24, 1844. It is well established that the first message sent over a wire by dot-and-dash signal was "A patient waiter is no loser," which was sent by Alfred Vail in the old factory at Speedwell, N. J., on January 6, 1838, in order to satisfy all doubts of his father, Judge Vail, as to the practicability of this new invention. Another of the earliest messages (sent when the line had been built five miles on the way from Washington to Baltimore) was intended to convince the doubting members of a congressional committee, which I had summoned at Professor Morse's request, that the telegraph could accomplish all that its inventor said that it could. As I was present I can vouch for the authenticity of the incident. The committee were in a little room at the north end of the Capitol, at Washington, where Professor Morse was conducting his experiments. "Now, gentlemen," he said to them, "what shall we send over the wire? Pick out your own message and I will show you how simple this whole thing is, and how it accomplishes everything that I claim." One of the party proposed the message, "Mr. Brown, of Indiana, is here." Professor Morse immediately sent it over the five miles of wire and back by the metallic circuit, the Morse register at his side reproducing exactly the signals which made up the words of the original message. I recall that after leaving the room the congressmen were not convinced by this, because, as those present could not read the indentations on the slip of paper coming from the receiver, we all had to take on faith what Professor Morse told us he had sent and received. One of the congressmen whispered to me, "That's what I call pretty thin." Another remarked, "It won't do. That doesn't prove anything."

I became acquainted with what Professor Morse was doing in those days in a curious way. During the winter of 1843 and 1844 I had come from Ohio to Washington to look over the bids which my associates and I had sent in, for carrying the mails over important stage routes between Wheeling, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other Western towns. This brought me into intimate relations with the post-office department, and particularly with the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, the Honorable John A. Bryan, who was a clever Ohio politician, and besides a very cautious man in all his public relations. One day he said to me, "See here! there is an abominable scheme to ruin me," and he proceeded to tell me that his superior officers, in order to implicate him in a foolish transaction, had put into his hands the handling of the appropriation of $30,000 which Congress had voted for the electric experi-

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ments of Professor Morse. He believed, as was the almost universal opinion, that the result of Morse's experiments would be to prove that he was impracticable or crazy, and all those associated with the project would be looked upon with suspicion. The Assistant Postmaster-General, therefore, asked me to help him out of the difficulty by undertaking to look after the expenditure of the money as made by Professor Morse. I was to see that if he put up wires and undertook any other actual work, he was to have the money for only what was really accomplished. To that end Mr. Bryan gave me a note to Professor Morse, who seemed pleased at even that much recognition. During the previous winter I had often seen him about the Capitol waylaying members of Congress and trying to induce them to favor an appropriation for testing his system of telegraphy. I observed much dodging by the members of Congress to avoid him, as he was then considered a crank. Therefore, when Mr. Bryan requested my supervision, I was somewhat prepared for the duty, which under the circumstances I could not well refuse. It was in this capacity that I came to see a great deal of Professor Morse. He had taken possession of a little room in the Capitol, to which I have referred, and, day after day, as I watched the careworn, spare, and anxious man working in the midst of his curious apparatus, I learned to have sympathy with his sincerity and perseverance. The derision with which the congressional committee had received the preliminary message, to which I have alluded, convinced me of the wisdom of the Postmaster-General in not wishing to be mixed up with what he called "Morse's foolishness;" and indeed, personally, I was not sure that there was anything in the experiment.

Toward the end of April, the wires being erected for five miles in the direction of Baltimore, I suggested to Professor Morse that now was an opportunity for taking advantage of a great public event, conclusively to prove to everybody that the telegraph was what he claimed it to be. In a few days the Whig National Convention was to meet in Baltimore, and the poles were nearly all set as far as Annapolis Junction —twenty-two miles from Washington, where all the trains stopped. I urged him to push on the stringing of the wire to that point, and have the nomination sent to him in Washington from there as soon as the train arrived from Baltimore bearing the news.

On May 1st, the Whig Convention met in Baltimore, and the eyes of the country were upon it. By that morning Professor Morse had established telegraphic communication between Washington and Annapolis Junction, where was stationed the assistant of Morse who, I understand, was Alfred Vail. All that afternoon Professor Morse and I were alone together in the little room in the Capitol. A gratifying message had come from Annapolis Junction that everything was ready at that end of the line, and that there could be no doubt of the success of our plan to convince all doubters that the electric telegraph was a wonderful invention, which would revolutionize the transmission of news.

It is almost half a century since that day, and yet I have a vivid recollection of the dramatic incident with which it culminated. The room in which we were was small and dingy, with a window looking out on Pennsylvania Avenue. Across the street was the station of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and all the afternoon we could see the people coming and going, in groups and crowds, eager to learn from passengers on incoming trains the progress of the Convention. They were scattered along the track for several hundred feet, as far as the switch where the engine left the train, in order to go back on a Y and push it into the depot. Across the window a shelf had been made of a single board, and on it was the strange-looking machine, with its paper tape and the crank by which the weight was wound up to revolve the rollers through which the tape moved when a message was being received. At the other end of the room was a series of step-like shelves on which were placed the curious pots and jars which made up the primitive battery. Along the floor had been placed narrow strips of scantling, between which were stretched the wires leading from the battery to the

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telegraphic instruments on the shelf at the window. Over all were a few loose boards on which those walked who entered the room. To this day I can see plainly the narrow, disordered room, with its wires and jars and chemicals, and in the midst of it the weird figure of the great inventor who was about to realize his one hope, after so many years of disappointment and delay. He was very quietly dressed, his coat muffled about his throat, and his long hair tumbled about his forehead. He appeared to be nervous and apprehensive. The grave question which was to be settled, was whether the electric current would remain on the wires with sufficient strength to work the signals through so long a distance as forty-four miles (for in those days a metallic circuit was used). Even those who believed that the instrument had done its work over a short circuit of a few miles, doubted its commercial value over long distances.

At this late date the wonder to me is, that so few persons took any interest whatever in the proposed experiment. I was in the room many times preceding this trial, and I recall that there were few visitors and no anxiety whatever to learn how Professor Morse was progressing with his work. A general opinion among those who had heard of the proposed attempt was that it would not succeed. It was too absurd to discuss.

Late in the afternoon, suddenly, the instrument on the table began to click. Eagerly Professor Morse bent forward over the strip of paper that slowly unrolled from the register. The paper halted, moved ahead, stopped, and moved again in an irregular way, till finally Morse rose from his close scrutiny of the paper, stood erect, and looking about him, said, proudly, "Mr. Kirk, the Convention has adjourned; the train for Washington from Baltimore has just left Annapolis Junction bearing that information, and my assistant has telegraphed me the ticket nominated." He hesitated, holding in his hand the mysterious message, and then said, "*The ticket is Clay and Frelinghuysen.*"

By a curious coincidence I am able to describe here, in the exact words of an eye-witness, the scene that was taking place at the other end of the line at this moment. It happened, a few years ago, when I was telling this story in the lobby of a hotel in New York, surrounded by a group of friends, that a stranger who stood near us rose as I finished my story, stretched out his hand, and said, "I hope you will pardon my intrusion, but this story has been a treat to me. They call me Colonel Ralph Plumb in my home in Illinois, where they elect me to Congress. I want to add a word to your story." And then he narrated what he afterward put in writing for me as follows:

"I was on the way to Washington, on special business, from Ohio, where I then resided, and came to Baltimore on the day that Henry Clay was nominated for President by the Whig National Convention. A train left Baltimore for Washington before the Convention had adjourned, but after Mr. Clay had been nominated, and I was a passenger on that train. When we had reached a point near what is now known as Annapolis Junction, the train stopped, and looking for the cause of the halt, I noticed a young man seated on a rudely constructed platform, resting on a square pen made of railway ties, beside a pole which appeared to stand twenty feet high and at its top a cross-piece with two wires, one on either end of the cross-timber. From the car I could see a succession of such poles, cross-pieces, and wires, stretching toward Washington, and along the railway track; but I was specially interested in the performance of the young man on the platform above described. He had a small machine before him and was engaged in manipulating it while reading from a manuscript which had been handed him by some one on the train, and on inquiry of him I learned that it was the fact of Mr. Clay's nomination that this young man was sending to Washington. I have since, and very lately, learned that the operator was a Mr. Vail, of New Jersey, and from his son I have a valued photograph of the identical machine I saw his father working with then, and from Mr. Kirk I understand that but two men then living understood how to telegraph messages, one being Mr. S. F. B. Morse, and the other Mr. Vail. This message sent, we again started for Washington,

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arriving an hour later. At the B. & O. depot there was an immense crowd of people awaiting the arrival of the train, for the purpose of getting the news of the result of the Baltimore Convention. Nevertheless the news was there before the train had arrived. It had been received by Professor Morse, written out, printed on slips, and scattered among the waiting crowds; but, it being the first successful attempt ever made to send a telegram for so long a distance, the crowd seemed to have no confidence in what the telegram had told them, until it was verified by passengers on the incoming train."

My recollection of how we announced the news is not vivid. I only recall that when it was proclaimed to the crowd outside they said: "You are quizzing us. It is easy enough for you to guess that Clay is at the head of the ticket; but Frelinghuysen—who the devil is Frelinghuysen?" "I only know," answered Professor Morse, "that it is telegraphed me so from Annapolis Junction, where my operator had the news a few minutes ago from the train that is bringing the delegates."

A search of files of Washington and Baltimore newspapers of that date (May 1, 1844), and days following, shows no reference whatever to this despatch. The *Daily Globe* (which was published in the late evening), on May 1st (with what would now be thought ridiculous ingenuousness), said, in regard to this Convention, "The newspapers in Baltimore with which we exchange failed to arrive here to-night, but we have been permitted to look over the Baltimore *Patriot* of this afternoon, which enables us to state from recollection all that is important"—and then follows a brief announcement of the nomination of Clay and Frelinghuysen. This was on the afternoon of the very day when the first news despatch in the history of the world had been sent by telegraph, and received in the city where the *Globe* was published. It was not until the line had been completed to Baltimore, on May 24th, and the formal message which opened the line, "What hath God wrought," had been sent, that the newspapers began to take any notice of the invention which was to revolutionize the whole business and profession of journalism. In the Baltimore *Patriot* of May 25, 1844 (Saturday afternoon), is what appears to be the first use of the telegraph by a newspaper, which is as follows:

"At half-past twelve o'clock, the following was sent to Washington:

'Ask a reporter to send a despatch to the Baltimore *Patriot* at two o'clock P.M.'

In about a minute the answer came back:

'It will be attended to.'

*Two o'clock* P.M.—The despatch has arrived, and is as follows:

*One o'clock.*—'There has just been made a motion in the House to go into the Committee of the Whole on the Oregon question. Rejected, ayes 79, noes 86.

*Half-past one.*—'The House is now engaged on private bills.'

*Quarter to two.*—'Mr. Atherton is now speaking in the Senate. Mr. S—— will not be in Baltimore to-night.'

"So that we are thus enabled to give to our readers information from Washington up to two o'clock. This is indeed the annihilation of space."

In the Washington *Madisonian* of Monday afternoon, May 27th, appears for the first time the heading "TELEGRAPHIC NEWS," under which is an account of a Maryland State convention in Baltimore.

In the Washington *Globe* of the same date is the announcement "that by a telegraph which is in operation between this city and Baltimore we learn that the convention reassembled at four o'clock P.M.;" and there is in the same issue a "Postscript from the Telegraph at nine o'clock P.M."

By May 28th the *National Intelligencer* had waked up to the possibilities of the new invention, and had a despatch headed "BY THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH," with the explanation that it was "politely furnished by Professor Morse." Editorially it said (seemingly by way of return for this courtesy), "The working of this wonderful result of human ingenuity acting upon developments in science excited universal admiration in this city yesterday;" and on the following day, May 29th, the

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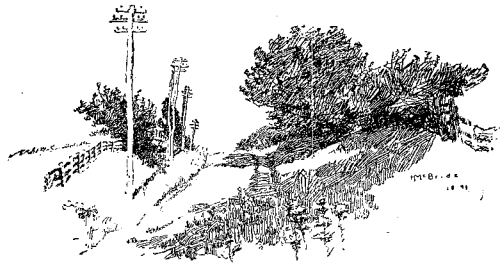
newspaper records that the north front of the Capitol was crowded by an anxious multitude to whom the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention in Baltimore were announced.

At last the brave and persevering worker was receiving his reward of popularity, which was expressed in an impromptu organization by the crowd in front of the Capitol on that day, which unanimously voted the following:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this meeting be, and they are hereby tendered to Professor Morse, for the promptitude with which he has reported, via his electro-magnetic telegraph, the proceedings of the Baltimore political convention; and that we consider this invention as worthy the countenance and support of the Government."

This is the story of the first news message as I recall it. From these few words sent on the afternoon of May 1, 1844, to the present day, the telegraph, as a bearer of news, has grown with astounding rapidity. It is not unusual now for the New York office of the Associated Press to send and receive in a single day more than one hundred thousand words of news messages over more than seven hundred thousand miles of wire reaching every community in the United States, and telling the rest of the world the history of a single day. For the year 1891 the special and regular telegrams for newspapers in the United States, transmitted by the Western Union, reached the remarkable total of 524,502,952 words, which does not include messages sent over the private wires of newspapers.



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# THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE enlarged edition of Mr. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" has inspired a rediscovery of the fact that our fine things have all been said for us long before we were born. If the exposure is confined to a forestallment perfectly general, one wherein, as in Adam's fall, we have sinned all, no particular discomfort is likely to follow. The individual will still abide in comparatively undisturbed enjoyment of his private little illusion of himself being or passing for an original. But from the enlargement and reissue of a book like Mr. Bartlett's is always to be feared an increased zeal in the detective in plagiarism for the capture of specific offenders; and just at this time increased zeal in this at best questionable servant of morality, does not seem to be a real need. There are other things that the world wants more.

The detective in plagiarism would be a trustier functionary than he is if he were less like the detective in other branches of roguery. He is rarely a luminous exemplar of virtue himself, and he seems to be urged in his public service less by hatred of dishonesty and love of justice than by the hope of proving his own cunning. Not dread lest offenders go undetected, but dread lest his own skill in detecting them go unknown, is his urgency. Thus there is a constant overstraining of clues and evidence. With great flourish and noise, people are dragged to the bar who either are no offenders at all, or else are offenders too petty for notice. Besides, the business long and exclusively pursued is debasing. It induces a state of morbid suspicion under which the honest author will as hardly escape question as an honest woman under the eye of a certain class of street loungers. To the confirmed plagiarist-hunter it is inconceivable that any literary resemblance should not be also a literary borrowing, and that any literary borrowing should not be a literary theft. Looking, for example, into a book like Gray's poems, where, as Mr. Lowell wittily says, "the thin line of text stands at the top of the page like cream, and below it is the skim-milk drawn from many milky mothers of the herd out of which it has risen," he at once starts up with a gleeful cry of "Stop thief."

To anyone really versed in these matters, on the other hand, it is inconceivable that Gray coolly and consciously picked up here and there phrase after phrase, and wrought them into his poems as one might take a sleeve from a neighbor's coat and sew it into one's own. They must have been for the most part remembered phrases, slipping from his pen as easily as if they had been his own, or, like a remembered word, naturally giving a turn to his own. And just there is a difference that always marks the cultivated from the uncultivated writer: the latter writes wholly from a store of remembered words, while the former writes also from a store of remembered phrases. Thus in Carlyle you will rarely find a page that does not carry a reminiscence of Shakespeare, and never an inverted comma to keep the peace with the plagiarist-



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hunter. But Carlyle was not adapting Shakespeare any more than he was adapting the dictionary. He was going on in the fashion that came easiest to him, and never stopping to think whether he were repeating Shakespeare or not, or, if stopping to think, likely enough felicitating himself a little that the discerning reader would give him credit for knowing his Shakespeare well, as the discerning and intelligent reader certainly would. For it is not merely for the handiness of it that writers are pleased to borrow a phrase, but also because they thereby secure the grace of a new association, the scholarly reader's satisfaction being much heightened at finding in a book traces of the same studies that he himself has pursued. But very likely with Gray, as with many another, some of the apparent borrowings are not borrowings at all, either conscious or unconscious; only a making of the phrase entirely anew, but by a mere chance in the precise form in which it has been made before. This is a chance by no means so rare as one who knows no more than the average detective in plagiarism would fancy.

But undesigned parallels in phrase are not so hard, perhaps, for the plagiarist-hunter to conceive of as undesigned parallels in theme and treatment; and it is over these that his cruelest blunders are likely to occur. Under present conditions, such parallels are bound to be very frequent. With the topics and material of literature drawn more and more from the life under our very eyes, and with such a company of writers trained to the craft in like circumstances and under like influences, to escape the closest correspondences in subject and point of view is simply impossible.

There have been scholarly exposures of imposture that literature greatly profited by; there will yet be, no doubt, others. But such exposures are not made by the sort of person here in question, and we do not discountenance them in deprecating his dismaying energy.

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It is interesting to students of human nature to watch the weather-vane of public sympathy veering around to different points of the compass. Happening recently upon an article calling attention to the woes of servants I was reminded of the stir made a number of years ago by numerous philanthropic ladies in this matter. Strenuous efforts were made in behalf of these unhappy beings in the way of securing them higher wages, half-holidays weekly, and mutual benefit associations; efforts I believe mostly crowned with success. But that banner hangs limp now. The wind has changed. Public sympathy flows in the direction of the mistresses.

Whether or not the servants at some former time stood in need of aid and sympathy I cannot say; but at present it is so obvious that the best-intentioned mistress finds it difficult to "get along," as the phrase is, with her servants—that there is so much of incompetence, indifference, unwillingness, insolence, intemperance with which she has to deal—that the most callous man softens into pity for her; and as for the ladies, this matter lies so near the heart, and is of such pressing moment, that it is almost impossible for a group of them to be together for an hour without at least touching upon the subject. And the talks all end with: "Things are getting worse all the time! I see no way out of the trouble."

In all this it is assumed that the servants are "bad," but this word is too sweeping in its condemnation. There are legions of servants who are truly bad in the sense in which the word is commonly applied to them, but there are a great many good servants who are "bad" only in the sense that their standard of righteousness is not that of the family they live with. With the truly bad we have nothing to do in this little study. They are bad, and that is all that can be said about them. But the amount of worry, anxiety, dread, nervousness, vexation, and weariness of mind and body that two or three good servants can manage to inflict upon the mistress of a house is beyond the belief of any one who has not passed through the fire; and this has not, I think, been sufficiently considered by writers upon this fruitful theme. And the servants do not wish to do it; they would gladly live in peace with their mistress; they have a desire to please her and to spare her. Why is it, then, that with a good and conscientious mistress on the one part, and a good and conscientious servant on the other part, there should be so much unhappiness and such frequent partings? It

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seems to me that the answer to this question gives the key to the whole situation. And the answer may be put somewhat in this form: It is because the mistress draws all her inspiration from American traditions, and the maid draws her inspiration from the traditions of any country under heaven except America. It is because the mistress's "manners" are inbred, and the maid's "manners" are a forced growth. It is because the mistress has been trained to certain habits, and the maid has been trained to no habits whatever. It is because the mistress has been taught one set of principles, and the maid has been taught the principles which govern the lower class in the country she came from, and which are never quite the same as those of the mistress. Add to this the fact that they never meet until both are women with fixed ideas, habits, and principles, and then are suddenly brought into close relationship, and it will easily be seen that there must be friction. It is impossible that it should be otherwise where so much forbearance is required on both sides; where there must be a constant adjustment of one to the other; a perpetual watch and carefulness; a daily balancing of the scales to keep them even. What wonder is it that they so often give unfortunate dips on one side or the other? It may be said that the members of a family are not all of one mind and temper, and we have to bear with them, which is true enough, but does not make the cases parallel; for affection counts for much, and, besides, on the whole, the members of a family all have the same ideas of principle and conduct. And in connection with this, the mistress of a house might ask if it is not a hard thing upon her, not only to be moderator and peacemaker among the "trying" members of her own family, but to be forced to take up the additional task of bearing with the trying idiosyncrasies of her cook and waitress, competent servants though they may be. She needs all her mental strength for her own family. Why must she use it up to soothe, to teach, to parry, or to fight, as the case may be, the aliens in her house?

The "servant question" can never be settled upon any present basis. Oh for some domestic Napoleon to arise, and, defying all precedents and traditions, to sweep the whole fabric, as it is at present, into a bottomless abyss of oblivion, and erect a new domestic empire where, in some fashion now unknown to man or woman, the home-life of the mistress may be apart from the home-life of the maid!

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Sitting up late to-night, "while rocking winds were piping loud," I took down an old anthology, and turned over its leaves with a wonder often felt before, at the number of men who survive in it by virtue of doing small things well. Sometimes, in fact, one thing has been enough to give a man his world-wide fame, and send him down to posterity hand in hand with the greatest. At the names of Carew and Colonel Lovelace, Sir Henry Wotton and Sir John Suckling, we stop to read once more their thrice familiar lines; but, too often, the sad word "Unknown" makes the tribute thus paid an indirect one. What would not one give to know who wrote "The Two Corbies," for instance? or that song of which "Love will find out the way" is the burden? Things go much by names nowadays, and good anonymous poets of our own time are few and far between. But Fame laughs at titles, and choosing leaves that fall neglected, binds them into her immortal garland whether their rightful owner will or no.

What is it that fills these trifles with the breath of long life? that makes them linger in the minds of us all, until by constant half-unconscious repetition we come to know them by heart? Certainly no striking originality in their theme, which is often as old as the ages; nor is it mere felicity of expression, drawing our attention from the matter to the manner. It is rather the fusion of thought and word and form into one harmonious whole, clear, definite, final, with the art so well concealed as to seem no art at all; while, in reality, no imitative skill can compass its perfection; the same quality of distinction which marks the man in whom thought and word and form are combined, by instinct and by training, so happily that we pronounce him to be "a perfect gentleman." This distinction, more than anything else, gives the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy" their claim to be considered "the noblest in the language," as an accomplished critic called them. It shines out in Malherbe, in Waller, and in Shirley, and in others of the

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lesser lights that burn undimmed because of it. We neglect whole shelves of the books no library should be without, time and time again, for these.

This same quality of distinction may illuminate prose as well as verse; and it is often the last ornament of genius, as in the prose of Irving and of Hawthorne. But genius is strong without it; while without it, what would become of such a book as the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre" of De Maistre, in which each new generation finds the old, eternal charm? I remember once hearing Lowell say that a certain passage in Chapman's Homer "floats on the boundless sea of literature like a Fortunate Island." Judged by such a standard, the best minor poets and prose writers are the merest flakes of foam upon its waters. But who ever grew tired of the foam of the sea?

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In looking over one of the articles recently published in this Magazine on "Paris Theatres," I was greatly interested to find in a number of the portraits confirmation of a long-cherished fancy of mine, that actors, and particularly good actors, can be recognized by a peculiarity of their mouths. I have sometimes amused myself, when passing the little strip of sidewalk in Union Square south, known to theatre-goers, and still more intimately to the players, as the "Rialto," in trying to decide which of those loitering there were actors. Of course, I could never be sure that my inferences were correct, but there was this in their favor, that most of the "subjects" were of that calling, and most of them had the kind of mouth that has seemed to me a mark of the calling. It is not easy to describe it, but anyone who will glance at the face of M. Got, the dean of the Comédie Française, will, I think, perceive what I mean. He has the mark well defined, and so have M. Febvre and M. Coquelin *cadet*, though in less degree. M. Coquelin *aîné*—I am sorry I cannot refer to a portrait—has it in even a greater degree.

It is a certain indication in the lips that they are subject to the will of the owner. It is something quite different from the set firmness of the reticent man—as in Von Moltke, in whose face the thin edges of the closed "gash" express the capacity to "keep silent in seven languages." On the contrary, it is an expression of controlled mobility, of artificiality, highly intelligent in the case of good actors, but curiously, fascinatingly artificial. The late John Gilbert had it very decidedly; in equal force, but slightly more refined, Edwin Booth has it. An eminent criminal lawyer told me once that when he had to decide whether a witness was lying to him, he watched his mouth. His theory, based on years of acute observation, was that a practised deceiver could render his eyes inexpressive, or even make them express the contrary of his thought or emotion, but that the lips, especially at the critical moment when a well-contrived question touched the vital point of his story, would most often betray the truth, though the voice straightway began to deny it. My own quite limited experience had suggested to me the same view.

Entertaining it as I do, I like, when I watch the mouth of a really competent actor, to think of the complex and patient exercises to which it must have been subjected on and off the stage. M. Coquelin is authority for the statement that every accomplished actor must spend hours on hours before the mirror, his only totally unprejudiced critic, "making up" the expressions of his face. It is no wonder that the process results in impressing upon the lips a strong indication of that training. In connection with this I have been a little puzzled by the fact that I have never, save in one instance, been able to detect the player's mouth in a woman. The exception is Mme. Bernhardt, whose lips in repose, and off the stage, have distinctly the appearance noted. On the other hand, to refer again to the portraits in the Magazine, neither the face of Mlle. Réjane, nor that of Mlle. Reichenberg, has a trace of it. It may be that the persistent spontaneity of the sex refuses to yield any enduring evidence of subjection; it may be that that spontaneity, under the impulse of the part, supplies the place of training; or it may be—though I am not bold enough to admit the belief—that woman's life is so continuous and successful a piece of acting, that that training leaves no perceptible indication. But if either of these theories be correct, how does it happen that Mme. Bernhardt is an exception?

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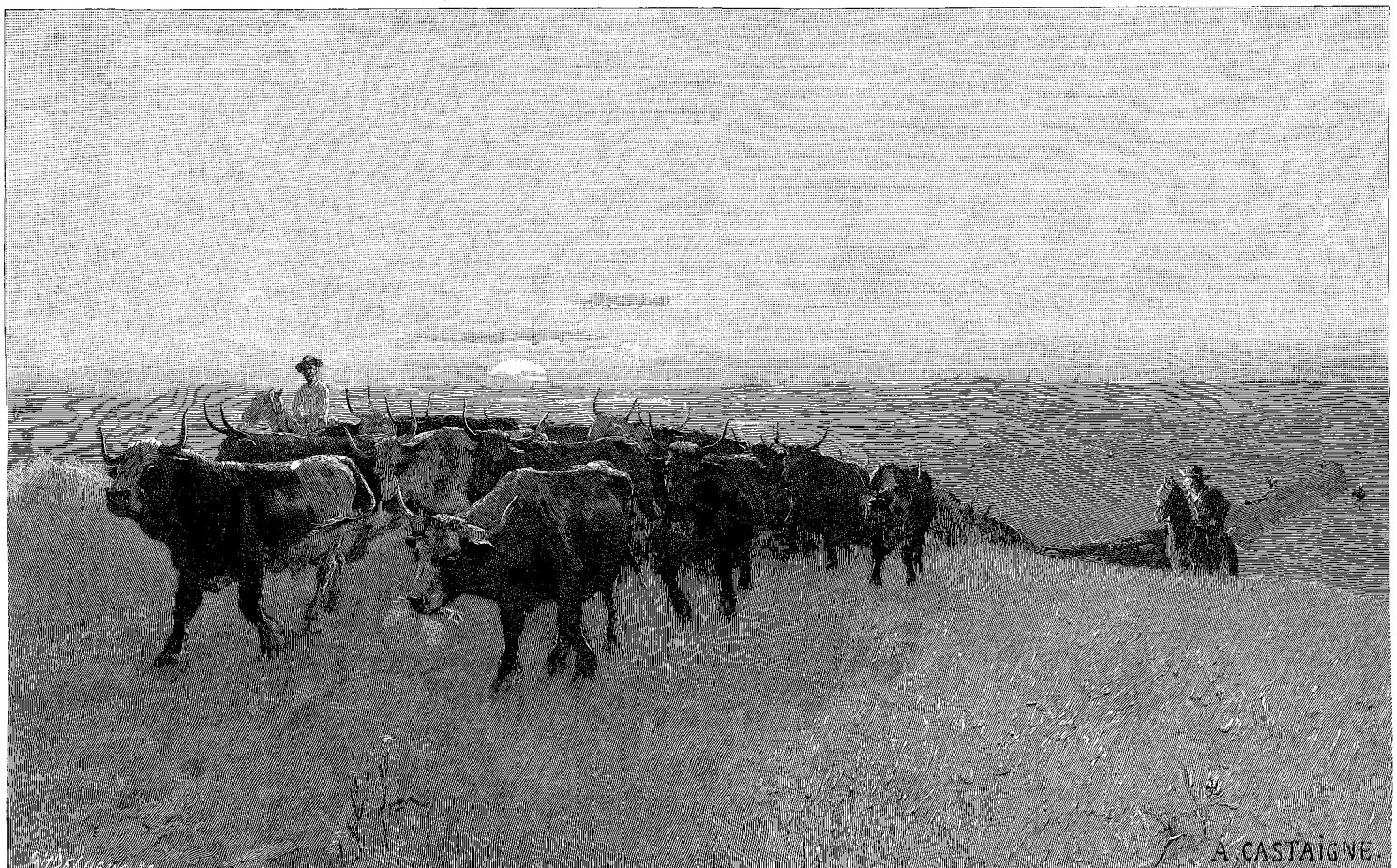


DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

ON THE GREAT CATTLE TRAIL.

ENGRAVED BY G. H. DEL'ORME.

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